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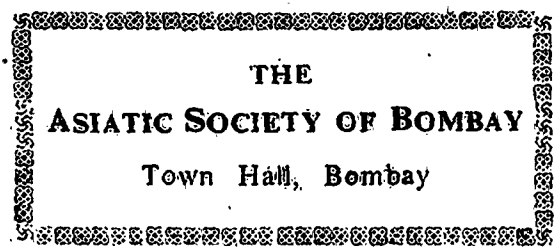

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YACHTING

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THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

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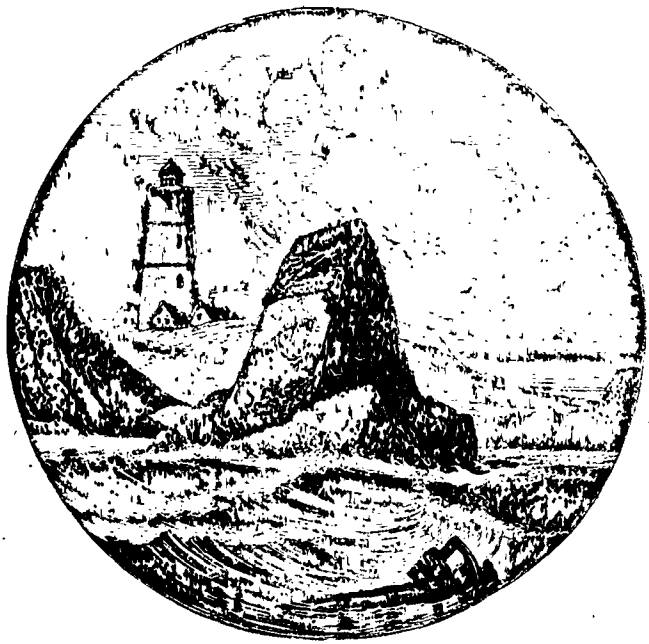

ST AGNES' LIGHTHOUSE.

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BY

THE REV. A. G. L'ESTRANGE, B.A.
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LONDON:
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YACHTING

ROUND

THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Voyage to Lundy—Aspect of the Island—Hell's Gate—Flora—Exterior of Lundy—Sea-gulls—The Guillemot—The Puffin—Life Below-stairs—A Pleasure-party—Detention—Return to Ilfracombe—An Unfortunate Attempt—A Fast Watch.

In the early spring of last year I hastened the few preparations that were necessary to enable me to join some friends who were about to start in a yachting voyage, to explore the islands and coast of the most picturesque portion of England. Our rendezvous was a favourite watering-place in North Devon, situated in an inclosed valley, or coomb, from which it takes its name, sheltered by lofty "tors," whence can be obtained, seaward and landward, the most magnificent prospects imaginable.

As the eye ranges along the coast line, headland after headland raises its broad crest from the blue deep, tinted with the softest and brightest verdure. In places the rock has become disintegrated, and

having formed a rich soil, has nourished a sward of singular evenness and elasticity; beyond, masses lie far out to sea, the result of a land slip, though they appear to have been hurled in some conflict of Titans.

The intended voyage, and adventurous rambles that would arise out of it, possessed very great attractions for me, as a lover of nature, for I knew that the field of observation presented objects as remarkable for their novelty as for their interest. In the local *flora* and *fauna* this is eminently the case, and I anticipated as much gratification from this source of study, as from the pleasures of cruising within view of, and exploring, the most beautiful scenery in the British Islands.

It may, therefore, be imagined that I joined my friends in high spirits; indeed, was not a little impatient at the delay which the fitting-out and the provisioning of our vessel, the *Selene*, occasioned. She is a pretty little craft of about forty tons, and if she did not exactly "walk the waters like a thing of life," she well maintained her previous reputation of being a fast and able sea-boat.

All, however, was nearly ready in less than three weeks, and as we had heard much of the beauty of Lundy Island—the *Herculis Insula* of the ancients—we resolved on making it the first station in our cruise. As soon as the decision was made and the day fixed, an unusual activity manifested itself amongst our party; guns, nets, and glasses were

raised from the most unexpected quarters. All was ready by the 8th of June, and the day proving fine, we set sail on our expedition under a sunny summer sky. The wind was unfortunately adverse, which occasioned us some delay; and the sea rose in a long Atlantic roll, sweeping in from the west. The time, however, did not appear long, as we were passing a most picturesque sea-board, with a succession of grand and interesting scenery.

About three miles from Ilfracombe we sighted Lee, opening down between the heights in one of the finest positions along the coast. From this point a bank stretches across to the opposite shore of Wales, and may be traced by the line of surf running across the channel. Excellent oysters are found by dredging in these parts; they are small and of good flavour, and the beds might be worked with profit to a much greater extent than they are at present. Morte Point next attracted our attention,—a headland which has derived its unenviable name and reputation from the number of wrecks, of which the "Morte" or "death" stone has been for ages the cause. This locality was also the lonely asylum of William de Tracey, who fled hither after the murder of Thomas à Becket, and whose howling is said to be still heard here on stormy nights. The Cornish wreckers along this and some other dangerous points have been long notorious, and kept up later than any other part of the kingdom the ancient usage of taking posses-

sion of the goods and persons of all who were unfortunate enough to be wrecked on their coasts. Piracy, which seems to have been the origin of maritime enterprise in this country, was at one period so common, that the inhabitants of the sea-board, to save the trouble of nice distinctions, attacked and plundered all vessels which they found cast away or in a disabled state.

Passing this gloomy promontory with its fatal rocks lying far out into the sea, we opened the lovely crescent bay of Barricane, celebrated for its beautiful shells (some from the distant tropics), and almost surpassing the strand of the Lido at Venice. The shore is in many parts composed entirely of broken shells, a shining surface of brilliant colours, crisp and dry to the foot, down to the very water's edge. Fantastic rocks close in the extremity of the bay, and among its ledges stands many a crystal pool, where the zoophyte shows its crimson crest among the fairy fronds of the deep.

From this point the land began to disappear, and Lundy to rise higher in the horizon. The first tokens of our approach to the island were our being met by a flight of sea-gulls on a piscatorial excursion, and our occasionally passing a quaker-like bird, much resembling a domestic duck, riding in the most demure manner over the wide Atlantic swell. They were generally in pairs, and they did not think of disturbing themselves on our approach, but turned their heads round to survey us with

some curiosity, as if secure on their own domain, and surprised at the assurance of strangers. The gulls were accompanied, as flocks of gulls usually are, by a black, sombre-looking bird who lives on the food found by them. He not only lives upon them, but occasionally punishes some of them severely. Sailors are accustomed to call him their priest, but wherefore I am at a loss to determine.

The wind being west, we first made for the "Constable Rock" (said to be a petrified Cornish giant), and the "Hen and Chickens," which stand off the northern extremity of the island. Here, also, is the Gannet Rock; Lundy being the only spot in England where the gannet is found. We tacked to the landing-place, running along the east coast, which was very bold and precipitous, and cut into innumerable ravines, tufted with soft green herbage. On our way we met with a sad token of the danger of this exposed and rocky shore:—a vessel with a diving bell was engaged in endeavouring to recover the remains of a steamer lately wrecked, whose masts we could just discern above the water. She was, we were informed, the *Iona*, a very fast vessel, just fitted out at Glasgow for running the Federal blockade.

A short distance farther we observed another ship in search of one recently lost. Many wrecks take place annually on this iron-bound coast, especially on the northern part, as vessels caught in gales

from the north-west try to run under the lee of the island, and are lost in the attempt.

There is only one landing-place at Lundy, to which we steered, and were put on shore in a considerable surf, although the wind was from the west; the anchorage is good, but not available during east winds. The grand and rugged features of this southern extremity of the island have caused it to be dedicated to a saint of very questionable reputation. "Devil's Kitchen" is a dark cave in the rock close to the landing-place. "Hell's Gate" is a narrow opening between that island and the land, where the sea rages over jagged rocks, between perpendicular heights. A little further on is the "Devil's Lime-kiln," an immense pit caused by a landslip.

On our first arrival Virgil's description of the island of Sicily came vividly before us. The beauty of the scenery, the flocks of sheep browsing on the uplands, the Cyclops waiting on the shore,—all reminded us of the adventures of Æneas. Our Cyclops was a very strange and characteristic man, who was waiting on the shore to help us in hauling up our boat, and to give us the benefit of sixteen years' experience. We soon commenced the ascent by a mountain path along a rock white with the starry flowers of the Stone-crop and the bells of the Wall Pennywort. On either side the declivities and coombs were purple with Foxglove and Scabious, while beside our path bloomed a

dwarf wild rose, not more than six inches in height, exhaling a delicious perfume. The happy owner of this fair isle is blessed with the name of Heaven, and we passed on our way by his substantial mansion; inclosed in a sheltered coomb, with its little walled gardens and beautiful flowers. Proceeding onwards, we surmounted the steep, after considerable exertions, and found ourselves repaid by a magnificent prospect over the sea—unbounded except where a line of mainland appeared on the horizon towards Hartland Point, which derived its name from the Pillars of Hercules, said to have been here reared by ancient Greek mariners as a memorial of their explorations. Shaping our course seawards along the high land, we found ourselves before Morisco's castle, a rude structure with four towers, somewhat resembling at a distance a miniature Tower of London. The walls appeared low for a place of defence, but this is the case with many castles of early date. They were built when artillery was of little avail, when contests were of a more physical character than at present, and even a small obstacle was not easily surmounted. There are remains of other buildings once connected with the castle, but which have entirely fallen to decay, and underneath is an artificial cave or tunnel in the rock, used, no doubt, as a place of concealment. Lundy was formerly a great dépôt for contraband traffic, and the inhabitants darkly hint that there is a smugglers'

cave on the island, but as its position is only known to the initiated, we could not obtain a sight of this interesting retreat. Even as late as the last century Benson, once a member of Parliament, carried on smuggling here on a large scale, and was obliged to fly to Lisbon to escape punishment. The solitary position of the island and its precipitous coast must have made it a favourite stronghold for lawless enterprise. Morisco, from whom the castle derives its name, is said to have been a man of noble birth, who conspired against the life of Henry III., and fled to Lundy, where he turned pirate, and grievously harassed the neighbouring coasts. He and his associates were at length surprised, and met with the fate which usually terminates the career of such men. Another pirate, Mander, appeared here in after times, and committed great depredations before he and his twenty-six comrades were destroyed. The unfortunate Edward II. thought of taking refuge in this lonely retreat from his worthless wife and turbulent barons; and referring to this circumstance Sir Thomas de la More describes the island as "abounding with pleasant pastures, producing plenty of rabbits, pigeons, and starlings, and yielding its inhabitants fresh water; it has," he adds, "only one approach where two men can scarce walk abreast; the steep and frightful rocks on every side forbid entrance." During the rebellion, Lundy continued loyal, and, holding out, like the

neighbouring counties of Devonshire and Cornwall, for the Royal cause, was defended by Lord Saye and Sele. A very strange occurrence, characteristic of the times, took place here in the reign of William and Mary. A party of Frenchmen anchored under Dutch colours, and under pretext of performing funeral rites for their captain, obtained admission to the island. Slowly the melancholy train, the full complement of the crew, wound along the hill-side towards the church, lamenting their departed officer. Scarcely, however, were the doors closed, when the coffin was thrown open, and they drew from it all manner of deadly weapons, armed with which they rushed on the defenceless inhabitants, and plundered and desolated the island.

As we advanced on our way towards the west, we came to one of those awful chasms, for which the exterior of the island is remarkable, whose vast dizzy heights are hoary with lichens, and their bases ever beaten by the surges of the Atlantic. On approaching the edge of the cliff, myriads of sea-birds rose screaming into the air; the majestic silvery gull, with its long crescent wings, contrasting with the grotesque puffin, while others continued to wheel in wild circles underneath. Guillemots, also called by the inhabitants "mers," a name apparently of French derivation, were here very numerous. We read in Genesis that the birds were born from the waters, and certainly the "mer" is

not ashamed of her origin, for no bird shows a greater affection for the sea. As soon as her young, which never exceed two, are hatched, she takes them beneath her wings, and flying down with them from their rocky ledge, nurses and feeds them on the restless waves. Unlike the sea-gull, who merely surprises any unlucky wight of a fish rising too near the surface, the "mer" seeks her food beneath it; and one of the coast-guard told me that often in his night-watches he had marked her by the clear moonlight diving to an incredible depth, and pursuing and overtaking her prey even in its native element. Being formed principally for living on the sea, its wings are small, as in all the penguin tribe, and are placed further aft than in other birds; and as it works itself through the air by whirling them with great rapidity, it has more the appearance of a model flying machine than of an ethereal denizen of the skies. Its pinions are beautifully mottled with shades of brown, and are in great request for ornamenting ladies' hats according to the present fashion.

The puffin, or parrot, as they here call it, is the quaintest-looking little fellow imaginable. Not being incommoded with a tail, he stands up on end on his little red legs. His body, which is little larger than that of a pigeon, is surmounted by a very large but short neck, and by a still larger head, so that it must be an exercise of constant ingenuity to him to preserve a balance, in which he

seems to set all the laws of gravitation at defiance. But the most wonderful part of him is his bill, which is more remarkable than that of any other bird. It is bright red, and has been likened in shape to the coulter of a plough, but it looks at a little distance much more like a very prominent nose, forming as it does an equilateral triangle, one side of which is attached to the head, and reaches from the top of the cranium to the commencement of the neck, giving the bird, from its size, a most ludicrously sapient aspect. In his mode of flight he somewhat resembles the "mer," being unable to rise from a flat surface, and obliged to make a start from the edge of the rock or the crest of a wave.

Taking my fowling-piece in my hand, I advanced to a jutting point of rock, and soon brought down as many specimens as I desired. They were evidently unused to being disturbed, and kept circling round so close to me that I might have continued killing them all day without changing my position. They, however, often fell into inaccessible places among the rocks, and many into the sea, where a boat would have been requisite to recover them. Some of them are so tame that they may be taken by the hand, especially when with their young, as they merely attempt to fend off the invader with their bills. We often admired the depth, softness, and snowy whiteness of these sea-birds' plumage, and were not surprised to hear that

we were largely indebted to it for the softness and warmth of our cushions and pillows. The fishermen on these coasts are also often indebted to them for a meal, but they require long soaking, as well as seasoning with fragrant herbs. Goldsmith remarks that the flesh of the puffin, "although excessively rank, is, when pickled and spiced, much admired by those who are fond of high eating."

The feathered tribes congregate at Lundy in such multitudes as to make the island a second St Kilda, and their numbers are the more surprising as the mer, puffin, and cormorant never lay above one egg, and these eggs are assiduously sought for as curiosities and as delicacies. On our expressing a desire to possess some, the Cyclops promised to find us at least four dozen by the morning. The birds deposit them on the ledges of the naked rock, and each collector selects a certain range or "bench" for his operations, whence he removes the eggs every second day; for the sea-birds do not seem to possess the shrewdness of their sisters on shore, being so accommodating as to continue to lay in the very places from whence their eggs have been previously and frequently abstracted. One collector told me he had taken as many as a hundred and fifty dozen from the same bench in a fortnight. We obtained, through the kindness of the doctor, who takes an interest in Natural History, some choice specimens of their eggs.

Mers, although little larger than puffins, have eggs as large as those of geese. They are white, chocolate, or verdigris green, and are inscribed with black figures and dashes, which might be the mystic characters of some master magician; and they are the more wonderful, as notwithstanding the vast number collected, two have never been found exactly similar. The cormorant's egg is the most scarce, and, strange to say, is much the smallest, and very narrow in form. Although the bird is as large as a goose, the egg is little larger than that of a bantam; it is not so large as that of the puffin, which it otherwise resembles, as it is pure white, and unsullied by mark or colour. The mer's eggs are excellent for the table; the white is transparent, and the yolk a deep red. It is much superior to a duck's egg, and not unlike that of a plover. I took the opportunity of their abundance to give our cook some further instruction in the preparation of omelettes, in which he was sadly deficient, and we all agreed that for this purpose they were equal to the finest produce of the domestic hen.

We now began to think of food and lodging, and made our way from the cliffs over a table-land covered with the "bilberry" and "forget-me-not," and with "cotton grass" so crested with long feathery down that we mistook its tufts for sea-birds' feathers; and indeed formerly it was much collected, and formed a good substitute for them. We soon

arrived at what is called the farmhouse, and found it entirely occupied by the overseers of the new granite company, for the granite of the island is now largely exported, and several hundred men are employed at the quarries.

We found, to our dismay, that it was impossible for us to obtain any lodging, and only after considerable entreaty could we succeed in obtaining accommodation for luncheon in the pantry. The overseers were at dinner, and here we learned for the first time to appreciate the envied privileges of a servitor and the dainty remains of the master's table. The housekeeper, however, afterwards prepared for us a very excellent salad, which was much improved by the addition of some of the island cream; indeed, I consider that there is no better dressing than that formed of Devonshire cream, beaten eggs, vinegar, a little sugar, and a good dash of mustard; and as for material, why some heads of celery with a cold beetroot, turnip, or cauliflower, and a few shreds of anchovy, will leave little for a Venetian to desire. Altogether, although there was no meat to be had in the island that day, and the only shop was a store, reminding us of colonial life, we made a very agreeable and even sumptuous meal, seasoned with the fine air and our exercise on the cliffs. As we could not obtain any sleeping accommodation, we returned on board the yacht, and I regret to say that I think old Neptune had been indulging in his cups that

evening, for he kept rolling about all night, and made us almost as uneasy as himself. We congratulated ourselves, however, that we had not belonged to a pleasure-party of ladies and gentlemen, whom we saw embarking in an open boat just as we were leaving shore. The night proved pitchy dark, the rain fell in torrents, and as they had no compass with them, there was little chance of their steering correctly for the land. We afterwards heard that they did not arrive until seven o'clock on the following morning.

We made a quick passage back to Ilfracombe, the *Selene* bounding away like a steed set free, before the freshening zephyr. The wind continued to increase and the sea to rise all night, so that we congratulated ourselves on being safe in harbour. Our joy, however, would not have been so great, had we known that the same weather was about to continue for three successive weeks, precluding the possibility of proceeding down channel, and necessarily curtailing our proposed expedition. I hope, however, that every one who is detained on his way may have as pleasant a sojourn as we had at Ilfracombe. The luxuriant country around us provided all that could gratify either eye or appetite. The lover of nature could stroll for miles along flowery roads, romantic coombs, and wooded slopes. Nor were other refined pleasures absent. Strains of melody floated from time to time along the quay, the skies were cloudless, and in the woods

above us the grey thrush sang nightly to the moon. The nightingale is unknown in Devonshire, but this sweet warbler fully compensates for her loss. Few autumnal visitors are aware of the great variety of wild flowers which enliven the cliffs in this neighbourhood during the spring, and make it the loveliest portion of the year, although Red Campion and Foxglove crimson the summer, and the autumn glows with Golden Rod and St John's Wort. Gazing from these blooming heights over the fresh calm sea, we think Shakespeare must have had some such locality in view in the lines,

> "There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
> Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight."

Such were the charms of Ilfracombe in these early months. In the autumn it is crowded with tourists and votaries of pleasure, and I was assured by an old farmer from a remote parish that at that season "to see the fine ladies and gentlemen walking up and down, and the bands playing, and everything, was *just like heaven.*"

Pleasures, however, became as distasteful to us as they were to Ulysses, when they kept us from our course, and we even longed for the black east wind to waft us forward on our way. Impatience succeeded hope deferred, and I at length determined to make a start at any cost, and to break the spell which seemed to bind us to the spot. One morning the wind appeared to have slightly moderated, and I immediately gave the order to put to

sea. We could only proceed in the direction of Swansea, but I was determined to make a move. By the time all was ready for leaving, the wind and sea were as high as ever, and moreover were accompanied by a driving rain. Onward we sailed, reeling about among the waves, and able to carry but very little canvas. The W.S.W. wind, however, drove us on at a considerable pace, until, when we were about ten miles from shore, we observed a heavy mist settling all along the coast. In such a state of weather it would have been dangerous to approach Swansea, so we had only the option of remaining out all night, drifting about on the stormy tide, or of attempting to regain Ilfracombe before night set in. The latter determination was speedily adopted, and we turned the vessel's head towards the south. We now began to beat up against the wind, and as the tide had turned, and was running against it, the sea became tremendous. The breaking of the waves rendered it difficult for the men to work the vessel, and one of them met with a severe fall. Notwithstanding the force of the gale, our progress was very slow, and when close to the land, and I was hoping that our troubles were at an end, I found that we should have to tack, and had still several miles before us. This was an unpleasant prospect, the sea was increasing every minute, and the bowsprit and bow of the vessel were often completely hidden by the waves. In tacking, the vessel careened over fearfully, and I heard a loud

crash and a cry in the cabin below. On clambering down the companion, a scene of wreck and devastation, a little ludicrous in effect, presented itself. The large mahogany table which had been screwed into the saloon floor, had broken loose, and scattered its multifarious burden in all directions; some heavy cases, which had also been secured, had flown across, and were piled on one another at the other side of the cabin. All this time I found it very difficult to maintain anything like an upright position, and at intervals the blows of the sea were heard outside, like those of an enraged giant demanding admittance or threatening annihilation.

My friends, after having been successively pitched from one side to the other, had at length subsided on the floor, where they were holding on by the door-posts. After endeavouring to impart comfort by the assurance—a pardonable imposture—that we were just arrived, I again mounted to the deck, and distinguished the features, never lovelier, of the lately-despised Ilfracombe: and as we drew into calmer waters, a boat with several hands came to render assistance, when it was no longer necessary. How beautiful did that calm harbour then appear, with the prospect of a quiet night! On descending again into the cabin to take an inventory of casualties, I found that my repeater was missing, and could nowhere be discovered. It had been standing in its case within the rails of the saloon lockers. I was much concerned at this unexpected

loss. It was certainly the most valuable article of its size on board. I could in no way account for its disappearance. Had I, then, been nourishing a serpent in my breast? was it, then, that one of my crew in whom I reposed so much confidence had taken advantage of my danger to purloin my watch, counting upon, perhaps planning, my destruction? The thought was too much, but I knew that everything depended upon presence of mind, so endeavouring to summon an air of gaiety—a sad failure, I fear,—I ordered the men to replace the cases in their former positions. Imagine my joyful surprise, when beneath the heaviest of them I discovered my missing treasure, not only sound, but ticking away merrily, and no farther from the right time than usual.

CHAPTER II.

Barnstaple—Banqueting-room—Bideford Bridge—A Chinese Village—Morwenstow—Ancient Carving—A Legend—Hilkhampton—Earls of Bath—Budes—Cliff Chapels—Temple of the Winds—The Bude Light—Wreck of the *Bencoolen*.

THE longest day had dawned before we were able to quit Ilfracombe, and even then the wind was anything but favourable. Our course lay in the same direction as it had been to Lundy until we were off Morte Point, giving which dangerous headland a wide berth, we rounded Baggy Point, and came in sight of the breakers on Barnstable bar. Their appearance was anything but inviting, and, indeed, the bar is very dangerous for ships, as the channel is narrow and winding, and the current tends to carry them out of their course. Vessels are often lost in attempting the entrance, but many lives are saved by the use of rockets, an abundant supply of which are kept by the coast-guard at Appledore, and by which a communication can be established with a wreck when life-boats would be of no avail. A stranger can by no means enter safely without a pilot, but as our skipper was well acquainted with the coast and

the water was high, we were able to do so without danger. We now entered the large estuary where the Taw and Torridge discharge their united volumes, which at high water appears like an arm of the sea,—at low, like a wide-spread desert of sand, intersected by an inconsiderable stream. Most vessels remain at Appledore, and do not venture upon this uncertain flood, for the tides here run so strong that if they were to take the ground, nothing could prevent their becoming total wrecks. This estuary is very favourable for fish, especially for soles, which, like other flat fish, lie at the bottom among the sand, and are taken by harpoons. Bideford Bay, which lies immediately outside the bar, has been long celebrated for the size and quality of its fish, and of the soles in particular, which are of such dimensions that a single one is considered sufficient for a large party. There is no doubt that Barnstaple owed its origin to these fisheries; of late years, however, they have been of little value, owing to the unsettled weather, which has caused the fish to keep out in the deep sea. The town is very ancient, and is said to have been chartered by Athelstan, and soon after the Conquest boasted a Castle and Priory. Considerable activity prevails in it at present, for which it is mainly indebted to its lace and woollen manufactures, although ship-building has been successfully undertaken there, and at rates which ought to insure it a wide extension.

We quartered ourselves at the "Golden Lion," a very comfortable and ancient hostelry, evidently built at various periods. Now, Washington Irving states of his father, that although he was a man of considerable information, he was sadly deficient in topography, especially with regard to the situation of his rooms at hotels; so I think that, with his example before me, I need not be ashamed to confess that in threading the passages of the "Golden Lion" I became confused in my reckonings, and entered an apartment to which I found I was not entitled. It had the appearance of a large banqueting-room, and I did not regret my mistake, as I obtained the sight of a very curious vaulted ceiling, of the existence of which I should otherwise have remained in ignorance. It was covered with a series of scenes (in stucco), from Scripture history, beginning at as early a date as that of the sojourn of Adam and Eve in Paradise. These designs were garnished with a variety of nondescript animals, such as might have been alive before the Flood, but certainly are not so at present; while down the centre, in the place of lamps, depended a number of swings, in which angels were disporting themselves in airy diversions. This work must have existed upwards of two hundred years, and proves that the house had been of importance in by-gone times. That the town was considerable in the time of Charles I. we may gather

from the following notice by Lady Fanshawe. "About July this year the plague increased so fast in Bristol that the Prince and all his retinue went to Barnstaple, which is one of the finest towns in England, and your father and I went two days after the Prince, for during all the time I was in the Court, I never journeyed but either before him or when he was gone, nor ever saw him but at church, for it was not in those days the fashion for honest women, except they had business, to visit a man's court. I saw there at Mr Palmer's, where we lay, who was a merchant, a parrot above 100 years old. They have near this town a fruit called 'mazzard,' like a cherry, but different in taste, and makes the best pies with their sort of cream I ever eat." These "mazzards" are a kind of small black cherry, and are still cultivated, and much esteemed; we met with this fruit sent from Barnstaple in distant parts of Cornwall.

As the wind still continued contrary, we determined to leave the vessel at Barnstaple, with orders to follow as soon as possible to Padstow, while we ourselves proceeded by land, thus avoiding further delay. We, therefore, started next day by rail for Bideford with its wonderful bridge. This bridge is six hundred and seventy-seven feet long, supported by a great number of small arches, and is so narrow that two carriages cannot pass abreast. Many legends are rife about it, among others, that after several fruitless attempts had been made to find a

foundation for it, a Father Gornard had a dream, in which he was directed to search for a boulder which had rolled into the river, and that a solid basis was obtained at the spot designated. Sir T. Grenville was the most active and munificent promoter of the work, but Father or Sir Richard Gornard also disclosed his vision to the Bishop of the diocese, who forthwith granted indulgences and licences to all who should contribute land, money, or labour to the undertaking. The succeeding bishops greatly encouraged the work by causing it to be recommended in all the churches in the diocese, and thus after many benefactions and a considerable lapse of time, this remarkable bridge was completed.

On leaving Bideford, we proceeded for a considerable distance through deep Devonshire lanes, wreathed with the woodbine and wild rose, often excluding the view, but at times disclosing extensive copses of oak, in which the trees were stunted and bent forward, like aged pilgrims, turning their backs to the stormy west. The cottages we passed were unusually neat, and festooned with clusters of luxuriant roses. We soon passed through a gate, and entered the Hobby drive, which we were not surprised to hear had been a favourite resort of its late proprietor. The rich plantations crowning the heights, the ivy-clad trees and the deep wooded glen opening to the sea, form an unusual combination of the wildness and luxuriance of nature. After driving for about two miles through this

lovely scenery, our carriage drew up, and we were informed that we were to descend, as this was the nearest point to Clovelly. Porters were waiting to transport our luggage, who directed us through a wicket down a steep and picturesque path. We soon found ourselves on a road paved with irregular stones, difficult to walk upon, and much resembling a flight of ruinous stairs. This is the high street of the town, which is built in a sort of chasm, its name, "Clausa Vallis," is said to be derived from this peculiarity. A brawling rapid rushes down alongside its main street, until it discharges itself into the sea below. Clovelly bears a striking resemblance to a Chinese town, at least to that kind which we see depicted on Chinese cups and vases. The zig-zag and almost perpendicular direction of its streets, their extreme narrowness, the poles erected for decoration, and the little patch of bright flowers outside each doorway, all seemed to transport us to the celestial city. The village is remarkable for its cleanliness and neatness, and is often full of tourists during the summer months, which indeed it can easily be, as it has only accommodation for about twenty. It owes much of its prosperity in this respect to the celebrated author of "Westward, Ho!" who was for some time vicar of the parish, and "Parson Kingsley" is still often spoken of by the villagers with the greatest affection and admiration.

The view of Bideford Bay, surrounded with its verdant heights, is unusually fine from Clovelly. Little fleets of trawling-boats, with their dark red sails, may be seen daily moving over its calm bosom. The locality is alive with artists, who may be easily detected by their white umbrellas, and many legged accompaniments, and are to be found perched in the most inaccessible localities and in the most inartistic attitudes.

Leaving behind us the rich woods and grand features of Leigh Court, we emerged on that bare and open country, which is characteristic of Northern Cornwall. Our prospect ranged over miles of plain, unbroken by a tree or a dwelling; nothing but land and sky was to be seen, and the latter was covered with reefs of clouds apparently close over our heads, which, as we looked forward, seemed to be always approaching nearer the earth, so that we might have imagined ourselves arriving not only at the land's, but also at the world's end. Yet bleak as this country appears, it bears the marks of having been in olden time of considerable importance. The churches are particularly fine, and of very ancient date. Hartland, in this neighbourhood, is even said to have been founded by Githa, wife of Earl Godwin.

On our road we turned aside to visit the church of Morwenstow, a very fine structure, standing on the sea-coast. We entered over a stone stile, beside the lich-house (a usual addition to Cornish church-yards),

and found ourselves before an ancient Greek cross. The cemetery contains several ancient monuments, evidently of persons of distinction, and also several melancholy memorials of the "sad sea wave" and the storms of this weather-beaten coast. In one part is a boat, broken in half, entombing the remains of those it had often borne in safety over the foaming billows; here a simple oar records the resting-place of the vigorous arm which once plied it; here a figure-head, long beaten by the surf of the ocean, stands in bold attitude, as if still defying the elements, over those whose prowess once gave it life. The situation of the church on the high bleak coast of the sounding sea, unsurrounded by the little groups of dwellings usually clustered about a village tower, appeared desolate in the extreme, and caused us to be the more surprised at the grand proportions and antique beauty which the interior presented. That wide area could never have been intended for the sparse population at present existing, and that rich decoration must have been undertaken when the church had other resources than it has at present. Above, the Norman arches seemed as massive and perfect as if only lately erected; while beneath, low pews of black oak, the solidity of which spoke of former days, covered with rich carvings, were ranged, tier after tier, through the expanse, leaning on one another in the infirmity of old age. In front of one of the pews near the pulpit is a very remarkable carving,

richly coloured, emblematic of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. Such subjects carry us back to Romish times, when they were not regarded as profane. A dove typifies the Holy Spirit, and stands on a branch issuing from the mouth of a face intended to represent that of the Son. The fox is the Evil One, who is attacking a castle (the Church), but is diverted from his purpose by the dove. This design was repeated on the other side, with this difference, the Holy Spirit was represented as proceeding from an old man, the Father. The font is of undoubted antiquity. It is in the form of a sack, girt round the centre with a cable, a kind of moulding much in favour with the Normans as connected with the humble origin of Christianity. The orifice, which emits the water from it, is closed by a wooden cross. In the chancel are two curious bosses, with carvures of mystic emblems—one known as the Shield of David or heraldic bearings of the ancestor of the Messiah, the other as the Pentacle, or Seal of Solomon, by which that mighty monarch was wont to summon and command the demons. Just as we were about to leave this interesting place we discovered in one of the pews an old pitchpipe. This instrument, by which in ancient days the tones of the preacher were moderated, would still be very useful, where music is entirely vocal, but it is seldom now met with, owing to the general introduction of organs into our churches.

For the benefit of those who would like to know what details can be gleaned fron ancient times about the origin of this interesting place, I submit them in a condensed form under the title of

THE LEGEND OF MORWENSTOW, A.D. 850.

"There dwelt in Wales in the Ninth Age a Keltic King, Breachan by name: it was from him that the words Brecon and Brechnock received origin: and Gladwise was his Wife and Queen. They had, it is the record of Leland the Scribe—Children Twenty and Four. Now these were either their own Children: or they were, according to the usage of those days, the offspring of the Nobles of the Land, placed for loyal and learned nurture in the Palace of the King, and so called the Children of his House. Of these Morwenna was one. Her name is also written Modwenna, and sounded Morrŏnă. She grew up wise, learned, and holy above her generation: and it was evermore the strong desire of her soul to bring the barbarous and pagan People among whom she dwelt to the Christian Font. Now so it was that when Morwenna had grown up to Saintly Womanhood, there was a King of Saxon England, and Ethelwolf was his noble name. He likewise had many children, and while he entrusted to the famous St Swithun the guidance of his sons, he besought King Breachan to send Morwenna to become the Teacher of the Prin-

cess Edith, and the other Daughters of his House. She came: she sojourned in his Palace long years: and so she gladdened the King by her goodness and her grace, that at last he was fain to give her whatsoever she sought in his Royal Domains. Now the piece of Ground, or the Acre of God, which was wont in those days to be set apart and hallowed for the Site of a Future Church, was called the Station, or in native Speech The Stowe, of the Martyr or Saint who gave Name or Origin to the Altar Stone. So, on a certain day, thus said Morwenna to the King: 'Largess! my Lord the King, Largess for God!' 'Largess, my daughter,' answered Ethelwolf, like a Prince, 'be it whatsoever it may.' Then said Morwenna, 'Sir! there is a stern and stately Headland in far Cornwall, rugged and tall, and it looks along the Severn Sea; they call it on that Shore, Hethuacliff; that is to say, The Raven's Crag, because it hath been long ages the Haunt and the Home of the Birds of Elias. Very often in Wild Wales have I watched across the Waters, until the Sun fell red upon that Cornish Rock, and I have said in my Vows, 'Alas! and would to God that a Font might be hewn, and an Altar built, among the Stones, by yonder barbarous Hill!' Give me then, I beseech thee, My Lord the King, a Stowe for a Priest in that Scenery of my Prayer! that so the saying of the Seer may come to pass, 'In the place of Dragons where each lay, there shall be grass with reeds and rushes!'' Her Voice

was heard: Her entreaty was fulfilled: they set up yonder Font, with the carven cable coiled around it in Stone, in memory of the Vessel of old, anchored in the Galilæan Sea. They built an Altar there, of Gray and native Rock, and they linked it with Morwenna's name, the tender and the true: and so it is, that notwithstanding the lapse of Ten Whole Centuries of English Time, at this very day, the bourne of many a Pilgrim of the West, is still the Station of Morwenna, or in simple and Saxon phrase—Morwenstow!"

The following is a grand description of a storm on this rifled coast.

THE STORM.

I.

"War! 'mid the ocean and the land!
The battle-field, Morwenna's strand,
Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep,
The giant warders of the deep!

II.

"They come! and shall they not prevail,
The seething surge, the gathering gale?
They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
The banner of a thousand seas!

III.

"They come, they mount, they charge—in vain,—
Thus far—incalculable main!
No more! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
The lichen on the barrier stone.

VI.

"Have the rocks faith? that thus they stand
Unmoved—a grim and stately band,
And look like warriors tried and brave,
Stern, silent, reckless o'er the wave?

V.

"Have the proud billows thought and life
To feel the glory of the strife?
And trust, one day, in battle bold,
To win the foeman's haughty hold?

VI.

"Mark, where they writhe with pride and shame,
Fierce valour, and the zeal of fame;
Hear how their din of madness raves,
The baffled army of the waves!

VII.

"Thy way, O God, is in the sea!
Thy paths where awful waters be;
Thy Spirit thrills the conscious stone,
O Lord! Thy footsteps are not known!"

For these lines and the preceding legend I am indebted to the Rev. R. S. Hawker, who is not only a celebrated antiquary and learned in the lore of old Cornwall, but is also a poet, and the bard of this part of the country. Few indeed can tread on ground where the legendary grandeur of ancient days is enthroned among the great powers of nature, without partaking somewhat of its inspiration, but Mr Hawker has also a magical felicity of expression by which he can summon around him the majestic forms of the past. There is a very fanciful legend which attributes to this neighbour-

hood the unenviable distinction of having produced the first mole in Cornwall, and connects its appearance with the misfortunes of one Lady Alice of the Lea. This lady was celebrated for her transcendent beauty as well as for the magnificence of her attire, insomuch that her eyes were said to shine like a seraph's, and her robes to have been worthy of a queen. By this means she sought to win the heart of Sir Bevil Grenville, the celebrated Royalist leader—her admiration of whom had engendered a deeper feeling. Her mother rebuked her vanity, and bade her not depend upon such superficial attractions, but to entrust all to the good providence of God. The haughty fair treated this sensible advice with the most sovereign contempt. One morning Lady Alice was missing from her mansion, and although diligent search was made, could nowhere be found, but shortly afterwards a priest, passing through the grounds, found a mole-hill thrown up on the lawn, and stooping down to examine it, picked up her ring, on which he found inscribed

"Earth must hide
Both eyes and pride."

About four miles further on we entered the village of Kilkhampton. It is not very striking in appearance, being composed principally of low mud cabins. A few houses of a better sort have been lately built, and to judge from the church, there must have been many such in former times.

This fine structure stands now as a solitary memorial to the departed grandeur of the neighbourhood. Hard by stood in ancient days the mansion, or rather castle, of Stow—a structure dating from almost mythic ages, when the first Sir Richard, son of Hamon Dentatus, Lord of Carboyle, and grandson of Duke Robert, son of Row, settled at Bideford, and out of his conquests in South Wales, endowed the Cistercian monks of Neath. The memory of this Sir Richard Grenville was so cherished by his posterity, that the name was continued without interruption in the family for two hundred years. We find a worthy descendant of this old hero in Richard Grenville, who was Vice-Admiral in the reign of Elizabeth. With only one ship, the *Revenge*, and two hundred men, eighty of whom were "sick on the ballast," he kept up the contest for twenty-four hours against fifty Spanish galleons. When he had killed more than one thousand men, and sunk four of their largest vessels, after all his powder was spent, and himself mortally wounded, he at last yielded to honourable terms, but died within two days, and his ship sank before she could arrive in Spain.

The star, however, from whom this ancient house derived its greatest lustre, was Sir Bevil Grenville, who is said to have been "the most beloved man in the county." He was a great supporter of the Royal cause in the West, and after several successes, was killed in the battle of Lans-

downe over Bath. "He was, indeed," writes Clarendon, "an excellent person, whose activity, interest, and reputation was the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall, and his temper and affections so public, that no accident which happened could make any impression on him, and his example kept others from taking anything ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a word, a brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation." The particulars of his death in that hard-fought battle are thus recorded: "Two strong parties of musketeers were sent into the woods which flanked the enemy, and the horse and other musketeers up the roadway, which were charged by the enemy's horse and routed. Then Sir Bevil Grenville advanced with a party of horse on his right hand, the ground being best for them, and his musketeers on the left, himself leading up his pikes in the middle; and in the face of their cannon and small shot from the breast-works, gained the brow of the hill, having sustained two full charges of the enemies' horse; but in the third charge his horse failing, and giving ground, he received after other wounds a blow in the head with a pole-axe, with which he fell, and many of his officers about him. His death," adds Clarendon, "would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of." It was with reference to the achievements of this Sir Bevil, and of the naval

exploits of Sir Richard that Dr Lluellin wrote the celebrated epitaph,—

> "Where shall next famous Grenville's ashes stand?
> Thy grandsire fills the sea, and thou the land!"

This hero had a younger brother, Sir Richard Grenville, who commenced life as a soldier of fortune, but rose to great renown in the civil war. He was not, however, a man of so gentle a disposition as Sir Bevil, and on his refusing to obey the orders of Lord Hopton, whom he had himself chosen as his commander, he was committed to prison at St Michael's Mount by the Prince, where he continued until the enemy had possession of the country, when he was allowed to escape and cross the sea. It is probable that he had been guilty of some excesses in the civil war, and would have been shown little mercy by Cromwell, for Lady Fanshawe speaks of him as somewhat "too severe," and he was one of the seven persons exempted from pardon by the Parliament.

Sir John Grenville, son of Sir Bevil, found himself called upon, owing to the death of his father, to take part in public affairs at the early age of fifteen. He followed in the steps of his house, and was a warm supporter of the Royal cause. At the battle of Newbury he received several wounds, and became afterwards a great favourite of the Prince, by whom he was appointed "gentleman of the bed-chamber." He had the

honour of being the last commander who held out for the Royal cause, for he fortified the islands of Scilly, and greatly obstructed the commercial relations of the new government. He was at length forced to surrender in 1653, after a vigorous defence. Afterwards he was much employed in negotiating the Restoration, and was the bearer of the King's declaration, which, succeeding those sad and turbulent times, caused such an exuberance of joy, that the speaker "ordered five hundred pounds to be delivered to Sir John Grenville to buy a jewel to wear as an honour for being the messenger of so gracious a message." After the Restoration, Charles II. created him Earl of Bath, in recognition of his services. The Grenvilles were directly descended from Rollo, Duke of Normandy; and their titles before the Restoration appear to have been entirely foreign. Sir Bevil on his monument at Kilkhampton is styled Earl of Corbile, and Lord of Morigny and Granville in Normandy. Only three generations enjoyed the patent of Charles, and it is a somewhat strange coincidence, that the three Earls of Bath were all above-ground at the same time. The first died at Stow, and on his son, who had been at a distance, receiving the intelligence and returning home, he accidentally shot himself with a pistol, so that the third and last Earl had to attend the funerals of his two predecessors on the same day. With him the title became extinct, and his three aunts be-

came his co-heiresses, one of whom married Sir G. Carteret, and was after the death of her husband raised to the peerage as Countess Granville.

The Grenvilles were connected with all the principal families in the county, and Stow, their ancient seat, was famous for its hospitality. Lord Lansdowne, writing to the last Earl of Bath in 1711, remarks,—"Stowe in my grandfather's time, till the wars broke out, was a kind of academy for all the young men of family in the country: he (Sir Bevil) provided himself with the best masters for all kind of education, and the children of his neighbours and friends shared the advantage with his own. Thus he in a manner became father of his county, and not only enjoyed the affection of the present generation, but laid a foundation of friendship for posterity, which is not worn out to this day."

King Charles, still desiring to accumulate favour on the first Earl of Bath, raised for him on the site of the old Castle of Stow a vast Palladian pile. This structure was more fantastic and ornamented, perhaps, than would be in accordance with the present taste, but was considered at that time a model of architectural design. Even this, however, was not destined to be enduring, and an old man, who as a boy had seen its foundation laid, lived to see it pulled down and the very bricks sold upon the spot!

"Peerages planted in Cornwall;" observes Borlase, "have seldom been long-lived; they have seldom arrived at the third, never at the fourth generation." Titles have been multiplied since Borlase's time; but there seems to be at this moment only a single exception to his rule in the noble house of St German's.

Stow and its magnificence have passed away; its very site can only be recognized by the traces of its moat; and the warlike Grenvilles—the Earls of Bath—have long been laid in their resting-place, but the edifice which they raised to the honour of God still remains, and the fact of the fruit of their piety surviving them in this world, may give us the best assurance of their happiness in another. Four large windows of stained glass have lately been erected in the church, containing figures and likenesses of the Grenvilles, at the expense of their principal representatives—the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Ellesmere, and Lord John Thynne. The doorway is a fine specimen of Norman zig-zag decoration, and the oaken pews are covered with a variety of devices relating to the Passion of our Lord,—among others, the cock which crowed to St Peter, the crown of thorns, thongs, the lots and ladders, &c., exactly similar to the representations in Romish processions in Italy. We were indebted for a considerable amount of our information to a person whom one of our party met on the road, and whom we imagined to be the

verger; but whom on offering him a trifle, we discovered to be the churchwarden!

After contemplating for a considerable time this interesting spot, and having glanced at the bleak situation in which Lord J. Thynne has built his house, we retraced our steps in the direction of the London Inn, full of loyal and elevating thoughts.

There was little to interest on the road from Kilkhampton, but few can approach

"The thundering shores of Bude"

without sad reflections on the numberless disasters of which that stormy coast has been the cause. Yet even here is there not an element of compensation? Do not our very misfortunes give life and strength to the higher attributes of our nature? Have not the fearful calamities of this dangerous shore called forth the humanity and intelligence of man, thus originating the celebrated Bude light, which has by night shot its powerful ray to the mariner on the troubled sea, reminding him that there are those on land to whom his life is dear, and enabling him to steer his course to a haven of rest and safety?

Passing near, but not through, Stratton, celebrated for the Battle of Stamford Hill, we soon found ourselves in a kind of straggling village, such as settlers in the colonies first construct. There was no regular street, but detached houses or terraces scattered promiscuously over the low land at some

distance from each other. This was Bude, yet, small as it appeared, how many a great invention had sprung from a still humbler cradle!

On a small house with an overhanging roof we observed the name Falcon Hotel, written in very large characters, and were surprised on applying to find that it was full, and that we could only be accommodated in an adjoining cottage. Many, we were informed, who were at first disappointed, ended by making a protracted stay. There are certainly two great recommendations to Bude, fine space and fine climate. There is an uninterrupted walk along the cliffs over the softest turf, commanding splendid sea views, by which you may visit Hartland on one side and Padstow on the other, a distance of about forty miles. All the country about Bude is composed of hills of sand blown in from the sea, which gradually become covered with turf and fragrant thyme, and are most pleasant for the pedestrian. The sand is almost entirely composed of broken shells, and as it contains seventy per cent. of lime, was considered of value for dressing land even in the time of Richard II. The air of Bude is remarkably fine. Little rain falls there, even when the surrounding country is deluged; it is exempt from the fogs so prevalent along the coast, and we were informed that there had been no frost there for seven years. The entrance to the harbour, or rather canal, is narrow and difficult, and Bude will never flourish as a port. At the point

where it opens to the sea stands an isolated rock, known as the Chapel Rock, because in former times it was surmounted by a sacred edifice dedicated to St Michael.

Such structures in similar positions are frequently found on exposed coasts, and the idea which prompted their erection is as ancient as the days of Rome and Greece, when mariners saved from shipwreck used to present their thank-offerings in temples by the stormy sea. In modern times these establishments have generally been due to the piety of the Roman Church, who with all their errors have been conspicuous for charitable and missionary undertakings. The traveller amidst the solemn desolation of the Alps hears the convent bell chiming amid its lifeless solitudes; and the mariner amidst the strife of wind and waves sees the chapel light beaming over the dark waters, like some good angel from that Power who can still the tempest, and bring him to the haven where he would be. There were in former times (in the times of the Romans, as the Cornishmen say) many of these establishments along the coasts, —among others the celebrated St Michael's in Mount's Bay, St Nicholas' in the Scilly Isles and also at Ilfracombe, at which latter place a light is still exhibited on winter nights. They served as lonely posts for seclusion for meditation and prayer, such as the Church of Rome has ever sought for her children, and also as houses of

charity, beacons to warn the mariner of the proximity of a dangerous shore, or to direct him to the entrance of a harbour of refuge. They were, in general, small cells partaking of the character of hermitages, and were principally supported by the offerings of fishermen and others connected with the sea.

As we returned from our ramble it was low water, and the sands presented a busy scene; on one side, men and carts with teams of horses were engaged in loading and transporting the valuable sand; on another, a large party were sitting at work, apparently a tribe of gipsies, but in reality peasants, preparing the bark of the stunted oaks, which are found in these districts, to be sent to the tan-pits at Penzance. The complexions of these people were remarkably dark, but this should not have surprised us, for in Cornwall the brunette is almost as common as the white rose which blooms above the porch.

We had not, however, seen the Bude light. I espied at length in one of my rambles a kind of tower, at a little distance, which I imagined might contain the treasure, or, at any rate, might be some building of interest. I forthwith sped my way up the steep, and found it to be the Temple of the Winds, an octagonal structure, facing the cardinal points of the compass. It stands on an exposed elevation, and commands an extensive view along this line of coast. Inside it sleeps a coast-guard

man,—an emblem of eternal repose, to contrast the storms without. "But where is the Bude light?" I cried, as I stood upon this Temple of the Winds —justly so called, for a more windy place I never stood upon. "Where is the Bude light, sir?" replied the awakened sleeper; "there is *no* Bude light." Enraged at this insensate trifling with our best feelings, "No Bude light!" I demanded indignantly. "No, sir," responded the man of peace; "there was a Mr Gurney here who invented a light to save the shipping, but it never was established or made use of on this coast."

Among the shipwrecks which have recently occurred here, none perhaps possesses a more painful interest than that of the *Bencoolen*, in 1862, on account of the magnitude of the calamity and the number of souls who were thus suddenly launched into eternity. It also affords an example of the manner in which vessels are lost on this dangerous shore. Bude haven forms the only opening in a long line of precipitous coast, so that vessels caught in a gale make for it as a refuge, but the accumulation of sand at its mouth renders the entrance hazardous, and once aground, the high sea which generally runs here, dashes them to pieces in an incredibly short time, and precludes the possibility of obtaining assistance from shore.

Very shortly after midday on the twenty-first of October, 1862, an alarm was given that there was a ship coming ashore. The weather had been

stormy for some days, and it was then blowing a gale, dead upon the coast. A few people collected on the cliffs, and the black hull of a large bark of two thousand tons was seen drifting towards the rocks without mast or sail. The tide was rising and the sea running higher every moment. A signal was hoisted to point out the position of the harbour, which was evidently observed on board, for a small sail was set, and the vessel stood in that direction. A few minutes before three, the ship struck exactly at the entrance of the harbour. The rocket apparatus and life-boat had been brought down to the breakwater, but the latter proved of no service, as there was not a sufficient crew to man her. The instant the vessel struck the seas broke over her, and there was no doubt that all on board were in the greatest danger. The men at the helm rushed forward to the forecastle, where all were huddled together holding on by anything they could find stable enough to prevent their being washed overboard. A raft was now seen near the forecastle which the sailors had evidently prepared. The rocket apparatus was put into requisition, and after two failures, the line was fairly thrown over the stern of the ship. Instantly a man started up from the forecastle to secure it, but a large wave at that moment broke over the doomed vessel from stem to stern, and he was swept away never to be seen again. The sea now began to increase in fury, and dashing upon the shore, rendered the rocket

apparatus useless. By half-past three it had risen to such an awful height, that not mere broken waves, but heavy masses of water swept over the deck, carrying away the bulwarks and at times covering the heads of the crew many feet deep. The mate, whose leg had been broken by the falling of one of the spars, was now lashed to the raft; the captain, who had been in a state of intoxication for two days, went down into his cabin, which he refused to leave, and was there drowned. At four o'clock the ship parted asunder, and all on board were launched into the raging sea. Just before she broke two men were seen at the side divesting themselves of their jackets and shaking hands; the first plunged into the water and was drowned, the second sprang after him, and although he disappeared, was at length washed in and saved. Not a soul was now left on board; the whole were at the mercy of the breaking waves, and twenty-five were seen in the water endeavouring to cling to the raft. This poor contrivance was buried many feet deep by the first large wave that gathered, and when it re-appeared half the wretched men had been carried away. For some twenty minutes it was made the sport of the gigantic surges, every time it was thrown backwards losing some of its suffering freight, until when at last it was washed upon the rocks, only two were found still clinging to it; there were six dead men lashed to it, and the survivors were speechless and bleeding from the wounds inflicted

by the drifting spars. Four other men were washed on shore. The rest were drowned, the fate which often terminates the labours of the sons of the wave.

"Their bodies in the sea so deep,
Their souls in heaven to rest,
Where valiant seamen one and all
For ever shall be blest."

CHAPTER III.

Region of Slate—Boscastle—Harbour—Trevena—Donkey Land—Tintagel Castle—History—King Arthur—"The Wreck"—St Nyghton's Kieve—A Weird Woman—"The Silent Tower"—Forrabury—Botany.

THE road to Boscastle passed so close along the coast, that one of our party insisted on our sending back to Bude for other horses, as those we had been provided with did not appear accustomed to double harness. But any little danger was amply repaid by the fine prospect we enjoyed, of headland after headland stretching out toward the far west. For some distance we edged Widemouth Bay, with its beautiful strand, surrounded by fantastic crags, and having a tall strange-looking rock in the centre, standing all alone, as though it had lost its way.

We soon found that we were entering the region of slate. Slates abounded on all sides. Slates covered the sides of houses, and in some places even walls were formed by large slates fastened together with iron cramps. The houses at the entrance of the town presented a far more substantial appearance than those of Bude, and were built of thin layers of the dark slaty stone in the neighbour-

hood. We drew up, much to our dismay, at a house which seemed to be little better than a road-side tavern, although the notice "Wellington Hotel" covered half its walls; but on entering we were agreeably surprised, for we found it most clean and comfortable. The landlady had evidently some connection with the "land of cakes," for we had daily on our table some capital little rolls, which owed their excellence very considerably to the fine cream which formed one of their ingredients. Travellers who wish for good fare and accommodation at moderate charges, should not fail to pay a visit to this little hotel at Boscastle.

The town stands in a narrow ravine which opens to the sea through a winding chasm, and thus forms the harbour. The greater part of it bears evident signs of decay. Grotesque walls of ruinous houses stand nodding to one another across the streets, and old chimneys, on the point of falling, wear their pots on one side with a knowing and dissipated air. Dressings of cut stone, which evidently once belonged to houses of some pretension—some even to the manor house—now form the entrances to stables and outhouses. The very church has fallen down, and its fair corner-stones and adornments may be traced in the walls of the adjoining cottages. The old market-house is a very ancient and interesting building, with its low windows and substantial walls; its upper story is no longer used for public purposes, but has been turned into a private dwelling.

In passing through the town our attention was attracted by long rows of earthenware moulds, which from their form we at first took to be the helmets of Cornish giants, but upon inquiry we found that they were ovens used for baking bread. The oven is filled with hay or furze, "the grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," which is set on fire, and as soon as the earthenware is heated through, the embers are withdrawn, the bread substituted, and the iron vizor, which forms the door, closed.

The principal feature at Boscastle is the harbour. It winds a narrow sinuous course between black precipitous heights, and is said to resemble, on a small scale, that of Balaclava. Under one side of it is a remarkable natural tunnel, communicating with the external sea, in which the water frets and foams with great commotion, "magno cum murmure montis,"—and occasionally a loud report is heard as of a distant explosion, and a column of water and steam is expelled with surprising force through the orifice.

On the opposite side rises a height crowned with a tower, which marks the site of the ancient castle of the De Bottreaux, from whom Boscastle derived its name. This eminence, inaccessible except by a steep ascent from the land, commands a fine prospect of this bold and lofty coast; and of the slate quarries, which are worked on the neighbouring heights. Opposite the entrance of the harbour,

seaward, stands a large rock, placed in such a position, that a stranger sailing outside would not be aware that any harbour existed. The entrance is very dangerous, and even inside, during ground swells, hawsers nearly a foot in diameter are necessary for moorings, and may be seen lying along the quay like the coils of huge boa-constrictors.

Seals are occasionally found in the summer months among the numerous caverns which pierce these cliffs, especially in one of them, which has hence been named "the seal's hall;" but as their haunts are only accessible at low water, during spring tides, and when the sea is perfectly calm, very few are captured here during the year. The pursuit of seals in their retreats is at the best a difficult and hazardous undertaking, and requires a strong swimmer, for in these caves the receding tide leaves a succession of dark subterranean lakes, through which the adventurer has to swim, as the seals are found in the innermost recesses. He is also encumbered with his weapon, either a harpoon, or more commonly a heavy stick, with which he endeavours to strike the animals on the nose, that being their most vital part. They are here valued for their fur and oil alone, but in Ronaldsha their hams are much esteemed, and they were formerly introduced at the tables of the great in this country, as appears from the bill of fare of the celebrated Archbishop Neville in the reign of Edward IV.

July the second was to be the day for our excursion to Tintagel, and we arose betimes, from dreams of enchanted castles and awful precipices, long-sleeved ladies, and terrific falls. The weather did not seem to sympathize with the flow of our spirits, for it was cold and gloomy, insomuch that we began to question the expediency of proceeding; but as we had only one day more in our quiver at Boscastle, we determined upon adhering to our original intention. So crowding into a crazy old phaeton, some full of hope, others of presentiments, we committed ourselves to the winds and to the mercies of a deaf coachman. Many an uneasy jolt we encountered on the rough and steep road we had to traverse, and many a serious charge of recklessness and treachery was levelled at our peaceful charioteer—blest in his infirmity. Donkeys are the natural and usual means of conveyance on these roads, and they meet with considerably more respect here than in other parts of England; indeed, some of the inhabitants would seem willing to express themselves in the affectionate terms of Coleridge,—

> "I love the languid patience of thy face,
> I hail thee brother!"

and the good landlady of the inn at Trevena, at which we soon drew up, did not disown the gentle appellation of "Charity Bray," which was painted in conspicuous letters over her door.

Our faith in the weather did not go unre-

warded, for as we arrived at the village, Phœbus burst forth in unusual splendour, and dappled cloudlets of feathery silver took the place of the dark and threatening giants who had been sprawling over the sky all the morning. Trevena pleased us much, and several of its quaint primitive cottages particularly attracted our attention. Here we all alighted, and having requested Mrs Bray to prepare luncheon for us against our return, we set off down a steep descent in the direction of Tintagel. Having arrived in the neighbourhood of a broken-down mill, at which we had been informed we could obtain a guide, and taxed our lungs and ingenuity to the utmost in the production of piercing and alarming sounds, we at length succeeded in evoking a female spirit from the depths of a dwelling in a kind of pit, into which we had in vain been looking for an entrance. She was, however, very respectful towards us, and promised to return soon and bring us "the *kays*." Pursuing hence a circuitous route round the side of the cliff, we arrived at a narrow neck of land, which separates what is called the island from the mainland. We there found ourselves standing at the bottom of a chasm some two hundred feet in depth, which separates the castle on the land from the castle in the sea, the whole having originally formed one building, which was connected by a drawbridge across this fearful abyss. It was from this circumstance that it derived its first designation of Dun-

chine, or fort of the chasm, that of Dun-dagel being much later.

As the only access to the summit lay now along a zig-zag path up the precipitous side of the rock, some of our party refused to proceed, perhaps recalling the saying of Old Norden, that "he must have eyes that will scale Tintagel;" but the danger was not so great as it appeared, although from the slaty character of the rock it was in places somewhat slippery; for the path had been cut into regular stairs, and I was much re-assured on being informed that a flock of sheep performed the pilgrimage daily. The view from the summit was truly magnificent: we could trace the sea-coast with its grand headlands on one side to Hartland (the ancient Herculis Promontorium), on the other to Trevose; and as, thrown on the soft thyme-scented turf, I contemplated the scene, I could not but feel deeply impressed with its tranquillity and loveliness. Around hung the ruined walls, from which the clang of war had for ever died away; beneath stretched the calm sea, of a deep transparent blue, while along it, in the distance, the sunny slopes and islands seemed trending away to some happier land, some islands of blessedness and peace.

The entrance to Tintagel was formerly on the land side, where on the summit of a considerable height still stands the ruined arch of the gateway. This leads into what is called King Arthur's garden, but it was most probably a court surrounded

by guard-rooms. Nothing remains but the encircling wall and part of a staircase. Immediately above, on the left hand, rises a precipitous rock, covering a considerable area, and crowned by a large tower and wall, which once formed the keep of the castle. At the further side, where it descends most perpendicularly to the sea, there are the remains of a kind of cell in the wall, of great strength, and probably used as a place of confinement. Immediately in front of the lower area, called King Arthur's garden, is the deep chasm, over which the drawbridge communicated with the castle on the promontory. This gulf was probably not so large formerly as it is now, as the rock seems to have fallen in, and enlarged the opening.

On the other side are the remains of a covered passage, which communicated with the drawbridge, and led to the house or palace. There are also the walls of two small rooms, a passage, a staircase, and a recess, which might have contained a circular staircase; it seems in form somewhat to resemble a chimney. There is a wall towards the sea, with two buttresses, surrounding this area, and a fortification ascending the cliff, for these buildings are not on the highest point of the promontory (which is four hundred feet above the sea), but on a space some feet lower, which must have been chosen with a view to easy communication with the land or for protection from the south-west winds. The chapel is built on the higher part of the promon-

tory (which altogether contains forty acres), and has a solid altar, and large stone slab with the remains of a window casement of cut stone. This kind of finish has been employed in several parts of the castle, and the mortar is so fine that many builders have visited the place to examine it, but without discovering the secret of its composition. Most of the walls are pierced with small square orifices, which are said to have been intended for the use of bowmen, and some of the larger no doubt were, but the smaller openings look as if they had contained the joists and beams of the floors. Sad havoc has been wrought here by soulless barbarians, who have torn away the cut stone and destroyed the walls of this noble structure, for the perpetration of their own most deplorable designs, insomuch that the Vicar of Tintagel, who is constable of the castle under the Duke of Cornwall, has erected a new wall and gateway to preserve it from further desecration. There is a curious recess in the rock on the western side of the Island, overlooking the sea, commonly known as King Arthur's chair. In the lower part of it, which forms the seat, are several little round cavities like small basins, which are called King Arthur's cups and saucers. It is said that they were intended for some game of chance, and they might have contained balls, as in a bagatelle board, but it is doubtful whether they are not formed by the disintegration of the granite caused by drip-

ping of water. The only objection to this latter theory (now generally adopted) is that they are protected above by a massive and apparently impervious rock. There is also, near the summit of the promontory, a subterranean passage, called King Arthur's hiding-place, and similar to the tunnel already described at Morisco's castle. It was probably the means of escaping from or of surprising a besieging army.

Richard, King of the Romans, is said to have resided here in 1245, and to have entertained here his nephew David, Prince of Wales. After this time an annual stipend was granted for the maintenance of the castle, until in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was discontinued by Burleigh as a measure of retrenchment. The principal parts of the ruins now in existence are probably not older than the 13th century; and although some may be the workmanship of the ancient Britons, it is impossible to assign to them any particular portions. We cannot point out Sir Tristram's turret, Sir Kaye's window, or Sir Galahad's postern; but the part of which the antiquity seems least doubtful is the embattled wall and gate called Porth Hern Iron Gate—which stands detached from the castle at the only point accessible from the sea.

Tintagel derives its greatest celebrity from having been the birth-place of King Arthur. It was formerly designated Dundagel—impregnable fortress—and it is very probable, from its command-

ing and inaccessible position, that it was occupied as a stronghold by the early British kings of the West, as it certainly was afterwards by the Earls of Cornwall.

King Arthur, the great Pendragon, is a character not only of British but of European renown. His majestic form, looming through the mists of ages, seems to gather round it more than mortal dignity, and succeeding generations have not only arrayed him in the sheen of chivalry, but have interwoven his career with the golden visions of the East. Like Solomon the Great, he is fabled to have possessed superhuman powers, and one of his greatest achievements was the recovery of the Sangraal, a holy vessel supposed to have contained the Lamb at the Last Supper. In the jousts and tournaments of the round table, we plainly recognize traces of the ages of the Crusades, and in the loves of Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinever of the French medium through which these accounts have been transmitted. The earliest source to which we can apply as a history, is the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who in 1147 translated a Welsh manuscript, which had been found in Brittany. Here we are presented with the original traditions, devoid of the licentiousness and of many of the extravagancies which throw a cloud over later accounts; but the monk, or his authority, had a wholesome detestation of all pagans, and a pardonable Catholic zeal for the honour of the Virgin Mary.

According to this writer, Arthur succeeded his father at a most critical period, when the Saxons were concentrating their forces for the extermination of the British race. He was at that time only fifteen years of age, but was "a youth of unparalleled courage and generosity, joined with such a sweetness of temper and innate goodness as gained him an universal love." The whole monarchy of Britain belonged to him of right, and he soon began to vindicate his claim by a succession of victories, in which he was assisted by Cador, Duke of Cornwall, and Hoel, King of Cermonica (Brittany). His personal valour was as remarkable as his generalship, and with his good sword Caliburn he in one day slew four hundred and seventy of the enemy at Exeter. After this he reposes for a time upon his laurels, marries Guanhumara, and introduces the refinements of civilization into his court.

The chieftain soon finds that such inactivity is little suited to his temper—his

"Soul impels him to the battle plains,"

and after having subjugated Ireland and the Orkneys, and driven all evil spirits into Iceland and there conquered them, he contemplates a European campaign. He makes a successful descent upon Gaul, conquers Flotto in single combat, and keeps his court in Paris. So extensive were his conquests at this time that he gave Normandy to his butler! After these achievements we read of his celebrating his coronation in the City of Legions on

the Usk. On this occasion there was a grand banquet, at which a thousand noblemen served the dishes, and afterwards "the military men composed a kind of diversion in imitation of a fight on horseback, and the ladies, being placed on the top of the wall as spectators, in a sportive manner darted their amorous glances on the courtiers, the more to encourage them."

"The Knights in Britain," we read, "that were famous for feats of chivalry wore their clothes and arms all of the same fashion; and the women also, no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel, and esteemed none worthy of their love but such as had given a proof of their valour in three several battles. Thus was the valour of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldier's bravery."*

These delightful festivities are scarcely concluded when a summons arrives from Lucius Tiberius, the Roman governor. King Arthur's warriors now chide themselves for their inactivity, which had induced the Romans to abuse their forbearance, and war is determined upon, if only for the sake of discipline. There is a curious and perhaps significant notice here of an occurrence which took place just previous to their departure for the South. A giant of Spain had carried off Hélena,

* These passages have been the foundation of the stories relating to the Round Table and of the valiant Knights of that Order.

niece of Duke Hoel, and fled to the summit of what is now called St Michael's Mount. This ferocious monster had killed so many kings that he was clothed in furs made of their beards, and he assailed King Arthur, who engaged him in single combat, with a formidable club; but I need scarcely add that his reign of terror was brought to a speedy conclusion by the powerful strokes of the good sword Caliburn. This affair disposed of, the armies were put in motion towards Rome, and Lucius Tiberius, who attempted to resist their progress, was defeated and slain. But treachery at home prevented Arthur from pursuing his career of conquest, for Modred, his nephew, to whom the government had been entrusted during his absence, having married Guanhumara, rebelled, and joined his Saxon enemies. Arthur on his return defeated the traitor in the first engagement.* But a great final battle was fought on the river Cambula, where after severe fighting Modred was killed and King Arthur mortally wounded. So ends Geoffrey's account. The notices of Queen Guanhumara contained in it are confined to relating her marriage and faithlessness, and that at last, considering affairs desperate, "she fled from York to the City of Legions, where she resolved to lead a chaste life, among

* The old nursery rhyme,

"I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home,
Taffy came to my house and ate a marrow-bone,"

refers to King Arthur and Modred consuming each other's provisions.

the nuns in the church of St Julius the Martyr!"

The story of this last fatal battle and end of King Arthur are thus beautifully described by Wharton.

"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming seamew soar'd;
On Tintagel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson banks,
By Modred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a Paynim foe
Aim'd with fate the mighty blow,—
For when he fell, an Elfin queen,
All in secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamelled steep
Far in the bosom of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew;
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head,
O'er his brow with whispers bland
Thrice she waved an opiate wand,
And to soft music's airy sound
Her magic curtains closed around:
There renew'd the vital spring
Again he reigns a mighty king,
And many a fair and fragrant clime
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the monarch's high command.

Thence to Britain shall return
If right prophetic rolls I learn,
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume."

This broidery of fancy is wrought on a web of gold. Lord Bacon remarks that "in the acts of King Arthur there is enough to make him famous besides that which is fabulous;" and Guest (the first modern authority) expresses a similar opinion. He stood like the great "Campeador" of Spanish romance, and not only defended his people against the Saxon invader, but their faith against the idolatry of Odin. The fruits of his victories were not destined to be enduring, but the religion of which he was the champion rose triumphant upon the ruins of heathenism, and thus in after-ages the deeds of the great and good king who had fought for the faith in days of trial were remembered in centuries of peace, and obtained for him an undying renown.*

The grandeur of the scenery along this coast divides the interest with its historical associations; but I cannot gaze upon these sublime headlands without reflecting how they must daunt the heart of the sailor who finds his vessel approaching them and hears their thundering surges. Such thoughts recall to my mind the fine description in the "Echoes from Old Cornwall," entitled,

* For a further account of King Arthur and the Ancient British Princes see Appendix.

THE WRECK.

"Adieu! adieu, my native shore,
The isles where angry spirits dwell:
De Rosa views thy coast no more;
Ye winds! is this his last farewell?

II.

"Adieu! tall Chili's mountains bold,
Parana's sands, and rich Peru;
To deep Potosi's mines of gold,
To Empelada's shores, adieu!

* * * * * *

VI.

"'Nine awful days, nine hopeless nights,
Have seen us toss'd from strand to strand:
Pilot! are these Morena's heights?
Pilot! is this my native land?'

VII.

"'De Rosa, no! not these thine hills,
Nor these Morena's mountains blue;
No groves of cork, no shining rills,
Nor vine, nor olive, meet thy view.

VIII.

"'Thou see'st dark Cornwall's rifted shore;
Old Arthur's stern and rugged keep;
There where proud billows dash and roar,
His haughty turret guards the deep.

IX.

"'And mark yon bird of sable wing,
Talons and beak all red with blood;
The spirit of the long-lost King,
Pass'd in that shape from Camlan's flood!

X.

"'And still when loudest howls the storm,
And darkliest lowers his native sky,
The King's fierce soul is in that form,
The warrior's spirit threatens nigh!'

XI.

"'Pilot! they say when tempests rave
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save;
O, for Parana's sands again!'

* * * * *

XIV.

"Away! away! what shall avail
In the fierce hands of such a sea?
She bends—she quivers to the gale,—
And Bude's dark rocks are on the lee.

XV.

"Her race is run:—deep in that sand
She yields her to the conquering wave,—
And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand,—
Rush they to plunder? No! to save!"

The wreck here alluded to was that of the Saint Anna Saint Joseph, whose crew were saved under the direction of Mr Wrey I'ans. The Cornish were in ancient times notorious wreckers. About the time of which Polwhele writes, a charge was rife (says Mr Redding) against a man of a certain position in society of having "tied up the leg of an ass at night, and hung a lantern round its neck, and driven it himself along the summit of the high cliff, on that part of the northern coast where he lived; in order that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt ships to run in, from imagining there was sea-room, where destruction was inevitable."

The wind had changed to the north since our

departure for Tintagel, and the sea had become comparatively calm. Just as we were casting a last glance at this abode of ancient glory, previous to bidding it farewell, I espied a white sail on the horizon. Conscience suggested that it was none other than the girl I had left behind me at Barnstaple, and so it proved to have been when we arrived at Padstow.

On our return, we stayed our chariot to visit the celebrated St Nyghton's, or more properly St Nectan's, "kieve." St Nectan, be it known, was the eldest of the saintly sons of St Breachan, and excelled them all in the purity of his life and the brilliance of his miracles. His memory has been connected with this "kieve" by an old legend now generally overlooked, which relates that while wandering among some devious woods in the neighbourhood of Nova Villa (where some Roman remains have lately been discovered), he was met and seized by robbers, who not only maltreated but actually decapitated him. But the saint, we are told, nothing disconcerted, took up, to their consternation, his severed head in his hands, and thus walked with it to the "fountain where he dwelt," and there placed it, reeking as it was, upon a "*certain stone*, on which the blood remains to this very day, as a witness to the murder and the miracle." This saint is said, among other wonderful performances, to have on one occasion saved Earl Godwin from shipwreck, in gratitude for

which, the Earl's wife Githa built Hartland Abbey in his honour.

We were at first unable to find a guide, but we were informed that by pursuing the path straight before us we should soon meet with one. Onward we therefore proceeded, and followed the gently winding course of a stream which gamboled from stone to stone with babbling murmur, fringed with gigantic ferns and embowered by the wild rose and honeysuckle. At the head of this little valley we arrived at some rustic seats and a garden hanging on the slope, where, after considerable waiting and calling, we at length espied a strange-looking figure waving her arm from a stile at some distance above us. Her appearance was most portentous, and we followed as by fascination. She wore a long black dress, hanging round her in loose folds, and a deep old black bonnet, in the inmost recess of which two piercing eyes shone in a haggard countenance. She seemed to be most voluble but somewhat incoherent in her communications, and directed us to a small square building, pierced with holes, which she informed us was very ancient and was occupied in the war, "not the Russian war nor the Buonaparte war, but one long before those." It is not impossible that some of these ruined walls may have formed part of the actual hermitage of St Nectan, who is said to have lived in this locality. The last inhabitants of this cell were two old ladies, who lived and died in it quite alone, and about whom

strange stories are rife among the peasantry in the neighbourhood.

We now descended into a most picturesque gorge, over which the fern-covered rocks seemed almost to unite, and there we saw the cascade of St Nectan first falling through a narrow cleft and then under a kind of natural bridge upon the "kieve" or concave stone. Our guide, who continued uttering incoherent oracles, and waving her gaunt arms in the air, told us that a silver bell lay underneath the kieve, but that no one knew whence it came. She also took us to a large square stone lying in the watercourse, which she said was a Druid's tomb, but it seemed to us to be doubtful whether it was natural or artificial. Here, unfortunately, her inspiration ceased, for as in one of her raptures—caused, as we afterwards learned, by too generous an indulgence in rhubarb wine—she was about to seize a *bâton* which formed the basis of one of our camp stools, the owner, being somewhat alarmed, told her to beware what she was about, as it was dangerous, and loaded with powder. A change was instantly perceivable in her manner and expression, and for the remainder of the way her whole attention became riveted on this harmless object, and she did nothing but watch that it was not allowed to touch the ground, and point out places where it might be safely deposited.

Next day we visited the church of Saint Symphorian, which contains some remains of very early

architecture. This saint was martyred A.D. 180, and there is a tradition that he was buried here, whence perhaps the church derives its name of Forrabury. There is a curious legend connected with this church and its "silent tower." It is said that the people of Boscastle, envious of the chimes at Tintagel, determined to have a peal of bells themselves. The bells were purchased in London and shipped. The vessel met with favourable weather and made a quick passage, which is somewhat unusual, two different winds being necessary for rounding the Land's End. They soon found themselves off Tintagel, and nearing their destination. "A fine passage," exclaimed the captain, "thanks to the wind, and our good craft." "Thank God, rather," interposed the pilot. "No," replied the captain, profanely, "thank God ashore, thank the weather and our good sails here!"

Before they could reach Boscastle the breeze freshened into a gale, the vessel became unmanageable, and through the storm, as she was settling down, the bells clanging in the hold of the ship could be distinctly heard by those on the shore; and to this day, it is said, when the winds and waves are high the tones of those bells can still be heard mingling their heavenly music with the fiendish voices of the storm.

On Monday we proceeded to view the Minster church, at which service is performed alternately with that of Saint Symphorian. It is situated on

the side of a sheltered dell, about a mile from Boscastle. Old gravestones stand on the slope, and the small church, with its half-finished tower and rude Early English doorway, covered with ferns and almost lost among lofty trees and tangled underwood, produces a most picturesque effect. I think it due to ourselves to state here that Mr Murray owes us some compensation for the trouble he gave us, owing to the statement in his "handbook," that there is a cascade here one hundred and fifty feet high. After much searching and inquiring, we came to the conclusion that no such magnificent object existed, and agreed to regard the statement as a typographical error.

On our return we met with a very intelligent and "ferny" lady, who was returning from collecting some wayside treasures, and offered to conduct us back to Boscastle by an unfrequented and romantic road. We soon decided upon braving the difficulties of the way, and were well rewarded by a long walk, winding along a purling stream amid bowers of hazel and woodbine, and presenting lovely views of the sea through vistas of verdant coombs. Here we collected the *Blecknum Spicant*, in which the fertile and sterile fronds form so pleasing a contrast; the *Lastræa Fœnisecii*, or Scented Hay Fern; and the graceful Lady Fern with its feathery bi-pinnate fronds. This latter plant is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in Waverley,—

"Where the copse-wood is the greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
There the Lady Fern grows strongest."

We had been led to hope that we should have found the fern which derives its name from its curious resemblance to an adder's tongue, and from which the "Green Oil of Charity" was formerly made, but the season was too far advanced. We were, however, much pleased with our success, and enriched our bouquet with the forget-me-not, the yellow iris, and the marsh and butterfly orchises. This latter is prized both for its elegant panicle of snow-white blossoms, and for its sweet perfume, especially at night, when a small quantity will fill a large room with fragrant odours.

CHAPTER IV.

Brown Willy—Delabole Quarries—A Desert Chief—A Receipt—Ruins in the Sand—Miracle-plays—St Piran—St Ives—Gurnard's Head—Pilchard Fishery—Ancient British Villages—St Michael's Mount.

We left Boscastle in a fine driving rain, a kind of mist not uncommon in Cornwall, and generally there attributed to heat. We passed on our road near the highest point in the country—Brown Willy, which stands 1300 feet above the sea. It derives its name, no doubt, from the rich purplish brown heather which clothes its gentle acclivities. Another mountain, called Roughter (Row-Tor, Red Height), rises opposite, which, although 70 feet lower, is better known about the country, probably owing to its bolder features; and there is a Cornish proverb, "the nearer to Roughter, the coarser the weather." It was coarse enough on this occasion, and we had to trudge through very deep mire to visit the Delabole quarries. A peasant's funeral passed us on our way. They are accustomed here to follow the departed to their last resting-place in a long line of procession, singing psalms and hymns. All around the vicinity of the Delabole quarries are vast piles of deads or refuse slates, on the summit of which tramways have now been con-

structed. The quarries have been worked by the present company for twenty-four years, and are now three hundred feet in depth, giving employment to six hundred men, but for a long period this immense source of treasure was only worked by twelve. When the slate has been blasted from the rock below, the smaller fragments are placed in trays, while the large blocks, called "steamers," are fastened by hooks, and the whole are then raised to puppet heads three hundred feet above by means of chains, which are kept in constant motion by a steam-engine. Here they are put on trucks, and despatched to various parts of the works, to be split and cut into shape. The splitting process is performed with great nicety by means of chisels, but the shaping is more remarkable, and cannot be properly executed by any who have not been trained to it from youth. The workman sits on a stool with a pad on one knee and a ledge by his side. He lays the slate on the pad on his knee, and allowing the part to be cut to rest on the ledge, strikes it with a heavy knife, separating it instantaneously with the greatest accuracy. This work is performed with great rapidity, and with almost mechanical precision. Some of the finer specimens of slate are polished, and formed into mantel-shelves and monuments, while the coarser quality is used for the flooring of cottages or out-houses. These quarries are said to be very ancient, and to have been known two thousand years.

On our arrival at Padstow we found that our surmises concerning the yacht were correct, for she had passed Tintagel on the day we had visited it, and had made the passage from Barnstaple, about fifty miles, in five hours and ten minutes. The tide was low when we arrived, and we were disagreeably surprised to find that we should have to walk for a mile across the sand to reach the water. The sand fortunately was dry and clean, but the pilgrimage was most fatiguing, as every step we sank ankle-deep, and much deeper whenever we missed the beaten track. At low water Padstow is surrounded by a vast extent of sand of the finest kind, which from the intermingling of the salt with the fresh water forms a favourite bed for the cockle. The town is little more than a fishing village, and the Commercial hotel is a very indifferent establishment, but the environs are picturesque, and the convenience of the river attracts a considerable amount of shipping to the port. Padstow derived its name from having been the site of the first religious house in Cornwall, said to have been founded by St Patrick, who passed over here from Ireland, to avoid the "pomp and ceremony with which the Irish continued to tease him." The place was at that time called Loderick, and the house Laffenac, and it is supposed to have contained the altar with which the Saint swam across the Channel. His disciple, St Petrock, afterwards lived in the same oratory, and was buried

there in 564, but on account of the exposed position of the locality, and the incursions of the Danes, his body was removed by the monks to Petrockstow—afterwards Bodmin.

The principal objects of interest in the neighbourhood are an ancient church, once nearly buried in the sand, and an old-fashioned gentleman who lives in the adjoining farm. To him we were indebted for many interesting facts about the locality. He lives in a very solitary spot among the sand-hills, far away from any human habitations, and exercises a gentle sway over his subjects—the rabbits,—from whom he derives his revenues. Even sovereigns, however, are not exempt from care, and he told us that the part of his dominions which bordered on the sea was constantly subject to invasion, and that he was often out campaigning at night with his good stick in search of marauders. It seemed to us a very hazardous undertaking for a man of his age and increasing infirmity, but he informed us, to our surprise, that he had made several captures, and showed us with great triumph a gun, which was, he said, taken in the last engagement between the French and English, in which our country was only represented by himself. By means of persevering industry (for with the exception of his housekeeper he lives entirely alone), he has succeeded in forming a productive little garden, in which he cultivates vegetables and flowers, and some very fine specimens of henbane and tobacco.

In one corner of the precincts stands an old cannon, presented to him by Sir Hugh Molesworth, and in another an ancient man-trap, hung up "*in terrorem.*" His house is particularly neat, and as full of bones and fossils as an old curiosity shop, while he himself is as rare as any of its contents. He showed us old timber and a deer's horn found on the bar at Padstow, which is said to have been anciently a forest, and to have been submerged by the sea. He also told us that a great many bones and human remains had been found in various parts of these sand-dunes, and that some of the bodies seemed to have been interred with the faces downwards. These, I suggested, might be remains of persons who had been lost in the sand, or murdered by pirates on this desolate shore. His information was very acceptable to us, especially over a glass of his excellent elder wine, made after a peculiar receipt, and much better than some of the atrocious mixtures sold as "family port." "One quart of berries is boiled in the same quantity of water, and then strained; two ounces of ginger, two of cloves, two of allspice, and one pound of sugar, are then added; the whole is then boiled over again and strained." The superiority of the wine is mainly attributable to the absence of barm and to the purity of the sugar. Few are aware how much we are indebted to the modest elder tree,—to its berries for the ruby colour of our port, and to its blossoms for the fragrance of our Moselle.

The principal object of interest in this neighbourhood is the church of St Enodoc, which has been long buried in the sand; but the story related about the rector descending through the roof to perform service is without foundation.

The solitude of the locality led to its being used, until lately, as a kind of Gretna Green, to which young lovers could fly for refuge from the trammels of cruel and calculating parents; but these happy facilities exist no longer, for the heartless authorities have caused the licence to be withdrawn.

The architecture of the church is Early English, and some fine arches of Lundy granite remain inside, showing at what an early date these quarries were in estimation. There are also two curious stone basins for holy water, and an ancient font girt with a cable moulding. The original entrance was underneath the part where the spire has since been erected, and it appears as if additions had been made to the church at early dates. In course of the restoration lately commenced, many graves were found under and around the foundations, some of them of immense size, large enough for the good people we read of in the days of old. There is a cross erected here with an inscription to a Greek captain, whose vessel and crew were lost off this shore, and whom, from his conduct on the occasion, in refusing all assistance, some conjectured to have been a pirate. There is also here the burial-

place of nine Egyptians lost in a ship of Alexandria on this coast. Having thanked our intelligent and obliging friend for his information, we returned to the vessel, promising to call again before we set sail.

Next day we rowed up the Camel, or "crooked" river, towards Wadebridge, and obtained good views of Brown Willy. We had taken the light river boat, and as the wind arose found ourselves in some jeopardy, coming in for a good wetting before we reached home. In the evening we perceived our old gentleman advancing over the sandy plain in our direction, looking with his long white hair, stately step, and long walking staff, or rather wand, like one of the princely Druids of ancient Britain. There appeared to us to be an unusual protuberance in the after-part of his figure, and we found that the good man's pockets were distended with a present he had kindly brought of two bottles of elder wine. After dinner we called at his house to thank him. He gave us several specimens of ore containing mundic, copper, and lead. He said he was a great judge of minerals, and had lost much money in mining. On our leaving, he presented us with some beautiful shells, which he called silver shells, and some sea-nuts which grow on sea-weeds, and resemble small bivalve shells about the size of a hazel-nut. He also promised to send us some local commodities, such as marinated pilchards, pickled mussels, and some jars of elder

wine. I hope, for his sake as well as my own, that he will keep his word.

The vast tracts of sand dunes which have collected on different points along this coast are constantly changing their forms and positions in accordance with the currents of the wind, and in this manner a still more interesting church than that of St Enodoc was uncovered in the year 1835. It was that of St Piran, who once lived here with his mother Wingela and "her sacred virgins," at whose shrine King Alfred is said to have kneeled as a pilgrim. As this ruin stands close to the shore, and can be visited by water when the sea is calm, we took advantage of the first favourable day, and coasted along, until we arrived at a little creek, easily recognizable by two rocks which stand before it, known as the Old Man and his Man, where we were able to effect a landing in the boat. On inquiring at some cottages, called Perran Porth, we were directed to a small village about a mile distant, where we could obtain a guide. Close to this village is a very remarkable ancient amphitheatre, called Perran Round, said to be the most perfect in England. It consists of a circular embankment, about ten feet in height, rising in successive rows of ledges evidently intended for seats, and surmounted by a walk along its summit, seven feet wide. Within this area, which is about a hundred and thirty feet in diameter, is a kind of pit with a trench from it leading to an opening in the

mound. This is supposed to have been a retiring-place for performers, for it is probable that this was a circle for exhibiting miracle-plays and athletic sports, if not for the transaction of judicial proceedings. A sunken road passes across the centre of the area; at either end is an entrance; and on one side is a kind of platform probably intended for the president.

The "Rounds" are only to be found in the west of Cornwall, and are interesting as having been connected with the old miracle-plays, which lingered on later here than in any other part of England. They became the last repositories of the ancient Cornish language, and some of them—entitled the Beginning of the World, and the Passion, and Resurrection, of our Lord—have been lately translated by Mr Norris. They associate a piety of sentiment with a quaintness of expression not unworthy of old Latimer, and such as was not deemed profane in former times. The following is a specimen. Noah has been commanded to build the Ark.

Noah.

"Reach me my axe quickly,
My auger and my hammers;
I will go hence
To do my errands."

Noah's Wife.

"Master, I will do it directly;
To the beloved Father in heaven
All work in this world
Which we do, be it agreeable!"

Then he shall go to build his ship; and Noah says:

"O dear God, I am weary
Cutting oak sticks;
There is never rest for me,
So bruised are my limbs.
Gladly I would see the day
Which it is enjoin'd me to reach.
Lord, on Thee be love,
Miserable is he who angereth Thee!"

These plays, or "Mysteries," bear evident marks of antiquity, and were common in the Latin Church, at we know not how early a date. At the time of the Reformation they fell into disrepute, and Bishop Bonner prohibited plays from being acted in the churches in his diocese. They were continued, however, in Cornwall after they had lost the support of the clergy, but chiefly as a pastime and amusement.

Leaving Perran Round, we proceeded over a barren heath to a desolate waste of sand collected in vast dunes, and covered lightly with grass, where the only inhabitants were innumerable rabbits. Here, after a long march over a trackless wild, we arrived at the site of the second church of Perranzabuloe, deriving its name, like the shrine of Jupiter Ammon, from the sandy desert with which it is surrounded. This church is supposed to have been built after the submersion of the first, about the time when the Saxons conquered Cornwall, and it is said that the head of St Piran was transferred to it. It was dismantled some years ago for

the purpose of erecting the present structure, to which the pillars and the stones of the tower were removed. Nothing now remains but an ancient monolith, pierced with four holes, to represent a cross; and some few foundations scarcely visible. This church was built as a substitute for an older edifice, which had been erected over the remains of St Piran.

This saint is said to have been one of the twelve bishops, consecrated by Saint Patrick (who had preached in Cornwall) for the consolidation of his missionary work. He is fabled to have crossed the sea astride of a millstone, and having landed at St Ives, to have fixed his cell, and commenced his labours near the adjoining parish of St Agnes. Many miracles are attributed to him during his long life of two hundred years, and among others the almost incredible one of his having fed eight Irish kings on only three cows!

The miners in the neighbourhood consider themselves especially under his protection, and celebrate his festival on the 5th of March. A white cross on a black ground was formerly the banner of St Perran and the standard of Cornwall. Most probably his church or shrine was erected on his death, which occurred in the fifth century. It is supposed to have been submerged in the eighth century, and it continued so until thirty years ago, when it was disclosed by the shifting of the sand, but unfortunately soon again partially

buried, in which condition it remains at present. The walls are standing, inclosing a space of only twenty-nine feet by sixteen; one small window remains, and the altar under which the bones of St Piran are said to lie. There was originally a priest's window and door on the east side, but they fell during the exhumation of the church, and some rude ornaments, discovered on the porch, have been removed to the Museum at Truro. The baptistery was found close to the shrine, but cannot now be distinguished; a cell, however, remains, perhaps the hermitage in which St Piran originally dwelt. The sand all around these sacred spots is now white with human bones, for the grave-yard has become uncovered by the action of the wind, and has exposed the sad remains of its silent inhabitants.

We found it very difficult, in returning, to make our way over the wilderness of reedy sand, and in one place a drift was blowing across our path, causing us to sink a considerable depth at every step. We had thus practical experience of the shifting character of these "towans," and could well believe our guide, when he told us that his mother could recollect a plot (now covered with houses and gardens) to have been twice alternately sand and grass. A hundred years ago, a house, a little farther to the west on this coast, and not far from the oratory of St Gothian, was so suddenly overwhelmed with sand, that the family had to escape by the windows!

Re-embarking, we sailed along the coast, and stood for St Ives, a town the name of which had been familiar to me from childhood, in connection with a very puzzling riddle,

"As I was going to Saint Ives
I met seven men with their seven wives,"

and I had always regarded it as an imaginary or enchanted city. I need scarcely say, therefore, that we were full of pleasure and expectation, when we rounded Godrevy Point and came in sight of the magnificent bay and the fine old tower of St Andrew's, which rears its time-worn granite beside the heaving flood.

The town is principally on the mainland, but runs out in one place into the sea, to join the slope of a small islet or peninsula, which rises at its extremity. Its form and situation is most picturesque, and resembles that of a Greek village. The church stands so close to the margin of the water, that in stormy weather it is covered with spray, and its salt-corroded, fern-bearing stones speak of the lapse of centuries. Outside the south entrance stands a curious old cross, but the device is obliterated. The interior contains a very remarkable font, anterior to the building, with sculptured cherubim, and the inscription in Latin, "Go ye, baptize all nations;" threatening dragons are represented on the base, symbolic of the demons cast out by baptism. There is a profusion of old oak carving, especially along the roof. On one of the

pews is a quaint representation of the smith who assisted at the building of the church, with his wife, tools, &c. There is also a curious head with three faces, no doubt intended to be emblematic of the Holy Trinity. Underneath are said to repose the bones of St Ia. Tradition speaks of her as the daughter of an Irish chieftain, who so captivated Dinan, a lord of Tewdor, king of the country, that he assented to her proposal of building a church. She is said to have been martyred at Hayle. St Ives was also under the patronage of St Leonard, the remains of whose rude chapel stands further out beside the sea. This chapel was also, no doubt, a lighthouse, like those before mentioned, on other parts of the coast. The shore along the bay, in the neighbourhood of the town, is covered with boats, for the population is almost entirely piscatorial. We met little boys running about with hands full of lance-fish, which they had caught; others were building castles in the sands, and even the girls sitting in, and playing about, the boats. We could not, however, find any of the tumble-down houses mentioned by Murray, in which we had hoped to gratify our predilections for the antique and picturesque.

The spur of land which I mentioned as jutting out from St Ives should be called in geographical accuracy a peninsula, and not an island, as it is partly connected with the mainland, but as we are accustomed to associate the idea of an isthmus or peninsula with that of a much more extensive

area, it is perhaps more suitable to denominate these peninsular headlands—island promontories. The finest of these on the northern coast of Cornwall is in this neighbourhood, and is known as the Gurnard's Head. It corresponds with the celebrated Treryn Castle on the southern coast, which it rivals in grandeur. It appears, as in the case of its compeer, to have been separated from the mainland by a fortification, and to have been used as a cliff castle. A cave beneath is said to mark the place where the Danes landed, and perhaps there was some connection between that invasion and the line of defence on the height above. These castles were evidently occupied only for temporary defence, and are generally attributed to the Danes. It has been, however, suggested with some degree of probability, that they were the last refuges of some early British race, who were driven out of the country by more powerful invaders. There was a chapel once on the edge of this promontory, no doubt one of the coast chapels formerly erected. Its site can be traced by its foundations, and the altar slab which remains entire. A considerable fishery is carried on here, and storehouses have been erected for preserving pilchards. They are ranged symmetrically, layers of fish alternating with layers of salt. The oil, which is abundant, then flows away from the fish, and they are barrelled and exported as "fair maids." This name seems to have been derived from the Italian

fumados, which is the more probable, as they are mostly exported to Italy. Old Norden informs us—"The comoditie that ariseth of this silly small fishe is wonderfull, and because the vente is not present, the fishe is preserued for future times, three manner of wayes; firste by fuminge and drying of them."

The pilchard belongs to the same tribe as the herring, with which, notwithstanding its smaller size, it has been sometimes confounded. It is almost confined to the Cornish coast, never being found in the Northern Ocean, and only occasionally, and in small quantities, on the shores of Spain and France. Naturalists formerly supposed these fish were migratory, because they chiefly appeared in summer, but observations have now established the fact that they merely retreat to the bottom of the deep sea in winter, pilchards having been hauled up in January inside voracious fish. In March a few fish are found in small companies, but the fishery does not commence till towards the end of June, and even then the boats have to proceed twenty miles out to sea before they can commence operations with any chance of success. The nets used at this period are drift nets, in which the fish become entangled, owing to the size of the meshes. A dark, cloudy night is most favourable for this, as for other predatory enterprises, for the moon discovers the evil intentions of the fishermen; but even then if the sea-nymphs have lit

their lamps, as is sometimes the case, and traced out the net like a lace-work of fire, the fish observe the snare, and are sure to avoid it. As the season, which extends over two months, advances, the "schools" approach the shore, assuming the arrangement of a mighty army, with its wings stretched parallel to the land, the whole being made up of smaller detachments, which are perpetually shifting their positions. The southern wing extends to the eastward of the Lizard; the northern to St Ives; while the centre is drawn up opposite Penzance and the Land's End. The shoals are marked from the high land, and the boats remain in constant readiness to sail. Seine nets are now used, which, when full, are hauled to shore and moored. So large a quantity is sometimes inclosed, that it takes the smaller boats, with their tuck nets, a fortnight to bale out the fish. An instance has been known of 10,000 hogsheads having been brought to shore in one port on a single day. A hogshead contains 2500 fish. The takes of late years have not been so productive as formerly. Many reasons are assigned for this, and an old fisherman gravely asserted that in his opinion the scarcity of fish was owing to the new mode of dressing them!

The pilchards when landed are taken to the cellars to be cured, and afterwards exported to Spain and Italy, principally the latter, to which country nearly 50,000 hogsheads were exported in 1847, representing a net profit to the takers of

nearly £100,000. They are probably prized in that country because they resemble the Sardine, and contain a large proportion of oil.

On our road to Penzance we visited Bosphrennis, near which is one of the specimens of an ancient British bee-hive hut. It consists of two compartments, one circular, thirteen feet in diameter, the other rectangular, seven feet by nine. Between the two is an opening, apparently a passage, but our ignorant guide thought it had been a chimney. Each apartment appears to have had a separate entrance; a door-step and jambs remain, and also a small window, considered by Mr. Barnwell to be unique in England and Wales. The lapse of time, however, since these huts were built, has left very little to attract the attention of an ordinary traveller, who would only be surprised at the size of the unwrought stone of which the buildings were constructed, and which point to a very early date, if not to the times of the "stonemen." A few large stones stand around, and mark the sites where other houses of the village stood, but no distinct forms can be traced.

About a mile further we visited another ancient British village, Chysoyster. It is but little visited, and we had some difficulty in finding any person who could direct us, but at length met a man fully competent to the task, as he had assisted in pulling it down. Here, after considerable perambulation and reflection, we could plainly trace a large circle

surrounded by four successive lines of fortification, distant from each other about the width of a carriage drive. Within this grand circle were several smaller circles—we traced five, but were told there were twelve—each formed of a bank of earth and uncemented stones, surrounding a small area of about thirty feet. In each of these circular banks or walls were several oval apartments with doorways into the central area, and each converging towards the top, so that it must have been of a conical or bee-hive form. These huts, no doubt, belonged to the Cornu-British, but we cannot determine their date. Roman coins have been found in similar villages, but this affords no clue to the time of their original construction. Among the remains of this village is a long covered passage, about four feet in width, by somewhat more than six in height, but whether it was used as a means of communication or concealment, or as a dwelling, is uncertain. It is almost covered up by turf and fern, and so much has been carried away and has fallen down, that it is difficult to distinguish the original lines. In a similar cave, that of Treewoofe, near Bolleit, Mr Levelis once afforded shelter to a party of Royalists who were being pursued by Fairfax.

We know very little of the habits of life among these ancient people, but we read that they respected the laws of hospitality. The wild state of the country enabled them to depend largely upon the spoils of the chase for food; they hunted the

bull, the bear, and the moose, the latter with large dogs called "segh" hounds; they cooked their meat on flaming ferns, and formed their beds of the skins of animals. They were not, however, an entirely uncivilized people, for they possessed flocks and herds, and cultivated cereals, which, when reaped, were stowed in subterranean granaries. They made bread and baked it upon stones, called *gredles*, and their housewives were not ignorant of the mysteries of the churn, but its produce was a luxury of the chiefs.

In this neighbourhood is a level tract called the Gump, which is considered to be a favourite haunt of the "little people." An old man, who has only lately passed away, firmly asserted that he had once been a witness to some of their revels. It was a lovely summer evening, and the rosy tints of the west were mellowing in the gray twilight. He was continuing his way across the heathy moor, musing on the strange accounts afloat concerning this locality, when his attention was attracted by sounds of music of unearthly sweetness, somewhat resembling those of an Æolian harp. Imagine his surprise, when on proceeding in the direction of it, he beheld, on a smooth sward of turf, scores of fairies engaged in celebrating a fair. A band of tiny musicians were blowing away might and main in honour of the occasion, and producing the magical strains which filled the air. Triumphal arches were twined of the wild blossoms of the

moor, and garlands woven of the bell-flower and eyebright. The gay troops were very lightly clad; but some indulged their fancies by crowning themselves with heath-bells, while others wore furze blossoms like golden helmets. Meanwhile, the company continued to arrive, dismounting from bats, dragonflies, or moths, according to their rank and means. But the stalls! who shall describe their glittering treasures? Suffice it to say that the sight of them so overcame the old man and excited his cupidity, that he rushed forward and made a fell swoop at them. The vision vanished; and on raising his hat, in which he hoped to have secured them, he found nothing inside it but a few snails.

The first object which attracted our attention on our approaching Penzance was the far-famed Mount crowned with its legendary castle, and rising from the wide bay to which it gives name, magnificent and alone!

The days were past when the wayworn pilgrim had gazed with feelings of still deeper emotion on that mysterious steep

> "Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks to Nomancos and Bayona's hold."

Shrines in sublime positions have usually been dedicated to St Michael, the idea being that the Archangel alights on lofty eminences in bearing his mandates from the skies. William of Worcester states that there have been three appearances of

this heavenly visitant since the time of our Lord, the first upon Mount Garganus in Apulia in the year 391, and the second "on the tomb in Cornwall near the sea" in 710; but this latter date does not coincide with that given by the Cornish account, in which St Keyna is related to have made a pilgrimage to visit the hallowed spot as early as the middle of the fifth century. It is said that he appeared to some hermits on a rock, afterwards called St Michael's Chair, and that St Keyna, on establishing her cell there, endowed it with the same virtue which she had given to her celebrated Well—that men or women who anticipated their partners in paying it due honour, should for life have dominion over their better halves. St Keyna was a damsel of royal birth, who lived in Somersetshire, and gave her name to Keynsham, in which neighbourhood she was conspicuous for acts of mercy and superhuman power, and, among others, for having turned reptiles into stones, some of which petrifactions, it is said, remain to the present day.

The original monastery on the Mount was built and endowed by Edward the Confessor, and on the Norman Conquest was re-endowed and consecrated as a cell to St Michael's "*de periculo maris*" in Normandy, by Robert, Earl of Cornwall, and bearer of the standard of St Michael in war. Leofric, Bishop of Exeter, in a charter dated 1085, freed the church from episcopal jurisdiction, and

Pope Gregory, in 1070, had granted to all the faithful, who should visit it with oblations and alms, a remission of a third of their penances. This indulgence gave a great impetus to the performance of pilgrimages; such enterprises had been undertaken to this shrine at a very early date, and many of the solitary crosses which mark paths across the moors, said to have been worn by angels' feet, were erected to conduct penitents to the far-famed Mount St Michael. It has been supposed by some that there was also a nunnery on the Mount, for when Henry de la Pomeroy designed to seize the place for Earl John, he obtained admittance under the pretext of visiting a sister; but we have no other proof of the existence of such an establishment. Henry fortified himself in the monastery, and although he shortly afterwards died in despair (some aver that he leaped into the sea, and his garrison surrendered), the Mount henceforward united a military with a monastic character, for various defences were added and quarters for soldiers, whom the monks must have found very uncongenial companions. In 1471 a very remarkable pilgrimage to this sanctuary was undertaken by the Earl of Oxford, who, flying from the field of Barnet, approached it under the guise of a pilgrim, but on obtaining admission, soon divested himself of his weeds, and with his companions took possession of the place. They were attacked here by Sir John Arundell, who was killed in the sands, and

they made so desperate a resistance, that at length it was thought desirable to grant them a pardon. During the Cornish riots, in the reign of Edward VI., the governor of the Mount, Humphrey Arundell of Lanherne, joined the rebels, and although they were dislodged by the King's forces, they returned again and stormed the castle. They were, however, finally beaten back, notwithstanding their exertions, which must have been considerable, as in place of defensive armour each man carried a truss of hay; and their leader paid the penalty of his treason. The last time upon which this legendary height resounded with the clang of arms, was when it, and the neighbouring castle of Pendennis, were the last places in England to hold out for the Royal cause. The garrison under Sir Francis Basset was at length forced to capitulate, but obtained permission to retire to the Scilly Isles.

As we gazed upon the grand pile crowning the height above us, we could not but indulge in fond anticipations of beholding within it many interesting remains of this mysterious and historical abode. But we were doomed to disappointment, the whole building has been renovated and rebuilt in comparatively modern times—the tower is the most ancient part, but not earlier than the fifteenth century. There are several batteries of cannon around the walls, and the general appearance is more that of a fortress than of a religious establishment. On the edge of the cliff, towards the north, stands a very

curious cross, on which several figures were represented, but we could not obtain any particulars as to its date or origin. The monks' refectory is one of the earliest remains, but since the Reformation it has been used as a banqueting-hall, and is called the Chevy Chase Room from a cornice in stucco, which represents a grand hunting of boars, bulls, stags, wolves, and all kinds of game. About sixty years ago, during some repairs of the chapel, a doorway was found in the side wall, which led down a flight of stairs to a small vault, originally intended as a treasury for holy things. The vault is very small, low, and perfectly dark. In this were found the bones of a man; but it was impossible to discover any traces by which it might be determined whether he had been a prisoner of war or a victim of monastic discipline. Over the altar of the chapel are some beautiful designs in alabaster and enamel, one, in particular, representing the marriage in Cana of Galilee.

The Castle Tower, which is of considerable height, is ascended by a dark and narrow spiral staircase. Its summit commands a magnificent prospect, and at one corner stand the remains of an ancient lantern, formerly erected as a guide for mariners at sea. This is now called St Michael's Chair, and is supposed to possess the virtue formerly bestowed on the real "chair" of St Keyna. The present proprietors of this ancient edifice are the St Aubyns, a family said to have come from Brit-

tany, and to have been descended from a saint and bishop of France. Sir John St Aubyn enriched the castle with many antiquities, among which are a Glastonbury chair, an ornamental bedstead three hundred years old, and a finely carved oak chair, representing the misfortunes of Susannah, and said to be as much as five hundred years old.

We cannot dismiss this subject without noticing that this isle is supposed, and no doubt justly, to have been the Ικτις mentioned by Diodorus, to which the ancient Britons conveyed their tin previous to its departure for the continent. The remarkable intermingling of slate and granite here, has caused much controversy among geologists, and the only precious stones discovered in Cornwall have been topazes, found in the vertical divisions of the granite in this mount.

Penzance is by far the most flourishing town in Cornwall, although the assizes are held at Bodmin, which is more properly the county town. There is a considerable amount of shipping in the bay, and formerly it was the point from which ambassadors and great personages took their departure for Spain, whence the allusion in the line "looks to Nomancos and Bayona's hold." But of late years Falmouth has proved a successful rival.

The markets at Penzance are particularly good, especially that appropriated to the sale of meat, which is quite a show, the long tables of an immense building being spread with every imaginable joint

of every describable animal. It was market day, when we arrived, but notwithstanding the extent of the town, we were astonished at the vast concourse of people and the superabundant wealth.

We observed several fine churches in different quarters of the town, and having heard that there was also a museum, were glad to see a building of large proportions with an imposing *façade* and colonnade. On inquiry we found that this was not the museum, but a Methodist chapel—John Wesley having been very successful in these parts. It was very difficult to find anywhere the abode of the Muses, and, when we had found it, to effect an entrance, as we had to grope through a dark narrow passage and mount two pairs of stairs. We then found ourselves in a small room containing a few stuffed birds, who seemed to be casting melancholy looks at a table covered with eggs, as if lamenting the ignominious termination of their hopes and efforts. The old curator, sick apparently of the sight, directed our attention out of the window, and expatiated on the view, but of the objects immediately around him betrayed the most profound ignorance. There are a few dusty models in the room, and the skeleton of a hammer-headed shark, caught in a net off Penzance; but the exhibition for such a locality is deplorable, and utterly unworthy of the town and neighbourhood.

CHAPTER V.

Artificial Cave—Dance Maine—St Burian—The Logan—Land's End—Cavern—Terrific Fall—The Armed Knight—Departure.

On Tuesday morning, July 5th, we left for the Land's End. The first object of interest on our way there was the artificial cave near Treewoofe, and here, on alighting, we had to entrust ourselves to the guidance of one of the peasants, as the mouth of the cave is difficult to find, being almost concealed by furze bushes. She led us off the beaten road, along a most picturesque slope, covered so densely with ferns that it resembled a miniature tropical forest—until we reached a kind of pit which led to a square opening. Here we found a passage paved with stones, about six feet in height by five in breadth, and roofed with large slabs. An opening at the side seemed to lead to another gallery, the continuation of which can be traced at some distance. The remains of a triple entrenchment are visible around, and this cave was doubtless connected with it. The date is not known, but as Athelstan is said to have here overthrown the Britons, it was probably connected with that contest. It was doubtless a place of conceal-

ment, and we find that it was once made use of during the civil war as a hiding-place for a party of Royalists. Such caves exist in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, under the name of "earth-houses," and are used as secret repositories for treasure, and sedulously reported to be haunted by demons.

Near it stand two pointed rocks of granite, placed upright, and looking like rude obelisks. Their site is called "the giant's grave," and if they formed the giant's head- and foot-stones, the terrors of Cornish giants have not been over-rated, for the distance between them is full fifty yards. The country people say that two giants fought here, and that the stones mark where they stood, but the most credible tradition is that this was the burial-place of those who fell in battle in the time of Athelstan. These monoliths have received the names of the Pipers, because they are in the vicinity of a ring called the Dancing Stones, or Merry Maidens. Nineteen of these stones stand in a circle in a neighbouring field, and are said to be the petrified bodies of the same number of young ladies, who insisted upon dancing on Sunday; but although all would be ready to admit the punishment would have been deserved, it is supposed by many that they belonged to still more profane ceremonies, and were connected with the superstitions of ages long past. By some they are considered to have been funebrial, and originally covered with

mounds of earth, while Borlase converts such circles into Druidical temples, or sacred inclosures, and considers that they were also sometimes used for important civil transactions, in which the chief persons stood each by his stone, and the prince elect in the centre. He observes that the number —nineteen—is evidently symbolical of the twelve months of the year and the seven days of the week. It is very difficult to weigh the merits of these different accounts of the origin of the Dancing Stones, but I think all must agree that the story about the maidens is most attractive.

I was informed that the farmer in whose fields these ladies have become fixtures, finding them somewhat in the way of his operations, attempted to remove them, but that upon his harnessing a yoke of oxen to one of them, one of the animals fell down and instantly expired, whereupon he wisely desisted from offering them any further molestation. Some of the stones had fallen down in course of time, but they are all now restored, so that the visitor would be able to see the ring in a perfect state were it not for the desecration committed by travelling barbarians, who have lately been arriving armed with hammers, and have sadly mutilated the bare shoulders of these harmless maidens. There are the remains of another circle in an adjoining field, but not so perfect as that just described, nor are the stones now erect. Forming part of a stile on the road near the Dancing Ladies, is a "holed

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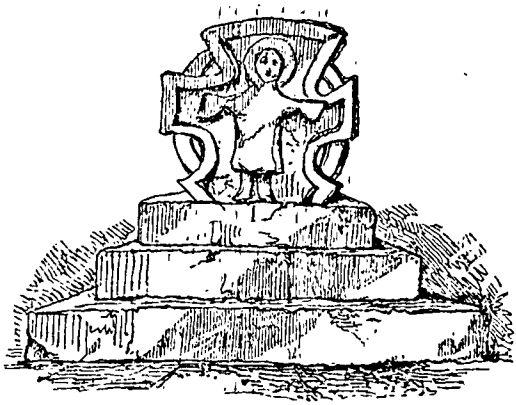
stone"— a flat upright stone, with a circular hole in one end of it, which is supposed to have stood in the centre of the ring, and to have been used by the Druids for making fast human sacrifices, or for some kind of divination. Two similar stones form part of a neighbouring embankment, and as the circle is well known to have been a symbol of perfection and eternity, it has been suggested by Mr Blight that they were erected for monumental purposes, to mark the burial-places of some members of the privileged order. As a proof of the superstitious reverence in which these stones were formerly held, I may add, that in the parish of St Constantine there is a custom at the present day of drawing children through a Tolmên, or holed stone, as a cure for weakness and pains in the back.

On approaching the Logan rock, we deviated a little from the main road for the purpose of visiting the church of St Burian. This now insignificant village derived its name from the oratory of St Buriana, and became afterwards of considerable importance, having contained a college of Augustinian Canons, founded by Athelstan after his conquest of the Scillies. Leland gives the following notice of this occurrence:—"St Buriana, an holy woman of Ireland, sumtyme dwellid in this place, and there made an oratory. King Ethelstan, founder of St Burian's college, and giver of the privileges and sanctuarie to it, King Ethelstan goyng hens, as it is said, on to Sylley and return-

ing made *ex voto* a college where the oratorie was." About a mile from the church are the remains of a building, called to this day the "Sanctuary," but it is probable that they in reality belonged to the chapel of St Silvanus, which is said to have formerly existed in this parish. The present church is probably the third on the site, and the remains of the collegiate buildings were destroyed by order of Cromwell. A cross of great antiquity stands before the entrance, it is known as the Sanctuary Cross, and bears upon it a rude figure of our Lord,



in which he appears wearing a kind of tunic. This was perhaps formerly a dress of holy men, as we read of the Druids wearing a similar costume.

It is remarkable that the greater number of the ancient Cornish crosses are of the Greek and not the Latin form. This fact gives additional weight to the supposition that our Church is of Greek origin. Camden is of opinion that the

Greeks traded with this country at as early a date as 160 B.C.; and Aristotle expressly mentions the "Britannic Islands."

Near this cross is a tombstone with the following singular epitaph:—

Our Life is but a Winter's Day;
Some only Breakfast and away;
Others to Dinner stay and are Fullfed;
The oldest only Sups and goes to Bed.
Large is his debt who Lingers out the Day,
Who goes the Soonest, has the least to Pay.

In 1665 an ancient tomb was discovered here while the sexton was digging a grave. There is an inscription upon it, in Norman French, to the following effect:—"Clarice, the wife of Geoffrey de Boilleit, lies here. God of her soul have mercy; who prays for her soul shall have ten days' pardon."

There are also in this church the remains of a rood screen, carved with a variety of birds, fishes, and other animals, among which the monkey forms a conspicuous figure, and which was evidently richly coloured and gilt in former times. There were originally representations of imps, and devils swallowing one another, and a great variety of design; but very little of this magnificent work is now standing, the greater part having been taken down a few years since, on account of a deaf old gentleman, who complained that it prevented his being able to hear the service. Some portions of it were preserved in boxes, but the greater part

was held in no estimation, and became dispersed among the farm-houses throughout the parish. This desecration did not, however, pass off so quietly as was anticipated, for the carved figures having come into general use for children's dolls, and other domestic purposes, complaints were raised by many parishioners that there had been intentional fraud and partiality in the distribution, and the churchwardens finally incurred the greatest odium; which they justly deserved as a punishment for their sacrilege.

There are three bells in the tower of St Buriah, and each of two of them has inscribed upon it a Latin verse making up the following couplet—

Virginis egregiæ vocor campana Mariæ,
Vocem ego do vobis; vos date verba Deo.

From this to the Logan is only two miles, and the time passed quickly, assisted by our basket of provisions. This rock derives its name from an old Cornish verb, to "log," because by considerable exertion it can be made to oscillate nearly a quarter of an inch. This position causing the just equipoise of so large a mass, which is supposed to have been effected by the mighty and mysterious Druids as an exhibition and monument of their power, was referred (by a bloodless sceptic I had the misfortune to meet) to the fact of its resting on a point of hard spar, which had withstood the forces that have caused the disintegration of the surrounding granite. A man who accosted us on the road, and

was exhibiting curiosities, told us that there were other stones about the coast that would log, but that the Logan (weighing nearly eighty tons) was much larger than the rest.

The people in the neighbourhood consider the Logan principally interesting as having, some years since, been dislodged by a Lieut. Goldsmith, assisted by his ship's crew. This feat of the British navy did not appear so heroic to the neighbouring villagers, as to the gallant lieutenant, for finding the source of profits gone, they memorialized the Admiralty on the subject, and demanded that it should be replaced. Goldsmith was accordingly ordered to reinstate the stone, for which purpose he was obliged to employ the most powerful machinery, but it is said, that with all his exertions he was not entirely successful, and that it never afterwards oscillated so satisfactorily as it had done previous to its dislodgement. Before leaving the country he made use of his appliances to reinstate also the Lanyon Quoit, or Cromlech, which had fallen from its position.

The magnificent island promontory on which the rock stands has been called, probably from the wild confusion in which its rocks are scattered about, Treryn Castle, or the Fighting Place. It appears also to have been, like the Gurnard's Head, and several other promontories, originally fortified; and as it is uncertain what people availed themselves of these natural fortresses, their defences

are generally assigned to the ancient Britons or Danes. From this point the view of Cairn Clodio, a neighbouring headland, is particularly fine; it bears upon its brow a square mass of rocks, which have a remarkably artificial appearance.

The day proved unusually fine, the fierce winds had been lulled to repose, and as we gained the height commanding the Logan, we observed the white sails of a cutter gliding along towards Penzance. We were unable, at that elevation, to distinguish the flag, but we conjectured, and rightly, that they were those of the *Selene*!

It was towards evening when we reached the Land's End, but at that time of year the sun was still high, and shone brightly over the magnificent scene. The rocks which lay scattered around us, or were piled into grand headlands and fantastic edifices, and the vast level expanse of the waters stretching away to the New World, formed a scene of wild sublimity almost without a parallel. A line of light clouds was spread along the heavens, almost reaching down to the horizon, and causing the pure golden air, which suffused the horizon itself, to glow with most intense brilliancy, while in its refulgence the fairy outlines of the Scilly Isles—indistinct by distance, but seeming to disclose visionary spires and bowers—rose in dreamy loveliness, like the shores of some enchanted land.

The hotel is only lately built, and is situated on

a headland, called Cairn Fez, or Doctor Johnson's Head, because there stands on its extremity a pile of rocks, surmounted by a boulder of a remarkably oval form, poised on one point; and so nicely is it set, that it will rock better than the Logan. About two hundred yards to the north stands the point known as the Land's End—a mass of granite stretching out into the sea in a lofty ridge, and somewhat resembling in form the exterior of a gigantic cathedral, adorned with an endless variety of natural columns. As the evening advanced, and when only outlines could be distinguished, it took the form of a vast castle in the sea, surmounted by battlements and turrets. The great peculiarity of the headlands around this coast is their artificial appearance, which has caused some to imagine that some smaller portions of them—though of the same character as the whole—have been raised by the ancient Druids, whose powers are supposed to have been greater than those of ordinary mortals. Others have considered these remarkable forms to be owing to the intermixture of soft with hard granite, the former of which, becoming disintegrated, has fallen away, and left the harder blocks standing alone, while they attribute the lines, which so symmetrically intersect each other, to contraction in cooling, or to some law of crystallization. There is, at the same time, a great variety in what might be termed the styles of architecture of these gigantic piles.

Some, such as Pardennic Point, which was selected by Turner for one of his masterpieces, resemble vast clusters of rocks; others, of which Tol Pedn Penwith is the finest specimen, are formed of huge square stones built up into massive walls; here, fairy pinnacles shoot into the sky; there, immense round boulders are piled one upon another, and seem almost to be suspended in air; while in other places, enormous columns and masses of rocks hang over as though sustained by some unseen hand. Different devices appear to be formed by these combinations, according to the different points from which they are contemplated; hence we hear of the Cap Rock, resembling a fisherman's cap; the Armed Knight; the Song of the Sea; or Bird's Head; all of which would, if viewed from other positions, take other fantastic forms. The white sea-gulls, which circle round these rocks, add much to the wildness of the scene, while the cormorants or sheldrakes make a somewhat grotesque addition, by standing in parties on the tops of the rocks with long outstretched necks and expanded wings, much resembling farmers' scarecrows, or the imperial eagles on foreign coinage.

Having heard much of the caverns beneath the cliffs in this locality, and especially of one said to pierce completely through the Land's End, I felt desirous of verifying the fact, so leaving some friends who had accompanied me busy with the

beauties of Pardennic, I started with a guide on the desired expedition. On reaching the nearer side of Land's End, the guide pointed out to me the spot whence a Captain Arbuthnot's horse had been precipitated over the rocks. The heights are here quite perpendicular. Captain Arbuthnot had been visiting the Land's End on horseback, and rashly laid a wager that he would ride to the edge of the precipice, but in galloping along the heath his horse became unmanageable, and he was fortunately just able to slip from the saddle, and disengage himself before the horse disappeared. The print of the hoofs is still to be seen on the edge of the cliff, where the animal made a last desperate effort to save himself from destruction.

Passing to the other side of the Land's End, we commenced the descent by a difficult, but not a dangerous path. It was difficult, because we proceeded along the edge, and sometimes over the side of a rock, where the footing was very narrow, and in some places it was necessary to jump from one rock to another, while a slip would have precipitated the adventurer over the cliffs into the sea below; but, at the same time, it was not dangerous, the granite afforded a firm footing, and was not in the least degree slippery. On reaching the base, we found cyclopean walls of rock extending out into the sea, composed of immense square boulders, as if hewn and piled by the hands of Titans. Approaching nearer, we obtained a good view of

the mouth of the cavern. Above it outside were rocks in the form of small pillars, and on one side the spring of an arch could be discerned, as though they had formed part of an upper gallery. We now essayed to enter, but it was no very easy task, for the huge boulders of granite and spar could only be surmounted by jumping and climbing. The cavern was narrow, and of immense height, resembling the nave of some Gothic church. One side of it was coated a foot thick with spar, in fine crystals, while the opposite wall was of granite of a deep red and green colour. The black tracery of the roof was also enriched with a wide stratum of spar, and in the upper part of the cavern there appeared to be, as it were, a second story supported upon an arch. Proceeding onwards, and passing beside what appeared to be the entrance to another cave, we arrived at the further extremity, on the other side of the Land's End. Here a very fine opening presented itself; on one side rose the perpendicular rock, on the other huge boulders were heaped up, so as to form rude columns, one of them leaning forward as if ready to fall, but having been, as I was given to understand, in the same critical position for many years. The water here and all around these coasts is of a remarkably fine colour, owing to its depth and purity, and the rock-framed view of the granite pinnacles about the Longship's lighthouse rising above the transparent blue, produced a wonder-

ful effect when viewed from the darkness of the cave.

On returning, we were suddenly startled by a cry from the rocks above us, and looking upwards, descried the long beak and neck of a cormorant, who had evidently "set her nest in the rock," but on seeing us had taken to flight, and caused the vault to re-echo with the sound of her powerful wings. It was from one of the heights just above this cavern that Captain Arbuthnot's horse fell, and the spot was pointed out to me, near the further entrance, where it was dashed to pieces on the rock below.

Before starting, we had provided ourselves with an iron crook, in hope of finding some shell-fish on our way, for these coasts are celebrated for them, and as many as forty dozen a week are sometimes forwarded from hence to London. We were not disappointed, after climbing over rocks and stones, worn into spheres by the perpetual rolling of the waves, we arrived at a point where large crabs were generally to be found. It was a narrow fissure in the rock, accessible only at low water, and thickly covered with seaweed. Here, after two or three insertions of the hook, two fierce-looking crabs, in most threatening attitudes, were successively hauled up. It is strange that they should still continue to frequent these retreats, although they are constantly sought here by the fishermen, not only for their own sakes, but because they

afford a successful bait for nearly every other kind of fish. Immediately behind the scene of our operations the rocks had assumed a very curious form, resembling three sides of a room, in the further wall of which were two symmetrical doorways, perfectly rectangular, and so exact in their proportions that it was difficult to believe that they had not been subjected to line and rule.

We now turned our steps, and began to reascend by a different route, clinging to the grass for support, and passing by a very fantastic grotto, festooned with ferns. Just as I was regaining the summit a ledge was pointed out to me, from which a gentleman of the name of Cox had fallen a few years previously. There were some large stones at its brink, and he was endeavouring to amuse himself and his sisters by pushing one of these down the rock into the water. The stone was supported by the grass, which is here very tenacious, and the unfortunate gentleman, giving it an extra impetus, fell over together with it, and was killed on the rocks below. I could distinctly see the marks where he had been moving the stones, and the gap from which the fatal fall had taken place. The sadness of this accident was increased by the fact that his sisters, being present, were eye-witnesses of the catastrophe.

While on my return along the cliffs, my attention was called to the Dollar Rock—an insulated mass exactly resembling a sugar-loaf in form—

standing in the sea in the centre of a gigantic basin of granite rock. On one of its ledges we descried two young sea-gulls, of a slate colour, lying on one another on the bare granite, and looking up very disconsolately at their parents, who, alarmed at our approach, were screaming and wheeling in wild circles above them.

On my return I found that the rest of the party had moved a little beyond Pardennic to the Red rocks, which stand at the head of a dark chasm, once the scene of the wreck of a large Indiaman. The vessel, it appears, struck, in the night, on the side of the entrance of this abyss with such force, that the bowsprit was driven up over one of the ledges of rock. The vessel was speedily dashed to pieces, and out of all on board only two survived. Strange to say, one of these was a negro, who had been frost-bitten in his feet, and was in his berth when the vessel struck. He managed to reach the deck, and thence climbed up the bowsprit, from which he was fortunate enough to gain the land. The other man was saved in the same manner, but when he had almost reached the end of the bowsprit, and saw a black figure on the height above him, he imagined, with the superstition of a seaman, that it was some evil spirit come to be present at that fearful hour, and had almost relaxed his hold, when he received a timely assurance by the well-known voice of his negro shipmate.

The following morning we made an excursion

to visit Mill Bay, which lies to the south of the Land's End. The bright green colour of the water here is most remarkable, as is also the whiteness of the glittering sands over which it flows, and we quite exonerated the artists who had been accused of exaggerating the colours in these localities. On one side rises a solitary spire of rock, called the Diamond Tor, because it contains crystals known as Cornish diamonds. They are found in the fissures of this rock, embedded in a soft clay, but the great demand has now caused a scarcity of them. The bay is well adapted for bathing, being sheltered from the winds, and around its margin are cool grottos and fretted caves, such as Neptune might stay his chariot in, during the noontide heat, surrounded by his Tritons and Nereid train.

Towards sunset, which was told by our watches to be at nine o'clock, but was really at half-past eight, there being twenty-four minutes' difference owing to our western position; we strolled towards the rock called the Armed Knight, as we had been informed that it derived its title from a resemblance it bore in the twilight to a warrior rising from the deep, or, as our guide less poetically expressed it, "to a party coming ashore." We walked over a deep soft carpeting of furze and heather by the mounds where the peat-cutter had left his work, and the sun sank like a ball of fire in the ocean, as we arrived at the valley whence the remarkable effect could be witnessed. We felt somewhat in-

credulous as to the similitude, from what we had seen by daylight, but we found that the approach of the phantom shades of night effected a wonderful metamorphosis, and revived the Armed Knight, who there stood before us in all the terrors of his dark and gigantic form. Two small rocks on the summit formed his casque, and thence spread an immense mass on either side, not unlike a pair of broad iron-clad shoulders, while underneath, an edge of rock represented the greave of the rising figure. The dew fell heavily, and we were unable to tarry long before this interesting illusion. On our return, the hotel was in considerable excitement, as a modern giant—a man-of-war—was to be seen passing round the headland. She loomed very large in the dim twilight, and we afterwards heard that she was the *St George*, bound to Ireland from Falmouth.

Before we took our departure the landlord brought us the visitors' book, in which it appeared that travellers were accustomed to enter their remarks. Few can resist the temptation to indite, as the pages before us testified, for even those who had nothing to say were not content to say nothing. Two ladies, who only stayed for tea, thought it worth while to record, for the benefit of their successors, that they found the bread and butter satisfactory. Most of the observations were commendatory or facetious, but there were a few more interesting. One of these was from the hand of

Elihu Burritt, who had just preceded us, and he adds, after his autograph, "June 29th. I have this day completed my walk from John o' Groats' house to the Land's End, and having seen more of England than any other American of my time, can say with the poet, truly and heartily,—

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!'"

Farewell to the Land's End! It is one of those places which we visit but once in a life-time, and I felt inclined to adapt the Laureate's lines to the present occasion, as I reflected,

"A thousand waves shall break on thee,
A thousand moonbeams quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever!"

We left with regret. The weather had been fine and the scenery was magnificent: add to which, the hotel was most clean and comfortable. This is a much more convenient halting-place for the tourist than the sister establishment, "First and Last," kept by the same landlord at Sennen, for here you can walk out at any moment, and in any dress, and stand among the rocks themselves to contemplate the grand scenery of the Land's End.

We left early in the morning—a lovely, sunny morning—and as the wind had changed to the north, the broad, calm bosom of the ocean beneath glistened with hundreds of sails, and appeared as if celebrating an universal regatta.

The country in this part of Cornwall is entirely

devoid of trees, and in some parts (owing to the refuse of the mines) of vegetation. The farmers, however, are by no means idle, and it is particularly gratifying to see the manner in which they consult the feelings of their cattle. In the centre of every field is a tall rough stone (we inspected the first we saw, under the impression that it was Druidical), which these considerate people have erected, for the greater comfort of the cows and sheep in performing their simple toilets. In the centre of the arable field there is another institution,—a mound formed with stones and weeds, which becoming crested with red campion and other bright flowers, forms a waving trophy of uncultivated bloom.

On our arrival at Penzance we found that the *Selene* had arrived, and was moored alongside the quay in the harbour. A more disagreeable place to lie in could scarcely be imagined, for not only were the decks and rigging overwhelmed with coal dust, but our olfactory nerves were constantly being called upon to decide between the rival claims of a cargo of ox-hides and another of Spanish rags, which were unloading alongside. The seamen abused the former, but I gave the palm of pungency to the integuments of the nobler animal. As the evening was fine, with a fair breeze, and it was impossible to remain where we were, we determined upon taking a cruise in the direction of St Michael's Mount.

The flowing sails were soon wooing the zephyr,

and as we glided through the water we thought it would be a fine opportunity for trying our new net, and surprising any little fishes who happened to be straying so late away from their homes. The result spoke volumes for the regularity of marine habits, for we only caught one flat-fish and a young scapegrace of a crab. Returning late at night, we anchored in the bay under the far-famed Mount.

CHAPTER VI.

Holy Wells—Lanyon Quoit—Druids—Early Inhabitants of Britain—Botallack Mine—Reception—Descent—Mining and Methodism—The Sisters.

OUR next excursion was to Botallack Mine, and as strangers are not admitted to view it before two in the afternoon, we determined upon first visiting Madron Well—the most celebrated of the "holy wells" of Cornwall. These wells are souvenirs of the graceful superstitions of bygone ages, which attributed to the woods and streams some portion of divinity, and read oracles in leaves and flowers. Borlase observes that "they imagined rocks and fountains to be actuated by divine intelligences of a lower rank. These the Cornish call 'Spriggian,' or spirits, and of these the common-place people in Cornwall still discourse, as of real beings, attributing to them large powers to rule the weather and to discover hidden treasures, and pay them a kind of veneration." It is true there are many in Cornwall even at the present day, to whom the land is not yet disenchanted of the "fay and piskie." Many a thrifty housewife can tell a sorrowful tale of

"How Queen Mab the junkets eat,"

and of many other little domestic calamities which have befallen her through the frolics of the elves. Other tales take a moral turn, in which good little girls are rewarded for showing kindness to infirm old women or other helpless objects. Others are of a gloomy character. Drowned men are still heard to hail their own names in stormy weather near the spot where they perished. The "Death-ship" still stands in to shore—tall, dark, square-rigged, with black sails beating up against wind and tide—as the omen of remarkable deceases. The fisherman hears a voice at midnight calling to him that his boat is adrift, and laughing at him, when, on rushing to the beach, he finds it safe. Miners pay especial attention to the "little people," and will not work on Midsummer's or New Year's eve. They also assert that on Christmas eve the piskies sing mass in the depths of the lowest mine. Fern seeds, "by which we walk invisible," are collected annually at Launceston on Midsummer's eve. Ben Jonson alludes to them—

> "I had no medicine, sir, to walk invisible—
> No fern seed in my pocket."

These superstitions are gradually disappearing, but formerly they possessed great power, and formed part of the popular creed. The missionaries of Rome observing this, and following their universal practice of accommodating their requirements to the feelings of their converts, and engrafting a new superstition on an old, consecrated these springs,

built baptisteries, and appointed to each its patron saint.

As it is difficult to discover the exact position of Madron Well, it became necessary for us to employ a guide, who directed the carriage to draw up about two miles from Penzance, and there await our return. After wading our way through a field of ferns, clambering over a few walls, and picking our steps across a stream, we arrived at a square inclosure built of large stones, and about six feet in height. In the corner, opposite the entrance, was a kind of cell, in which lies the ancient well, overhung with ferns. At the further side of the inclosure, or baptistery, remained the stone altar slab, in which was a square mortise, formerly used for upholding the crucifix. To this sacred and long-venerated well, lovers and others in woful plight betake themselves, in hundreds, on the first Sunday in May, to try their fortunes by dropping pebbles and pins into the water and watching the responsive bubbles. Hither also babies are brought by their anxious mothers to be strengthened by the healing virtues of this modern Bethesda, and on the old thorn-tree, which hangs above the altar, are suspended their votive offerings. Bishop Hall, in speaking of instances in which the ministration of angels had been employed, observes, "Of this kind was that (no less than miraculous) cure, which at *St Madernes* in *Cornwall* was wrought upon a poor cripple, whereof (besides the attestation

of many hundreds of the neighbours) I took a strict and personal examination in that last visitation, which I either did or ever shall hold. This man, that for sixteen years together was fain to walk upon his hands by reason of the close contraction of the sinews of the legs, was (upon three monitions in a dream to wash in that well) suddenly so restored to his limbs, that I saw him able both to walk and get his own maintenance. I found here was neither art nor collusion, the thing done, the Author invisible."

The waters of this well are supposed to afford a test of innocence, which belief has been alluded to in the following lines :—

"Proud Guenever rode like a Queen of the land
With page and squire at her bridle hand,
And the twice six knights of the stony ring
They girded and guarded their Cornish king.

"Then they halted their steeds at St Madron's cell,
And they stood by the priest at the cloister'd well.
'Now off with your gauntlets,' King Arthur cried,
'And glory or shame for our Tamar side.'

"'Twere sooth to sing how Sir Gawain smiled
When he grasp'd the waters so soft and mild;
How Sir Launcelot dash'd the glistening spray
O'er the ragged beard of the rough Sir Kay.

"Sir Bevis he touch'd, and he found no fear,
'Twas a benitcè stoup to Sir Belvidere,
How the fountain flash'd o'er King Arthur's Queen
Say, Cornish dames, for ye guess the scene.

"'Now rede me my riddle, Sir Mordred, I pray,
My kinsman, mine ancient, my *bien aimé;*

Now rede me my riddle, and rede it aright,
Art thou traitorous knave or my trusty knight?
"He plunged his right arm in the judgment well,
It bubbled and boil'd like a cauldron of hell;
He drew and he lifted his quivering limb,
'Ha! Sir Judas! how Madron had sodden him!'"*

Before leaving this interesting locality we crossed some marshy ground to the original source and "wishing well," where the water had been diverted to the baptistery. It is edged with stones, and has steps leading down to it, and the clear water within seems to be constantly in a disturbed and bubbling state. The mossy turf around these springs is spangled with wild flowers, and in retracing our steps to the carriage we enriched our herbarium with the ivy-leafed bell-flower and the marsh asphodel.

We had now passed the belt of villas and foliage which surround Penzance, and emerged on a vast and desolate region of heath. Here, ages ago, on the wild moor, some native tribe raised, amid wailing and lamentation, a rude and massive monument to their warlike chieftain—some "Sleeping Thunder" of old Britain, and left it to be the wonder of posterity!

As a memorial of the past, and exhibiting the changes of the world, it is well worthy of contemplation, and will probably endure, in its ancient strength, long after our more elaborate and less solid monuments have crumbled into dust. These

* Blights' Crosses and Antiquities of Cornwall.

cromlecks were all originally concealed by masses of earth, and the custom of raising a mighty pile in honour of the dead is as old as the pyramids of Egypt, and Ninus, the founder of the Assyrian monarchy. Homer represents Andromache, when endeavouring to dissuade Hector from re-entering the combat, as relating thus her father's burial:

> "His fate compassion in the victor bred,
> Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
> His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
> And laid him decent on the funeral pile,
> Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
> The rural nymphs the mountain tomb adorn'd."

It was a grand idea of those ancient people to make the memory of the great departed as enduring as the everlasting hills, and they usually erected these sepulchres on the summit of some lofty eminence, commanding all the surrounding country, that here he might, as it were, for ever rest enthroned, and, as long as the world lasted, still appear to protect the country which once owned his sway. In many cases in Cornwall the intentions of the constructors seem to have been realized; but in some the mass of earth has been removed (by the farmer in the present case), and the internal part or cromleck of the sepulchre exposed to view. Some, in places which have become populous, have altogether disappeared, and we need not be surprised at this, for as far back as a thousand years ago the piratical Danes desecrated them in search of treasure.

These, and the other huge remains scattered over the hills and moors, are attributed by some to the ancient Druids—a priesthood who followed a somewhat elaborate form of that system of idolatry which at one time almost entirely overspread the East; for those features which we are wont to consider characteristic of Druidical worship, namely, the dedication of groves, and the offering of human victims, are of very ancient origin. Such sacrifices were resorted to on occasions of great distress by the most civilized nations of antiquity, and there is a remarkable passage in the Second Book of Kings, in which it is recorded that the King of Moab being worsted in battle, "took his eldest son, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall." We also frequently read in Scripture of the existence of idolatrous groves, and before their use came to be polluted, we find Abraham planting, as his first sanctuary, a grove at Beersheba consecrated to the Almighty. Nor was it strange that before the branching arches of the cathedral rose, a canopy of living branches, a temple of God's own creation, should have been selected by the Patriarch for his oblations, his prayer, and praise.

The belief in the immortality of the soul was also held under various modifications from the earliest times in the East; and that peculiar form of it, metempsychosis, which the Druids are said to have derived from Pythagoras, was common long before his time among the Brahmins of India.

The Druids, however, carried their faith into practice more than most other nations; and we even read that they would sometimes leave their debts to be settled in a future state.

The priesthood was divided into three orders—the members of the first of which were especially designated "the Druids." They were the superiors of the entire body; were arrayed in white apparel; carried wands in their right hands; and wore a magical serpent's egg suspended round their necks. Their functions were religious and judicial. Some writers have supposed that some of the large monoliths in Cornwall were used for the delivery of their oracular and judicial announcements; a suggestion which derives some weight from a custom mentioned in I. Samuel vii. 16.

The next order was that of the bards or poets. Their office appears to have been no sinecure, for the Druidical dogmata were contained in a matter of twenty thousand verses, which required to be faithfully committed to memory. They also presided over the education of youth, and no one was eligible to public office before he had received their instructions.

The third and last order was that of the Vates, who predicted events and used enchantments. Their duties were probably onerous, for the Druids are said to have been more addicted to magic than the Persians. They attributed wonderful virtues

to certain plants, and the observances on finding the mistletoe on the oak are familiar to all; but perhaps it is not so generally known that this parasite very rarely grows upon that tree. There is the following curious notice on this subject in one of the Colpeper MSS., in referring to Sir Peter Freschville's house,—"Heare my Lord Freschville did live, and heare growes the famous Mistletoe tree, the only Oak in England that bears mistletoe."

They had also some very strange superstitions relating to the serpent's egg, called the Anguinum. This egg they wore as a charm and badge of distinction, and there are several traditions about its nature and the ceremonies used in obtaining it. The wearer was supposed to be certain of victory over his adversary, and Claudius Cæsar ordered a Roman knight to be put to death because he brought one in his bosom into court. Carew observes on the subject—"The country people have a persuasion that the snakes here, breathing upon a hazel wand, produce a stone ring of a blue colour, in which appears the yellow figure of a snake, and that beasts bitten or envenomed, being given some water wherein this stone has been infused, will perfectly recover."

The edicts of Tiberius and Claudius forbidding the exercise of its rites dealt a severe blow to Druidism. It became in many points assimilated to the religion of the conquering nation, but still

it lingered on, and it was some centuries before the beams of Christianity had entirely quenched the embers of its lurid fires. Even to this day they are said to burn at Penzance on the eves now sacred to Saint Peter and Saint John the Baptist.

Here, then, we should have a most interesting account of at least the religious institutions of ancient Britain, if we could connect these Druids with the existing remains. But, alas! the link is wanting, and the evidence is unsatisfactory. It is true that we find traces of woods having existed in Cornwall in former times, as for instance, around St Ruan's Cell in the Lizard, and about St Michael's Mount, once known as the "Gray Rock in the Wood," but we cannot therefore assert that they contained Druidical groves. It is true that we have here elevated sites crowned with cairns and remarkable tables of stone, which forcibly remind us of the altars and high places said to have been devoted to idolatrous ceremonies in the East, but still we have no direct evidence that these were ever used for similar purposes. Lastly, we find large rocks, such as the Cheesewring and the Logan stones, in positions and combinations calculated to suggest an artificial arrangement, and we know that the Persian god Mithras was said to have been descended from, and married to, a rock, but yet we cannot assert that the regularity of these forms is not due to natural causes, nor, if

otherwise, to what people or period they belong. We therefore conclude that there is no direct or sufficient evidence for proving that these remains were connected with the Druidical system, but we are equally unable to assert that none of these strange piles and monoliths, which arrest the traveller on his way, were raised or used by that ancient priesthood. Let the majestic Druid still haunt the cairns and groves wrapt in the gloom and mystery so congenial to his faith. We cannot refuse the consentient testimony of such writers as Cæsar, Diodorus, Strabo, and Pliny, as to the early existence of this order, or that they were an order belonging to a Celtic race, such as that with which Britain was formerly overspread. Cæsar, whose testimony is probably more independent than that of the other authorities, not only enters into many details concerning them, but expressly states that those Druids in Gaul, who desired a more perfect initiation into the rites of their order, came to this country for instruction. Tacitus mentions the Druids as inhabiting the island of Anglesea, and giving the Romans considerable trouble by inciting the people against them. There is no doubt that they were a Celtic priesthood, and it is also most probable that the monolithic remains in Cornwall are of Celtic origin.

The researches of Bunsen and Meyer, based on the analysis of language, make it probable that this island was first inhabited at a period far more

remote than Cæsar's account would lead us to imagine. The mature Turanian race had spread over the earth and reared a progeny of hunters and warriors, while the Iranian was still in its childhood, and before it had left its cradle in the great birthplace of nations. Some traces of this primeval race are said to be found in the Celtic language, and manifestly exist in the Basque to the south, and in the Finnic to the north; so that we can scarcely suppose that this island, lying in its very arms, could have remained unvisited by a wave of its population. This is, however, only a theory, and considering the remote ages to which it refers, we cannot suppose that any Turanian vestiges remain.

The other great race of the world, the Iranian, acquiring more strength by a slower development, began by degrees to dispossess the Turanian of its acquisitions, and to flow in two mighty streams, one towards Africa and the West—the other to the North, whence from the Baltic and North Sea it descended upon Britain. These were the Celts, and their antiquity was proved by their language, which was intermediate between the Egyptian and Sanscrit. They appear to have occupied this island in three successive tribes, each deriving its designation from the name of its god. The first were the Alwani, after whom the country was called Albion; the second, the Ædui, whence Eiddyn, or Edinburgh; and the third the Britons,

who named the island Britain, from their god Bryt, or Pryd, and *ain*, an island. These Celts were also called Galli or Gaels (followers), either from their clannish habits or from their nomadic mode of life, and they were the race of whom the Druids were priests, and to whom the remains in Cornwall probably belong. To whatever people these remains are assigned, they bespeak very high antiquity, and it is not improbable that they are traces of the early "stone men," who lived before the iron age, for no marks of any tool (except in two doubtful instances) are to be found on these huge unwrought monoliths. The inhabitants of this south-west district appear to have also borne a name, given by themselves, of which Corn was the commencement, perhaps referring to the "horn" of land which they occupied. They were also called the West Wealas, but this must have been by the Saxons, "Welsh" being an offensive appellation, signifying an unintelligible stranger. A combination of these two forms gave rise to the present name of the country—Cornwall.

It is absolutely necessary to re-animate, as it were, the forms of those long buried in the past, if we would appreciate the teachings of the grand memorials here strewn over moor and coast. These stand as silent witnesses to the power of a race long departed, of whose deeds they form the only record, and of whom not even a hieroglyphic re-

mains, to rescue them from the doom of perpetual oblivion.

Passing on through this lonely region of moorland, we came in view of the sea, and before long reached the coast and the scene of the mining operations. Finding that we were still too early to descend the Crown Engine, or copper mine, we turned aside to visit the Botallack tin mine. There the rocks resound with an incessant clanging of steam hammers, by which the ore brought up from the mine below is being reduced to an impalpable powder. The whole is then mixed with water, and filtered over long shelving plates, on which the tin being heavier, forms a thin incrustation, while the alloy flows away. The metal is then poured into vats, and again mixed up with water, upon which the finer portion settles at the bottom. It was very amusing to observe the variety of mechanical motions going forward in imitation of manual labour, and the little contrivances necessary for accomplishing great results. In one place was a brush, resembling a paint brush, which dipped down every few minutes very slowly and steadily, as if acting with great judgment, into some water in a trough beneath, which it thus preserved from stagnation. In another part a very little girl was posted all day, opposite an immense vat, with a small piece of wood in her hand, with which she gave it a gentle tap once every five minutes, to

to assist the precipitation of the metal. Having finished our visit to this mine, we proceeded to the edge of a neighbouring cliff, to obtain a general view of the works, and of the rocks, remarkable for their dark green colour. The copper lode is found in greenstone, and as it runs into the granite it changes to tin. There is no doubt that the richness of this locality has been known for a long period, and we observed on the side of one of the cliffs the remains of an ancient tin mine, but operations were carried on with little success until within the last three hundred years, during which time the sinking of shafts, blasting with gunpowder, and pumping and hammering by steam, have been introduced, with other modern improvements.

As it was now approaching two o'clock, we made inquiries about the descent, which is much more easily accomplished now than formerly, as a man-engine, or engine for the conveyance of passengers, has been established. We were directed to the counting-house for information, and there, to our dismay, were told that it was not certain whether we should be allowed to enter the mine at all, and that we should have first to obtain permission, and then to return and change our dress. These were unexpected difficulties, but we could not bear to be disappointed in the object of our visit, so with palpitating hearts we presented ourselves before the great official, whom we found seated in an outhouse. He took little notice of us, neither rose,

nor moved his hat from over his eyes, but cast from under it a scrutinizing and distrustful glance. We bowed, and begged, and hoped that he would be favourable to our petition, considering the distance we had travelled, and that he would permit us to explore the mine. At length he replied that he thought we should "interfere with the workmen." We assured him that we had no such intention, but as he would make no further observation, we retired from the presence-chamber, very doubtful as to the result of the audience. We hoped, however, that the fact of his having spoken at all might be interpreted favourably by those around him, and might be construed into a reluctant assent. Such proved to be the case, and with mutual congratulations on our success, we returned to the counting-house and commenced changing our dress. We were soon ready, and found that when clothed with our dirty miner's suit, we looked a set of ruffians of the worst description. The clothes appeared to have been made of sail cloth, but they were so covered with red mud that it was difficult to recognize the fabric. Our heads were enveloped in cotton night-caps, and we were crowned with a heavy felt cap, thick with tallow-candle grease. Some ladies had also obtained permission, and came down-stairs bereft of their finery, and presenting a most boyish and ludicrous appearance—the question of Bloomerism was decided in a moment. These dresses were used as a protec-

tion from dust and wet in the mine, and the Garibaldi hat is to save the head from collision with the rock. In this guise, then, we repaired to the mine, about a quarter of a mile distant, to the great amusement of the by-standers, and of the other, and less ambitious, visitors. On arriving, we found that the carriage by which the descent was effected, was not ready, and we were kept waiting before the public for more than two hours. Meanwhile our guide, who was of the Wesleyan persuasion, determined to improve the occasion by narrating the success of Methodism in Cornwall, and especially in the mining districts. He then proceeded to recite hymns composed by Wesleyan ministers, and told us that some of the miners were "princes of men," would "puzzle a doctor of divinity," and could produce a "prodigious effect," the second of which statements, we thought not improbable. He informed us that the morality of this part of the country was greatly improved. Intoxication had disappeared, insomuch that if a man was known to have exceeded his tether, the rest would set upon him and give him a good drubbing. Wrecking and smuggling, formerly favourite avocations with the Cornish, were now entirely abandoned, and he was happy to say that wrestling had also fallen into disrepute. One Samuel Christopher, having produced a "prodigious effect," determined to put a stop to wrestling, as it led to much riot and ill-blood among the

people, and he accordingly published and circulated seventeen reasons for not attending the ring. Some obstinate and ungodly people, nevertheless, assembled, whereupon Mr Christopher descended into the arena with a train of four hundred converted men, and commenced divine service, which had the effect of bringing the contests to a speedy conclusion. If wrestling was productive of evil, it was most desirable that it should be discontinued, but otherwise we were sorry to hear of the loss of a manly and ancient British exercise. He also informed us that there had been a great emigration of miners to the gold fields in Australia, where they had not only enriched themselves and provided for their families, but where, which was more important, they had disseminated and established the doctrines of John Wesley.

At length, as all lanes have a turn, the carriage was ready, and stood beside us on the almost perpendicular railway. It was very small and narrow, accommodating only eight persons; we had to sit side by side with the red miners, and in this difficulty, I regret to state that our conductor not only inflicted his opinions upon us, but also his person, screwing himself into the carriage in a most inconsiderate manner, and much increasing our discomfort in the descent. Down we went—first along an open scaffolding overhanging the sea, then into the black mouth of the pit, which was both wet and draughty. The sensation of de-

scending rapidly in the dark was certainly novel, and became intensified as we at times lurched round a turn in the shaft, or struck our heads against the roof. In four minutes we were landed at the bottom, or terminus, as they facetiously called it; a quarter of a mile beneath the sea. Here we alighted, and with the assistance of some tallow candles, carried in pieces of wet clay in our hands, or stuck in our hats, we proceeded to explore the level at which we had arrived. It was a dark, narrow passage, and we were surprised to find that the roof was generally boarded. On inquiry, we were informed that this was a precaution to prevent pieces falling down from the workers above. We were shown several places along the sides of the mine where trials had been made, and the ore found unproductive. The part of the mine in which we now were belonged to the Prince of Wales, who claims all minerals below low-water mark, but has to pay a sum for leave of access through the adits of the Botallack Company. We might here have pursued our journey for half a mile under the sea, but as we thought we had now seen a good sample of the whole, we decided upon returning. To return, however, was no such easy matter; the carriage was at the top, and would not come down. Some threw out hints of an accident, others advised husbanding our pieces of candles, as we should soon be left in the dark. Even the miners grew discontented, though they said that

they were often kept down two or three hours over their time. "Those at the top," they observed significantly, "care little for those at the bottom." One of them said that he had been down ever since six in the morning without food, and it was now five in the evening. We were the more surprised to hear this, as we imagined we heard the clicking of a clock, which we supposed was kept for regulating the hours of work; but we were informed that what we heard was not a clock, but the strokes of the pickaxe of some unfortunate miner who was working in the lowest level, thirty fathoms beneath us.

While seated here in durance vile, resembling in our cotton night-caps so many baker's assistants, and calculating how soon we should be left in the dark, our guide, who evidently considered himself an instructor of the foolish and a teacher of babes, began to question us about our religious opinions, and in course of this manipulation we gleaned from him some instructive facts. He said that they were blessed with two very excellent clergymen in their parishes, one a Mr Harrow—a truly evangelical man, and the other a Mr Aitken, a most earnest man, and much liked, despite his eccentricities. On our inquiring in what these consisted, he informed us that he alluded to his not being thoroughly evangelical in all his views, which the miners, he observed, easily detected, but were content to take the good and

throw the bad away. He told us that you might often hear the miners coming up in the car after their day's work, singing hymns of praise, which we should certainly like to have heard, as it would have formed a pleasing contrast to the language used around us previous to our descent. He also informed us that the celebrated Mr Gorham had once been rector of the parish — a very able preacher, but a very crotchety man, and that he not only quarrelled with his Bishop, but also with his parishioners, as he insisted on collecting the tithes in person, and exacting the uttermost farthing. At length the carriage arrived, and we reascended, an operation which appeared much shorter, although really twice as long as the descent.

On our emerging we met companies of girls returning from work. They are employed to reduce the ore to small pieces, as they require less wages and are able to accomplish more of this kind of work than men in a given time. The ore is then finally shipped to Wales for smelting. We were somewhat surprised at being informed, on returning to the counting-house, that there was a charge made of half a guinea for each person descending the mine, exclusive of payments for clothes, guide, and breaksman. We thought the charge excessive, but the money, we were told, was to be applied to charitable purposes—to the support of the widows and orphans of miners who had been killed the

preceding year. They had been descending in the car from which we had just alighted, when the chain gave way, and the break not being in use, they were dashed to pieces at the bottom of the mine.

Having washed and completed our toilet, the guide insisted on our going to see Michigan Point, whence a fine view could be obtained. The ruins of an ancient castle, which stands upon its brow, adds romance to its loneliness, while the prospect, embracing on one side the cliffs and works of Botallack, and on the other the island promontory of Cape Cornwall—the only cape in England—was truly magnificent. At the extremity of the Cape are two rocky islets, called the Sisters, which possess a melancholy interest, from having been five years since the scene of a fatal disaster. One morning after a heavy gale all the neighbouring villagers crowded down to the beach on hearing that a wreck had taken place, and it was found to be that of the *New Commercial* from Liverpool. Seven men were seen clinging to the smaller of the sister rocks imploring aid, which in such a sea it was impossible to send. At last a wave—a giant of the deep—was seen collecting its strength, and bursting over the rock, swept them all away together, and put an end to their sufferings. On the higher of the rocks two persons still remained, and they could be distinguished from the shore to be a lady and gentleman. But still the fury of the storm forbade approach,

and the villagers had to retire from the shore when darkness came on, many of them to pass but a sleepless night of anxiety in anticipation of the morrow. Next morning they found the sufferers still alive, standing on the rock; and a revenue cutter, arrived from Penzance, had established a communication with them by means of a rocket and rope. The line was fastened round the lady's waist by her husband, and she was launched into the sea; but, whether from previous exhaustion, or from her fall into the water, through which she was dragged at some depth, she only survived her arrival on board the cutter by a few minutes. The gentleman, who had been the captain of the ship, next lashed himself to the line, and was the only survivor out of the crew, with the exception of one man, who managed to reach the shore by the help of a plank.

The Cornish are a proverbially brave people; and (with the exception of the under-ground miners, who are short-lived) are healthy, and athletic in form. They are essentially sociable—a disposition which formerly led to their assembling in fairs, faction fights, and wrestling matches, but which now happily only exhibits itself in monster tea-drinkings and Bible meetings. There are at present 116,000 Dissenters in Cornwall, nearly all of whom are Methodists. Their zeal for their tenets is well exemplified by Merivale in the following story:—"A gentleman not long ago settled in Corn-

wall, and rented of its owner a little estate on a wild part of the coast. Having a taste for antiquities, he was delighted to discover a few fragments of what he believed to be an ancient chapel, where service had been performed for the bodies of seamen wrecked in the bay. He showed them to many, and their fame was spread abroad. One day, on returning from an absence, he discovered, to his great annoyance, that the whole had disappeared. It seems that the farmer, on whose ground the ruin stood, an old Wesleyan class-teacher, incensed at the respect paid to such shreds of popery, had obtained permission from the unsuspecting owner to remove 'a few loose stones off the farm,' and had accordingly pushed them over the cliff. Violent proceedings were threatened against the Iconoclast; but he died soon after, perfectly satisfied with the last of his good works."

As we returned, the view of the valley beneath, leading to Port Levan, with its stamping and mining works, was very picturesque, but as it was already late, we were unwilling to linger. In passing, we noticed a very strange natural curiosity—a sheep with six legs—quietly browsing in a field by the road-side. I had seen many a dubious monstrosity, stuffed and sewed, or bottled in spirits; but a living, breathing, sheep with six legs was a decided novelty, and would have realized a handsome income in the museum of a judicious Barnum.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure for the Scilly Isles—Grand Scenery—The Wolf Rock—Ancient Lyonesse—Land in Sight—Hugh Town—Star Castle—Splendid Flowers—Compulsory Virtue—Druid's Chair—Fishery—Prisoners of the Deep.

On our return we joined the yacht, which was lying at anchor in the bay, and brought up again for the night under the shadow of St Michael's Mount, praying for a prosperous breeze on the morrow to waft us to the Scilly Isles.

I awoke at four in the morning, but all was still, the skipper evidently asleep, and as he was a married man, I had not the heart to disturb his dreams of home. The dawn was lovely, and expectation banished sleep. At length I heard an ominous creaking in the state-room, denoting that its occupant had commenced his toilet; and presently afterwards a yawning and groaning from the forecastle, signifying that the denizens of that gloomy abode had awoke to consciousness but not to thankfulness. A coursing to and fro the deck, and a bumping of the boats alongside, seemed like preparations for moving. On my calling, the Captain replied that there was a favouring breeze from the north-east. I dressed hastily and was soon on

deck. The sun had just arisen behind St Michael's Mount, which loomed above us in dark grandeur. Our white sails were gradually unfolding themselves, and soon the vessel began to feel the breeze and to take her silent way through the placid waters. Penzance presented a most picturesque appearance as we passed; it is finely situated, and its position and buildings are seen to great advantage from the sea. We next came in sight of Mousehole, a small fishing village, and Nelwyn, surrounded by a patchwork of small gardens, in which the inhabitants raise the earliest potatoes of the season, and realize a considerable profit in the London market. So far the coast had sloped in grassy downs to the water's edge, but from this point it began to assume bolder features, and we observed a vast dark archway in the cliff, no doubt leading to some winding cavern. Onward we sped—by the lovely cove of Lamorna, and along a rock-bound coast, till we came in sight of the gigantic promontory of Treryn Castle, with its wild confusion of rocks. It is on the summit of this stupendous trophy that the Logan rock is situated, and such a phenomenon could not have a more appropriate throne. Onward still, headland rising after headland in increasing grandeur, till they culminated in the massive heights of Tol Peden Penwith. This point, considered to be the most magnificent, is in some parts composed of immense square boulders, built up into a cyclopean wall, in which Nature

seems to be mocking the puny efforts of man. It derives its name (the hole in the rock) from a remarkable cavern with which it is pierced. The entrance to this and some other recesses we could plainly discern, resembling large holes eaten and worn away by the waters, and not so sharply cut as in most cases around this coast. Here we left the land, and directed our course westward; and as we opened the Land's End, the scene presented was certainly the finest in England, and I suppose, of its kind, in the world. The stupendous Tol Peden Penwith towering in front, flanked by its gigantic satellites, until the lofty promontory of Treryn Castle closed the eastern view; and on the north, the Land's End, rising in a cluster of pinnacles, like a rich Gothic cathedral, and its light azure tinged with the rosy bloom of the south, formed a panorama which none who had not seen could justly appreciate. We now found ourselves in the highway of commerce, and the sea was crowded with vessels proceeding to various parts of the world. Here was an American clipper, with her snowy white sails and raked masts, good type of the "'cute" go-ahead Yankee. There went a heavy quaint old Dutchman, with her square sails and box-like hull; and there, again, stood one of the French three-masted luggers, more useful than ornamental, for there are no more weatherly craft afloat. As we passed on, we fell in with a party of petrels sitting in a circle on the waves, who gazed

at us with the greatest curiosity and assurance. There are two kinds of petrels, besides the bird of ill-omen, from whom they have derived an unenviable notoriety. They are all small birds, resembling swallows, and are said to derive their name from their peculiarly rapid way of treading water, which is supposed to resemble that of St Peter on the Sea of Galilee. We also passed a flock of wild ducks floating on the waves, while at times a gannet or cormorant would fly over us, bound to some lonely rock or distant isle, to which, heaven-taught, she winged her unerring way, though no mortal eye could discern her destination. Here the wind became light, and though the water was glassy, the long roll told us that we were in the Atlantic, and we heard now and then the plash of the boom dipping lazily into the wave. Near us stood the Wolf Rock, long dreaded by mariners, and well deserving its name; but we may hope this monster will devour no more victims, for a mighty mass of granite is about to be placed upon its breast, which will close its reign of terror. This rock stands about ten miles out to sea, towards the south-west. It is but little elevated above the water, but its position can be marked by the surf which breaks over it. One side shelves gradually into the sea, the other rises into a kind of tower, and descends perpendicularly. There was a steamer and barge alongside as we passed, and a number of men at work on the rock. The lighthouse is being

constructed at Penzance, and will be transported thence in portions, and planted on the rock. From this point we began to leave the general course of vessels, and soon nothing was visible but sea and sky.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!"

The noonday sun glowed with a heat almost tropical, and reminded us that we were in the latitude of the Channel Isles. By degrees the wind failed us, and the sails flapped idly against the mast. Our progress became imperceptible, and we lay rocked into a dreamy repose, while the west shone bright as hope before us, and seemed to be leading away to a happier clime. But there seemed little chance of reaching these "islands of the sun," and we were forcibly reminded of the mysterious voyage of the Ancient Mariner:

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"Day after day, day after day
We struck nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

We were, in truth, floating over enchanted ground, for beneath our keel lay the once lovely hills and plains of Lyonesse with its hundred and forty spires —"fertile Lyonesse," said by Spenser to lie upon the confines of faëry land, and

"Where all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their Lord."

It is supposed to have once connected the Scilly Isles with the mainland, and the Seven-Stones rocks, which stand twenty miles out to sea, are pointed out as the site of an ancient city. There is a tradition in the family of the Trevelyans, that one of their ancestors escaped on the occasion of this great submersion by the fleetness of his steed, and they bear on their arms to this day a horse, argent, issuing from the sea. The fishermen also who live about these coasts aver that they often

"See the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath them shining,"

and that they have drawn up some strange remains of ruined cities in the neighbourhood of the Wolf Rock. What foundation there may be for this story I cannot state, but fragments of trees have been found at the bottom of the sea near Penzance, proving that what is now covered was once part of the land. The depth of water between Scilly and the Land's End is not above fifty fathoms, and there is a great tendency to subsidence along these shores, insomuch that it has been with reason feared that an irruption between Penzance and St Ives may insulate the western portion of Cornwall, which is only protected by an elevation of six feet.

It has also been a favourite theory in connection

with such phenomena, that the Scilly Isles once formed one large island, which extended in the direction of the mainland, over an extensive area now covered by the sea. It is said that the water on the eastern shores is comparatively shoal, and that there is reason to believe that some of the islands were formerly united, and that one called Nutho has altogether disappeared. The most ancient testimony on the subject is that of Strabo, who states that in his time there were ten islands, nine of which were inhabited, which seems to agree with the supposition that they were fewer and larger than at present, but not that they were united.

At length the welcome cry of "land in sight" was heard, and all eyes were strained in the direction indicated, while the sailors vied with one another in specifying the objects they could discern. I confess that I could perceive nothing, but the men were doubtless right, for I presently discovered some small lines on the horizon, resembling islands rising from the sea. The wind was a mere zephyr, and we began to think about arrangements for spending the night on the deep; but as we approached the land, a breeze sprung up, and we stood for the southern entrance leading to St Mary's Sound. On sweeping round with the glass, however, we descried a small boat sailing out from among the islands in our direction, and a man was visible in it waving his hat with much energy. On steering in his direction we were surprised to find

that he was the only man in the boat, and that his freight consisted of a party of fair dames. He was a man of strangely mediæval appearance, with a piercing eye, and a pointed beard and moustache, insomuch that we imagined that he might be some inhabitant of these haunted rocks, or of the enchanted cities beneath the sea, who was accustomed here to await mariners to lure them to their doom. But having examined his credentials carefully, and found that he was a Trinity-House pilot, and as the ladies smiled acquiescence, we made fast their painter to our stern, and made for Crow Sound, a much shorter passage than through St Mary's, but dangerous for those unacquainted with the navigation.

The first object that became distinctly visible was St Martin's Day-Mark, a lofty tower raised in days of yore by a benevolent merchant prince on the seaward height of St Martin's Island, to be a guide to vessels sailing in sight of these coasts. Passing between St Mary's and the rocky eastern islets rising grandly from the sea, and among them Great and Little Arthur, on the summits of which giants are said to sleep entombed, we entered the sound, and came in sight of the grotesque Gullet Rock, flanked by the phantom heights of the towering Menevawr. Steering to the left, we entered St Mary's roads, and anchored opposite Hugh Town, which stands on St Mary's island, and is the principal town in Scilly. On the beach were two wrecks

—sad tokens of the storms of this coast,—one dismantled and much broken, the other still retaining one of its masts, and presenting a most picturesque appearance. One of these vessels had been laden with timber, and had been abandoned in a gale on the coast of Newfoundland, from which distant shore she had drifted by herself across the Atlantic Ocean, and was taken in tow by a steamer twenty miles from Scilly. The other was a tea ship from Shanghai, which had been anchored in these roads, but parted from her moorings in a gale, and was driven ashore close to the town. The tea-chests being thrown about over the strand in all directions, the old wives came trooping from their cottages to make prizes of the tempting stores, and many a generous cup warmed the cockles of their old hearts; for the tea, although damaged for mercantile purposes, was as good as ever for immediate use.

We seemed to have arrived at a kind of "Dolorous" city, for the town presented to our view nothing but dark blank walls. The Star castle rose on a height beside it, but did not seem to add much to its cheerfulness. There appeared to be little inducement to go on shore, especially when we remembered Strabo's description of the inhabitants of these "Oestromenides," that they wore "black cloaks, clad in tunics reaching to the feet, girt about the breast, and walking with staves, thus resembling the furies we see in tragic representations." On rowing to shore, however,

we were agreeably disappointed in our gloomy anticipations: the houses, indeed, were low, few rising above two stories, and the streets looked deserted, but the greatest neatness and cleanliness was observable, and the gardens were well kept and radiant with flowers. There are several small inns, but the best appears to be Tregurthen's—a very clean and even elegant house, entered through an inviting little garden. It belongs to the captain of the steamer which plies three times a week to Penzance, and the charges are moderate—eight shillings a day for each person, no charge being made for the use of the apartments. From hence we mounted the hill to the Star Castle, a fort which no longer affords protection to the town, as its garrison has been successively reduced, until it now consists of only one man. The building is low, but it stands on an eminence about a hundred feet in height. The initials E. R. are inscribed over the gateway, with the date 1593 just below a small arch, once occupied by an alarm bell. Having passed the stone seats for the guard, and under the portcullis, we arrived at the centre of the castle, which consists of an old-fashioned house, once used as quarters for the garrison, and entered by a drawbridge over a narrow fosse. The surrounding ground has been undermined, and supported upon pillars, to afford additional storage for ammunition, and covered spaces for military exercises. Some

of these dark recesses were adorned with the drooping fronds of the *Asplenium Marinum*, a few of which we collected, hoping that they might survive and form a pleasing souvenir of their wild and romantic home. Finer specimens of this fern, the sea spleenwort, are found in Scilly than in any other part of Britain—its fronds sometimes attaining twenty inches in height.

Star Castle, so named from its radiating form, was built by Sir Francis Godolphin, under the auspices of Queen Elizabeth. The whole of the islands were granted to him, at the nominal rent of ten pounds a year—to so low an ebb had British and foreign piracy at this time reduced them. The population had almost disappeared, but Sir Francis induced a considerable colony from Cornwall to settle here, who, defended by the increasing power of the British navy, have been the foundation of the present prosperity of the Scillies.

We have few historical notices of these islands previous to this era, yet they appear to be the first part of England that came into connection with the civilized world. The islands of the Western Ocean are mentioned by Herodotus,* long before we find any other notice of the position or even existence of Britain. The description which I have borrowed from Strabo, represents their inhabitants as being in a far superior condition to the painted savages encountered by

Cæsar on the eastern coast, and gives some colour to the statement of Dionysius that they were originally colonists from Spain. There is a story of one Publius Crassus having visited these islands with a view to checking the monopoly of tin possessed by the Phœnicians, and of his having given the inhabitants some valuable information on the subject of mining. But with the exception of this somewhat doubtful notice, we only read of the Scillies having been used in the Roman times as a place of banishment. The Emperor Maximus having condemned Priscillianus to death for heretical depravity, ordered his followers—Instantius and Tiberianus, the former a Spanish bishop—to be transported to the islands of Scilly; and a seer, who had indulged too freely in prophecies during Cassius' rebellion, was sent to deliver his oracles in the same breezy retreat. After this time we hear nothing of Scilly until its conquest by Athelstan in 938, who made an expedition from the Land's End for that purpose. He is said to have founded the abbey on Tresco, and from thenceforward the lands were divided between the monastery and the crown. As maritime enterprise increased, we meet with many complaints of the depredations committed by the crews of vessels anchoring in the sounds, and Edward III. sent orders to his constable at Scilly to protect its inhabitants. But no sufficient means seem to have been employed, as we find them in the lowest

condition when the islands came into the possession of Sir Francis Godolphin.

"The most interesting and stirring times in these islands was when, shortly after their resettlement, they became the last refuge of the Royalists, before Prince Charles and his supporters left their native land. The Prince wishing to keep his foot on British ground to the last, and vainly hoping for succour from France, retreated hither from Pendennis, accompanied by Lord Culpepper and Sir Edward Hyde. The position had been considered one of great strength, but did not in this respect answer their expectations. They arrived on the 4th of March, 1646, but the Lords Capel and Hopton were unable, owing to the contrary winds, to sail from St Michael's Mount to join them, for upwards of a month. These latter brought with them a "trumpet" from Fairfax, bearing a letter from the Parliament, requesting the Prince to come and "reside in such a place, and with such council and attendants, as the Parliament should think fit." This being nothing less than a proposal for an unconditional surrender, was of course refused. The Prince observed in answer, "that he had remained at Scilly because he wished to be among his people, but that as in six weeks he had not received more than one day's victual from the mainland, he should be compelled to depart." The trumpet arrived on Saturday; and the next

(Sunday) morning, a fleet of twenty-seven ships encompassed the islands; but a heavy gale fortunately set in, and on that rocky coast in two hours the vessels were all dispersed. It was now deemed imprudent to remain longer, and the determination to depart for Jersey was fixed not only by the pressing entreaties of the Queen, but especially by a letter written by the King immediately after the battle of Naseby, and now for the first time produced, in which he intimated the probability of an attempt being made to gain possession of the Prince's person. The departure took place on the 16th of April.

Lady Fanshawe gives the following interesting account of her adventures in connection with this expedition to Scilly. "Five days after, the Prince and all his council embarked themselves in a ship called the *Phœnix* for the Isles of Scilly. They went from the Land's End, and so did we; being accompanied with many gentlemen of that country, among whom was Sir Francis Basset, Governor of the Mount, an honest gentleman, and so were all his family; and in particular we received great civility from them. But we left our house and furniture with Captain Bluett, who promised to keep them until such a time as we could dispose of them, but when we sent he said he had been plundered of them, notwithstanding it was well known he lost nothing of his own. At that time this loss went deep with us, for we lost to the value of £200

and more; but as the proverb says, 'an evil chance seldom comes alone,' we having put all our present estate into two trunks, and carried them aboard with us in a ship commanded by Sir Nicholas Crispe, whose skill and honesty the master and seamen had no opinion of, my husband was forced to appease their mutiny, which his miscarriage caused; and taking out money to pay the seamen, that night following they broke open one of our trunks, and took out a bag of £60, and a quantity of gold lace, with our best clothes and linen, with all my combs, gloves, and ribbons, which amounted to £300 more. The next day, after having been pillaged, and extremely sick and big with child, I was set on shore almost dead, in the island of Scilly. When we had got to our quarters near the castle where the Prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better; and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up; in one of these they kept dried fish, which was their trade, and in this my husband's two clerks lay. One there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one amongst the rest of the servants; but when I waked in the morning I was so cold, I knew not what to do, but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us it never did so but at spring-tide. With this we were destitute of clothes;

and meat and fuel, for half the Court to serve them a month, was not to be had in the whole island, and truly we begged our daily bread of God; for we thought every meal our last. The council sent for provisions to France, which served us, but they were bad and little of them; then after three weeks and odd days, we set sail for the isle of Jersey, where we safely arrived, praised be God, beyond the belief of all the beholders from that island, for the pilot, not knowing the way into the harbour, sailed over the rocks, but being spring-tide, and by chance high-water, God be praised, his highness and all of us came safe ashore through so great a danger."

The King's standard, however, floated over the Star Castle long after the Prince had departed, for the brave Sir John Grenville, who had been appointed Governor, held his position there for upwards of six years. Regarding the existing government as hostile to the interests of his sovereign and country, he fitted out cruisers for the purpose of crippling their resources, which the position of Scilly at the entrance to the three channels enabled him effectually to accomplish. During his occupation no less formidable a personage than the fiery old Van Tromp appeared off the islands, under the pretext of demanding satisfaction for the seizure of certain Dutch merchantmen. It is not improbable, the mainland being hostile, and the supplies at Scilly (as we find during the Prince's sojourn) very limited, that the Governor was occasionally forced to

stop foreign vessels for the purpose of provisioning his men; but there is, at the same time, little doubt that the real object of the Dutch Admiral's visit was to intimidate and tamper with Sir John Grenville, with a view to obtaining possession of the islands. He first proposed to hold them for the King against the Parliament, and then offered a compensation to Sir John Grenville for their surrender; but that faithful officer replied that it would be inconsistent with his duty to his country to abandon a post, the maintenance of which had been committed to him by his sovereign. It would appear as though he had assumed a somewhat determined attitude upon this occasion, for Van Tromp sailed away without offering further molestation, and announced at Plymouth that he had declared war with the Scilly Isles, and was ready to proceed with the Parliament against them; but they do not seem to have availed themselves of his suspicious assistance.

By degrees the clamours of the merchants, who were losing their ships and wholesale cargoes, succeeded in attracting the attention of the Parliament, and an expedition was fitted out under General Blake and Sir George Ascue. The fleet approached Scilly from the west, and the forces disembarked upon the western islets, whence they proceeded to Tresco, and there, having driven out the Royalist troops, they established their camps, and threw up breast-works opposite St Mary's. Sir

John Grenville, finding his position now untenable, sent to Holland to request instructions from the King, who, in reply, gave him permission to accept any honourable terms. The gallant commander, however, does not appear to have immediately capitulated, but to have held out until the storming of Star Castle, when he surrendered upon conditions. Eight hundred men were taken prisoners on this occasion, with officers enough to command an army. The men were transported to Ireland, Scotland, and France, to which countries they probably belonged, while the Governor and some of the chief officers were taken to Plymouth. Sir John Grenville was soon set at liberty, and embarked for the continent to share the fortunes of his royal master. "These Islands," writes Whitelock, "will now be a Shelter to the Merchants which before were their Ruin, and is a Check to the Trade of many Nations."

Near the entrance of the Star Castle is a pit which is supposed to have been an ancient tin mine. "This pit," observes Troutbeck, "is left open, and is very convenient of catching a drunken soldier reeling home to his barracks. Such an accident might create employment for the surgeon, or perhaps afford a seasonable job for the sexton, who, like a 'pettifogger,' lives by the downfall of his friends and neighbours." Being thus forewarned, we happily did not require the services of either gentleman.

Traces of ancient tin mines exist in several of these islands, and they have been considered by some sufficiently important to warrant the supposition that the Scillies alone were the Cassiterides of the Phœnicians. But not to give undue weight to the statement of Leland, that Falmouth was called Casse-ter by the ancient Britons from its luxuriant woods, and that thence the Greeks called tin *cassiteros*, it must be evident to every one who has examined these island mines, that the metal could never have been raised from them in a sufficient quantity to satisfy any considerable demand. Although in the time of Agricola, and perhaps before, it was known that Bolerium Promontorium was not disconnected with the mainland, there can be no doubt that the majority of tin obtained in earlier times came from the western extremity of Cornwall, which was considered to be insulated, and was included among the Cassiterides. This circumstance renders it probable that the early traders came by long sea, as they would then be aware that the land was disconnected from the continent, but would have no knowledge of the continuation of the coast eastward.

The flowers of the Scilly Isles are one of their principal attractions. Scarlet geranium and fuschias are here a perfect show, forming hedges of gorgeous bloom from six to ten feet in height. They remain out all the winter, and one of the cottagers told me that hers, which were some of the finest,

had not been planted above twelve months. But the most remarkable and magnificent plants are the Mesembryanthemums, which, if not wild, have become naturalized, for they grow with incredible luxuriance, concealing entire walls with their trailing branches. They have succulent leaves, like cacti and marine plants, and are here generally, but improperly, called ice plants. The largest and most common kind has cylindrical blossoms, the base being formed by the disc of the flower and the sides by the rays, which stand up around like a golden fringe. Three or four flowers grow from each peduncle, and the leaves of the plant are lanceolate and prismatic in form. Continuing our walk, we entered what the Scillonians call the "country," which appears more extensive than it is, as the island is only three miles long and about half as broad.

We paused on the confines of the town to notice a very remarkable plant growing in a cottage garden. It was of considerable size, and its leaves grew in a tuft at the extremity of each stalk, as if it were set over with numerous artichokes. We knocked at the cottage door to inquire its name, and a portly dame with a broad, good-humoured countenance, came out to give us information. "Oh! you want to know the name of that, do you? Well, that's a Sedum, and a great *curosity* it is; people come from all parts to ask for cuttings of it, and I never refuse them, and it

always grows. Oh! I've a great many *curosities* here. What do you think of that geranium six feet high, and stands without a prop? and what do you think of that aloe (a splendid specimen)? I'll give you a little one if you like, I expect it will blossom in fifty years. Oh! I've all kinds of curosities in my house, corals, and shells, and burning mountains. Pray walk in, sir, and take a seat." Although this last observation was somewhat alarming, we could not resist her kindness, and entered her trim parlour, which was ornamented with various little treasures and with some splendid specimens of cacti. Being desirous of improving our opportunity, we inquired whether there were many objects of interest in Scilly. "Oh! indeed, there are, sir, and I am the person that can direct you. How long have you been here, sir?" "We have only just arrived." "Oh, then you have a deal to see—there is Troy Town and the Punch Bowl, and the Pulpit Rock, and the Druid's Chair, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel's grave—oh! there is a deal to see in Scilly, though they do say it was the last place God made." We were somewhat bewildered at this catalogue, but while we were hesitating, "And the Queen has been here, sir," she continued, "but she only staid half an hour; she went up to the Star Castle, and one of her horses stumbled, and she got frightened, and took hold of Prince Albert, and went back to her yacht, and steamed away,—and such prepara-

tions for her, the church and the Pulpit Rock decorated and all." We expressed our surprise at so small an accident shortening her Majesty's visit. "You see, sir, she got afraid, she had been lately fired at, and she was afraid of the people—Scilly people, you see, sir,—but it was a great disappointment, so many waiting at the church, so many at the school-house, and so many at the rock, and never got a sight at all! But the Scilly people are no worse than others; whoever is bad comes from the mainland, they are obliged to be good here, because if they are not they are soon discovered, and, what is more, they are soon caught, for there is no way of getting out of the place." Having had the good fortune to meet with so competent and so willing a guide, we thought we could not do better than place ourselves under her directions for a tour round the island, so we arranged to visit the Druid's Chair and Sir Cloudesley Shovel's grave on the Monday.

On Sunday we went to the parish church of St Mary's. There appeared here to be some little attempt to imitate the Cathedral style, for the pews at the side were raised, and ran at right angles to those in the centre, as if in imitation of stalls. There was also more music than is usual in parish churches, and an anthem, although the selection was somewhat beyond the capability of the performers—who were principally school children—and of the instrument—a small harmonium. But the

voice of the heart—the great essential in holy orisons—was not wanting, especially when they united in the beautiful hymn,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

the aspirations of which few can join in without emotion. The prayers were read by the rector in a subdued and expressive voice very conducive to devotion; but at the altar there stood the youngest man, to judge from his appearance, that I ever saw officiating. Time must have dealt kindly with him, and we hope that he enjoys the privilege of eternal youth. The communion service over, to our surprise this youth came tripping down to the vestry, evidently about to preach. In a few minutes he re-appeared in his gown, over which he wore his crimson hood (a new one) in true academic style—a piece of vanity against which his more sober-minded bands openly protested, and at length, irritated by sundry pushings and draggings to reduce them to subjection, ended by standing up over his right shoulder in a manner unpleasantly reminding us of a label on a medicine bottle. The matter of his discourse, however, was good, and his delivery impressive, so that but for the distraction caused by his youthful and bottle-like appearance, he might have produced a powerful effect.

Early next morning an old fisherman came alongside with a salmon, a conger eel, and some

whiting pollack, which he had just caught. Salmon are rarely caught about these islands; he told us he had not taken one for seven years, and as he offered it together with the whiting for eighteen-pence, we could not refuse so good a bargain. The conger eel was remarkably large, and we remembered that as good an authority as Mr A. Smith considered the name of Scilly to have been derived from Silya, a conger. These fish are very active and powerful, and I was told that a short time ago a fisherman having caught a very fine eel, and drawn it up into his boat, the creature, resenting such treatment, sprung upon him, wound himself round his body, and seized him by the throat. The man fortunately had his knife with him, and severed the conger's spine, an act invariably fatal to the serpent kind. The crew were soon busy bargaining for the eel; there is with some a prejudice against this kind of fish, but I was assured by a friend that he had once placed a portion of one, under another name, before his sister, who was very particular as to her food, and that she had declared it was the best fish she had ever tasted. We asked the old man how he generally disposed of his fish, and he told us that he sold them to the owners of welled vessels, who carried them alive to Southampton. There is a great abundance of them about these islands, but very little demand, the means of transport to the mainland being expensive and uncertain.

At two o'clock we called for our guide. She was at home, and introduced us to her husband—a weather-beaten sailor, who had been a pilot about these coasts for thirty years. He did not appear to possess the genius of his wife, or so much taste for "*curosities*," for he said that to think so much about great rocks would make him melancholy, that walking tired him, and that when not at sea he liked to be in bed or at chapel. Finding, however, that we were all going, he agreed to join us, and I found him a man of more sense and information than I expected, and well acquainted with the passing events of the times. On inquiring of his wife what distance we should have to walk, she informed us that it was nothing for us, for that strangers could walk ten miles where Scillonians could only walk one, "because," as she said, "of the novelty." She occasionally called our attention to the camomile, fennel, and samphire, which were growing wild, while her husband entertained us with stories of strange things which had happened on the coast. One of the strangest stories which he related was about the brig *Nerina* of Dunkerque, which about ten years since, bound for Marseilles with a cargo of oil, was forced to leave in a heavy gale on a Monday, but being struck by a heavy sea, capsized, turning completely bottom up. Two of the crew were at once drowned, but the remaining five crouched up inside the hold, along the keelson,

unable from the confined space to stand upright, and immersed up to the waist in water. Thus they passed two days and nights, without hope or food, but endeavouring to appease their hunger by gnawing the bark off the hoops of the casks. They were able to distinguish between day and night by the light, striking from above into the sea, being reflected up through the cabin skylight. Want of fresh air threatened them with suffocation, and the mate worked for two days and a night to cut a hole through the hull. Fortunately his knife broke. In the dead of the night on Wednesday the vessel struck heavily, and on the third blow the stern sunk so much that all were forced to make their way as best they could forward, in which attempt they lost another man. In the morning they were rejoiced to find, by the dawning light, that the tide had left them fast on the rocks, and the captain going down into the cabin, and looking through an opening, called out, "Thank God, we are saved! I see a man on shore!" This man soon after came to look at the wreck, and on inserting his hand, was considerably alarmed to find it grasped by one of the prisoners. This disaster probably occurred owing to the light character of the cargo, which also assisted in keeping the vessel in a buoyant state; but confined air is able to produce the same phenomenon, for our skipper told me, that when he was at Lisbon, owing to there not being any

proper dry docks, vessels were listed over to repair their bottoms, and that on one occasion in performing this operation, the craft turned completely over, and the crew became imprisoned in the hold. The clamour and hammering of those inside induced some men to attempt their rescue by making a hole in the hull without first towing the vessel on shore, and the result was that they had scarcely commenced when the air gained admittance, the vessel sank, all on board perished. The pilot told us that he considered Scilly one of the most dangerous places in the world for those unacquainted with the navigation, and that bodies often came ashore lashed to spars from vessels which had sunk in the night. He said that he was seldom deterred from putting to sea by stormy weather, and that sometimes when the storm was at its height, he had, on looking up, seen, as it were, blue flames playing about the masts and spars. This, however, he said, only occurred in the most fearful gales.

As we proceeded on our way towards the east, we obtained a view down a sheltered and luxuriant valley, designated "Holy Vale." In the division of the islands, between the Crown and the Abbey, St Mary's, then called En-mor (Great Island), was retained by the former, and the only property possessed in it by the monks was some land, a house, and probably a chapel from which this

Holy Vale derived its name.* The house thus pleasantly situated was, after the dissolution of the Abbey, made use of by the governor of Star Castle as a country seat. Borlase seems to have turned his attention to the advantages of this locality during his visit. "This valley," he writes, "is most pleasantly situated, it lies warm, well exposed towards a little southern cove, called Porthelick, and so well sheltered, from the north, that trees grow very well, of which tall trees now standing are a sufficient proof, and I am persuaded that every kind of fruit-tree common in England might be propagated here with great success." This celebrated antiquary mentions several barrows, or burrows, which we observed on reaching the downs. One of them he opened. He found in it no bones or urns, but "in the middle was a large cavity full of earth, there was a passage into it at the eastern end, one foot eight inches wide, betwixt two stones set on end; the cavity was four feet eight inches wide in the middle, the length of it was twenty-two feet, it was walled on each side by masonry and mortar, the wall or sides four feet ten inches high; at the western end it had a large flat stone on its edge, which terminated the cavity, and was covered from end to end with large flat stones."

* Pope Celestine, in confirming the King's grant in 1193, speaks of three acres of land belonging to the priory "in insula de Ennor."

A storm, he informs us, came on a few days after this investigation, and one of the farmers' wives asked him whether he had not been disturbing the giants' graves, and "smiling," he adds, "with great good humour, as if she forgave our curiosity, though she suffered for it, asked whether I did not think we had disturbed the giants, and said that many good people of the island were of opinion that the giants were offended, and had really raised the storm." The islanders are of opinion from the size of these graves that they must have been those of giants.

We now reached the coast, and found many large rocks standing by themselves on very remarkable positions; among these was the Druid's Chair, on which the Archdruid is supposed to have sat to observe the rising sun. It was a boulder facing the sea to the east, and hollowed out so much in the form of an arm-chair, that it was impossible to believe it was not artificial. After having duly seated ourselves in this chair, and found it very uncomfortable, we proceeded southward to the Giant's Castle, which is situated on a lofty promontory overhanging the sea. It is separated from the land by two lines of defence, and there remain traces of a rude wall of large stones, surrounding every accessible part of the height. It is supposed, like the cliff-castles in Cornwall, to have been formed by the Danes, as a centre and

stronghold during their predatory invasions of the neighbouring country.

Beneath this promontory is a cave facetiously termed Tom Butt's Bed; because, the entrance to it being very narrow, a boy of that name concealed himself in it for three days and nights, in the reign of Queen Anne, to avoid being "impressed."

From thence we directed our steps towards Port Hellick, the well-known cove where the body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed ashore and buried in 1707. He was returning with great credit from the siege of Toulon in the *Association*, accompanied by the rest of the fleet, when his vessel struck on the Gilstone, a rock three miles and a half S.W. of St Agnes, and with such force that in two minutes she went down and every soul on board but one perished. This man saved himself on a piece of timber, which floated to a rock, called the Hellweathers, where he remained some days before receiving assistance. On this sad occasion the fleet lost upwards of two thousand men, and several ships, among which would have been the *Royal Ann*, but for the skill of her commander, Sir George Byng. The naked body of Sir Cloudesley was washed on shore on a hatch of the vessel, accompanied by a little dog. He was interred in the sand at Port Hellick by a soldier and his wife, but on intelligence arriving that the Admiral had perished, a search was instituted, and he

was recognized by his wounds. The remains were taken on board the *Arundel*, and there embalmed, and the sad intelligence was confirmed to Lady Shovel by the receipt of a diamond ring, which she identified as having belonged to her husband.

Beside Port Hellick rise the Clapper Rocks, beneath which is a spot called Mr Smith's drawing-room, because he sometimes entertains his friends there; and opposite is another pile of rocks, among which is a space known as Mr Smith's parlour. It is a very remarkable circumstance that there is beside this cove, so close to it as only to be separated by a beach of a few feet, a lake of perfectly fresh and sweet water, whose calm, glossy surface and verdant slopes form a beautiful contrast to the restless surges of the rock-bound port.

CHAPTER VIII.

Peninnis Head — Cuckles Cairn — Shell-fish — St Agnes—Tresco — Rare Flowers — The Menavour — Samson — A Hero — Bryher—Cavern — St Helen's—Cromwell's Castles—Teau—Round Island—Sea Fowl—Bishop Lighthouse—Seals—Annette—Baby Birds—Old Church—Samphire—Regulations of the Governor.

TUESDAY was set apart for a cruise round the islands, and as the weather was favourable, our pilot was on board by ten o'clock, and we were soon bearing down St Mary's Sound towards Peninnis Head, which stands on the southern extremity of St Mary's island, and is one of the finest headlands in Scilly. It appears as if it were formed of large boulders of rock piled upon one another like a vast wall. Upon its summits are some fine specimens of rock basins, one of which is said to be sixty-seven inches in diameter and thirty-six in depth, and close by are those known as the Kettle and Pans.

On approaching this point we opened the other side of Hugh Town, which is built on a small isthmus, so low that in stormy weather the sea has been known to meet across the town. There was a great and disastrous flood here in 1744, and Troutbeck observes that if an inundation should happen

in the night many people would be liable to be drowned in their beds.

Wearing thence to the west, along St Agnes' Island, we passed a curious rock, called the Nose-drop, just hanging above the sea, and a pile on the shore resembling a house, and designated the Cuckles. Westward still—we sailed by innumerable rocks rising from the deep in an endless variety of contrast and combination; and it is remarkable that although there are altogether upwards of three hundred islets in this Archipelago, every one of them owns a distinct appellation. Hugh Island was next passed, which is joined at low water to St Agnes. Onwards we steered along Hallet Island, through Smith's Sound—so called from the Smith rock—the clearest and safest Sound in Scilly. Hence Castella Cairn presented a very fine appearance with its old granite summits, green with byssus, rising in front of St Agnes' light-house.

On the south-west towards the sea lay numerous rocks and islands, the principal being Corregan and Rosevean, but they are not inhabited. Many shipwrecks have taken place on these rocks, but to those acquainted with the locality they form good marks for the navigation. "A school-fellow of mine," said our skipper, "was lost on that rock," pointing to one we were passing; "the vessel went down with all hands on board, and no one would have known where she was but for a desk which

was washed ashore. Many ships go down here which no one ever hears anything about."

We presently brought up opposite St Agnes. The sound was calm, but there was a swell from the Atlantic, which caused a gentle undulation in the water. The boat was soon brought alongside, and we rowed to shore, and as we approached it, entering between the rocks, the water became marvellously smooth and translucent. Though many fathoms deep, we could plainly distinguish every object at the bottom, fields of white shining sand, and seaweeds of every form and colour, from ribbons of gorgeous dye to grotesque transparent mushrooms—all as clear as though reflected in a mirror, and as if we were beholding

> "Far through the lucent depths of the crystal
> The gardens of Nereus,
> Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the bloom
> And the palms of the ocean."

The surface of the water was thickly covered with thong or channel weed, many fathoms in length—a species of alga peculiar to the western ocean; while in some parts were immense masses of ore weed, which is found to be most fertilizing to the land, and which Borlase says cattle will thrive upon, and devour with avidity. At length we came to a clear pellucid pool, and while looking down into it, espied a vast number of fine prawns and crabs. The men protested that they did not like "to leave the poor fellows there," and so we ran the boat ashore, and

as we had not brought our nets, the order of the day became literally "all hands to fish." At first we began to think that the provisions of Nature for piscatorial purposes were shamefully defective; but after some little practice and some jovial rivalry among the men, we grew proficient in the art, and filled the bottom of the boat with struggling crustacea. The great secret of our success lay in our addressing the fish by their proper names. The skipper said it was the only plan, so when any promising fish came in sight, the question immediately went round "What is his name?" And when he had been saluted with "Is that you, Robert?" or "Come along, Charley," we were almost sure of securing the prize.

The Abbey of Tresco in its flourishing days planted chapels or oratories dedicated to saints on all the larger islands of Scilly. St Agnes was a celebrated martyr born in the year 285. She was of noble Roman lineage, which, united to her personal charms, led to her being wooed by the son of Sempronius, governor of Rome. But preferring the solid blessings of Christianity to the pomp of worldly honour, she rejected his advances to join the persecuted Galileans. It is said that she was committed to the flames, but that they, darting asunder miraculously, refused to fulfil their fearful office. She was finally beheaded towards the end of Diocletian's reign. The island still retains the name of the saint, but the chapel,

like all those of the same foundation, has fallen to decay, owing no doubt to the subsequent devastations of the islands. Leland, writing in the time of Henry VIII., informs us that "the Isle of *S. Agnes* was desolatid by this Chaunce *in recenti hominum memoriâ*. The hole Numbre almost of V Householdes, that were in this Isle cam to a Mariage or a Fest into *S. Mary* Isle and going homewarde were al drownid." A chapel was built here by the Godolphin family soon after the Restoration, but it would appear that the inhabitants contributed towards it from the salvage of a French vessel found deserted on the coast. This building, or an earlier one connected with the Monastery, gave the name of Priglis (Port Eglise) to the bay in which we landed.

We found that the village of St Agnes consisted of only a few cottages, with a small church and parsonage,—the lighthouse, a large white building, being the principal object. There was a great profusion of the larger species of mesambryanthemum covering the garden walls. The villagers informed me that this plant was originally introduced by Mr Smith, and required care at first, but that on its taking root it became luxuriant, and spread its branches in all directions, as though indigenous to the soil. Here, also, the scarlet geranium was almost arborescent, and remarkable for its masses of bloom, as was also the French mallow.

Notwithstanding the success of flowering shrubs,

there is no fruit in the island, and its situation is said to be too much exposed for its cultivation. There is a curious rock basin, called the Punch Bowl, in one of the cairns, which we passed in sailing along this coast, and near it is a spot where an Indiaman was wrecked, and where beads and other remains can still be found. We did not stay to visit these localities, but taking a general survey of the islands from the high ground near the lighthouse, returned to the shore, and again set sail. I found that we were well provided with fish, for in addition to the shellfish, the men during our absence had hooked some large whiting. Passing between the great Smith rock (not, however, named after the present proprietor) and the Haycocks, a rocky promontory at the extremity of Hallet Island, we re-entered St Mary's Sound, and so steering under Star Castle, brought up in our former anchorage.

Tuesday, July 12. To-day we were to visit Mr Smith's place, in the island of Tresco, which the Scillonians consider to be the great sight of the islands. From our position in St Mary's roads, although nearly three miles distant, we could observe red masses of bloom rising around the mansion, but found that we had formed no adequate idea of their actual magnificence. Pulling easily over the calm surface of the water, we disembarked on white sands of quartz, and made our way through a tangle of ferns to an open lawn,

covered with sleek cattle. These were of the Alderney and Normandy breed, but they appeared to us to be of those of Crete, to judge from their wild eyes and threatening attitudes; they seemed as if stationed to dispute the entrance, and we congratulated ourselves when we had fairly passed them. Scarcely had we left the gate and entered the gardens, when a scene of the greatest novelty and beauty broke upon our view. From the front of the house — a large, many-gabled building — sloped a face of rock, the rough gray surface of which was almost concealed by a sheet of blooming creepers, springing out of the bare granite. I had never, even in floral exhibitions, witnessed such a profusion; the lightness of the soil being no doubt one cause of this luxuriance. The extensive grounds are laid out with great variety and taste: here, are long avenues bordered with parterres; there, gardens and swards adorned with splendid aloes, not of the usually unsatisfactory kind, but bearing immense blossoms twenty feet high, in true Oriental pride. In one of the most beautiful of these gardens stand the ruined ivy-mantled arches of the ancient Abbey of Tresco, founded as early as the tenth century, and said to have been built of a stone from Normandy. After its foundation and endowment by Athelstan, the Abbey was annexed to Tavistock, by Henry I., and King John, in 1200, bestowed grants upon it, and confirmed to it the tithe of three acres of "assart" land in the

forest of Guffaer, in Tresco, "where," notes Leland, "be wilde bores swyne." The island was called St Nicholas, from the monastery being dedicated to that patron of seamen; its original name was Rentemen, and Tresco, or Trescaw, is from an old British word "Scaw," an elder, that tree abounding in the "forest." The church was parochial as well as collegiate, and possessed also something of a Metropolitan character. As maritime enterprise increased, great depredations were committed on the conventual property, and Edward III. issued a writ of protection for "the priory of St Nicholas founded by our progenitors;" but the establishment nevertheless declined, and became involved in the general ruin which befell these islands.*

In every direction, wherever the rock appeared, it was covered with masses of flowering mesembryanthemums, of which genus alone there were here thirty species. There were also many kinds of everlastings, stone-crops, and other choice plants in the parterres. Our attention was particularly attracted by the *Sedum tabularia*, whose thick succulent leaves were so firmly welded together, as to present the appearance of a solid mass in the form

* We meet with the names of the following priors of Tresco: Turold, in 1107; Alan de Cornwall, who became afterwards Abbot of Tavistock; Robert Denys, mentioned by Bishop Grandison; John Durrant, removed "propter senectutem debilitatem et impotentiam;" Richard Auncel, who was translated to be prior of St Michael's Mount; and John Denymton, elected prior of Tavistock in 1451.

of a flattened rose, or circular table, about five feet in circumference. The flowers are small, like that of an ordinary yellow stone-crop, and grow upon numerous small pedicels. We felt quite bewildered with the magic loneliness of this palace of flowers, and were forcibly reminded of the adventures of Beauty in the Garden of the Beast, for ever and anon we heard from behind the arbours a roaring of a most unearthly and appalling description. This we afterwards found was the booming of certain ostriches, who were perambulating the outskirts of the grounds, and were accustomed thus to express their opinion of strangers. The gardens appeared to be quite a labyrinth, but the most delightful part, because the most natural, was the shrubbery, where we proceeded along winding paths overshadowed by flowering exotics. These were remarkable not only for their beauty, but also for their novelty; many of them we had never before seen, being unsuitable for the green-house, and not sufficiently hardy for exposure to the weather on the mainland. Here were the red leaves and spikes of the *Meliluca*, there the Kangaroo apple from Australia, of the same Order as the potato, and bearing blue flowers the size of a doubloon. Here was the *Hydrangea Fortuniana*, with its white and lilac blossoms, there the *Ucalepta*, with its silvery leaves; while in all directions bloomed various species of *Veronica*, the *V. Carseni*, with its mauve blossoms and apricot scent, especially attracting

our attention. In other parts were hedges of evergreen *Escalonia*, with its crimson panicles and aromatic odour, and of imperial or scarlet geraniums, one of these latter hedges being thirty years old and twelve feet in height.

Next morning the pilot was early on board, and we started for another cruise among the islands. Wishing, however, to have another view of the scenery around St Agnes, we proceeded down to St Mary's Sound, in that direction. We then tacked up Smith's Sound, inside the rocks, which stand towards the Bishop's lighthouse—the westernmost point in Scilly,—and entered Broad Sound. Hence passing along Samson Island and the fine rocks of Scilly, Mincarlo, and Maiden Bower, we arrived at the magnificent promontory of Shipman Head, which rises on the North of Bryher Island. Round Island, celebrated for its puffins, and which must have been of great value, when the islands were held from the King at a rent of three hundred of these birds annually, was next passed, and we brought up under the Menavawr, commonly called the Man-of-war, the grandeur of whose peaks induced us to linger, notwithstanding a heavy roll. It had blown a gale during the night, and although the wind had now moderated, the surface of the Atlantic presented a mountainous appearance. The waves here were of a deep iron-blue colour, and their summits gathered an almost inky hue, before they broke into crests of white foam. At this

point we put about, and as the breeze freshened too much to admit of our visiting Samson Island, we returned to St Mary's roads, after an absence of seven hours.

Samson and Bryher were the objects of our next expedition, two important islands in Scilly. On our way to them we encountered a herd of porpoises, whose black bodies and fins could be seen close to the boat, and much affrighted some of our party. We had, unfortunately, no harpoon with us, and so could not take advantage of our opportunity. Their "beef" is much esteemed by seamen, and I was told that no other meat would be eaten while there was porpoise on board. Samson, so called from a saint of that name, consists of two hills, resembling in form the back of a camel. There were, until lately, many inhabitants upon it, but now it would furnish a worthy theme for another "Deserted Village," or perhaps for a "Deserted Island." The houses are still standing in various stages of decay—some of them composed of large stones, and built in a primitive style of architecture, resembling a reproduction in miniature of some ancient Egyptian ruins. The only present inhabitants are deer and black and white rabbits. The general effect might have drawn from Goldsmith the lament—

> "But now the sounds of population fail,
> No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
> No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
> And all the bloomy flush of life is fled."

We could not understand how the village came to be bereft of its inhabitants, and silence to reign where all was once kindliness and mirth; for the people of Samson had been celebrated for their hospitality. But we met next day a man who appeared to us worthy not only of being an inhabitant, but also a descendant of Samson, who had been the last man on the island, and had not only considered, but constituted, his house his castle by standing in its doorway with a loaded gun to resist every attempt to dispossess him; and, indeed, he told me that only for the "old woman," he would have held out and been there still. He said that the tenants were turned out one after another, and for no imaginable cause. As for himself, he never did anything reprehensible. All he did was sometimes to give a poor man a glass of grog at a moderate price; but the preventive men heard of it, and made a fuss, and it was a great shame for them to prevent an honest man from gaining his livelihood. We conjectured that this model man had many disciples in Samson, and that their practices led to the dispersion of the population.

We had been informed previously to our visit that we should find here several quoits, or cromlechs, and we did notice some large stones leaning together in a suspicious manner, but we should have attributed their positions to natural causes, had we not observed several mounds, evidently

artificial, standing on the northern eminence of the island. One of these had been opened in 1862, and we saw in it a stone coffin so small that the body must have been placed in a sitting posture—a circumstance always indicative of a very early interment. The following account of the proceedings is given by Mr A. Smith: "The workmen employed first excavated a passage about four feet wide, beginning from the exterior circle, which constitutes the outer base of the round, and carefully keeping in their progress to the level or surface of the natural ground. The mound in its outer circumference measured about fifty-eight yards, giving therefore a distance of nearly thirty feet to its centre. For about eighteen or twenty feet the mound appeared entirely composed of fine earth, when an inner covering of smaller and then of larger rugged stones was revealed. These were carefully uncovered before being disturbed, and were one by one displaced, till a large upright stone was reached, covered by another of still more ponderous dimensions. This upper covering, measuring about seven feet six inches in its largest diameter, was found to be the lid of an oblong chest formed of large slabs which had on its floor a little heap of bones piled in one corner. The bones were found to be fragments of the upper and lower jawbones of a man of about sixty, and remains of teeth, some of them in their sockets. The bones had all been subject to the action of fire.

The bottom of the sarcophagus was neatly fitted with a pavement of flat irregularly-shaped stones, the joints being filled with clay mortar. The side stones were also cemented together, and the lid was neatly fixed with the same kind of plaster, showing that it had never been disturbed since its construction." Grooves had been roughly worked in the side stones to fix the smaller end stones firmly in their places. This and the Bosphrennis cromleck are the only instances where tools appear to have been used upon these early remains; but in the latter case the table stone may have been reduced to a circle in after-times, and in this, it is not certain that iron was employed, especially as a very perfect double-edged piece of stone, usually denominated a "flint flake" knife, was found inside the sarcophagus.

Troutbeck considered these sepulchres to have belonged to some eastern visitors, and the use of cremation would seem to corroborate his opinion. It must, however, be admitted that similar graves and traces of the same usage are found in the central parts of Cornwall.

Some late writers, and among them Sir Cornewall Lewis, have laboured hard to disenchant us of the idea that the grand old Phœnicians ever stood upon our shores; and Arrian has been cited to prove that the tin, which was used in Egypt and Asia, was imported from the coast of India. Unfortunately for them, he proves the contrary, for his

shipments of tin were all for, and not from, that country. It seems, therefore, most probable that this tin was brought from Britain; as in Spain—the only other country which produced it—it was found in very small quantities. Bronze, containing tin, is found even in the instruments in the tombs of Egypt; and Phœnicia as early as 600 B.C. possessed abundance of it, but we must not suppose that this is the date of the commencement of her commerce, for she had already existed sixteen hundred years!

The antiquity ascribed to these ancient colonizers is so great as almost to appear fabulous. It is said that in the time of Joshua the Phœnicians proceeded as far as Tingis (Tangier), and that two pillars stand there to this day in attestation of the fact; and Eusebius speaks of some of the Canaanites having fled from the Israelites to Tripoli in Africa. After several unsuccessful attempts, they colonized Gadeira (Cadiz) eighty years after the fall of Troy! Nor were their commercial enterprises less wonderful. Herodotus mentions that on the mainland opposite Samothrace the Phœnician miners had levelled almost a mountain, and at Gades they established a fishery for conger eels and tunnies, four days' sail into the Atlantic. Xenophon gives an accurate description of one of their ships, which we find was admirably fitted out, and would have been well able to stand the weather of the Western Ocean. They undertook many voyages of dis-

covery, one of which was under the auspices of Pharaoh Necho, and the travels and labours of Hercules, who was said to have even founded Alesia in Gaul, is supposed to refer to their distant enterprises.

It has been urged that Diodorus Siculus (8 B.C.) expressly states that the tin was transmitted from Britain by an overland route through Gaul; but, on the other hand, we are assured by Strabo, who wrote about the same time, that it was formerly conveyed by the Phœnicians to Gades. It is very difficult for us to believe that it was in early times transported by land, as it would have had to pass through a vast uncleared region, occupied in many parts by half-civilized people; but at the time when Diodorus wrote, the country had been opened up and settled by the Romans — the best road-makers in the world, — and there could be some price obtained for it on its passage, or at least on its arrival at Marseilles. The change in the course has been attributed to the Belgæ, who passed over from the continent, and settled on our southern coasts; but there is a story in which one Publius Crassus is represented to have been the first Roman who discovered the British tin mines, and it seems much more probable that the Britons should have been induced to transmit their metal overland, from the facilities offered by the Romans, than because they trusted to the good offices of the Belgæ, who were little better than a set of robbers.

The Phœnicians had been by this time subdued, and it was doubtless through the commercial relations of the Romans, that Bede in 735 A.D. possessed pepper, cinnamon, and frankincense from Malabar.

From Samson we crossed to Bryher, an island said to retain its ancient British designation. Here we found what one of our men called a "desert island," viz., one in which there are no rabbits, for in the Scillies generally there are, as Leland remarks, "plenty of conyes." It is, however, inhabited and partly cultivated, but the greater part of it remains in a kind of down, thickly covered with fern and heather, while here and there on the turf lie immense round boulders of rock, sometimes single, sometimes piled upon one another. The view from the higher ground over the north-western islands, including Scilly Rock, Myncarlo, Maiden Bower, and Castle Bryhr—so called from its form—is most magnificent. We spent some time in collecting the beautiful shells which glitter along this shore, and in roaming about its grassy slopes, until distant thunder warned us not to prolong our stay. The state of the weather was particularly favourable for fishing, and as we returned, we threw out lines with flies made of a small piece of untwisted hemp, and before we reached the yacht we had caught seven large whiting pollack.

We prepared next day for a tour through the island of Tresco, second in size to St Mary's. The morning sun shone upon our path, and the water

feathered off our oars like liquid diamonds. Again we made the snow-white strand, forced our way through the maze of ferns, and admired the gorgeous hue of Mr Smith's gardens. Passing thence to the back of the mansion, we entered a long road winding above the margin of a lake through a luxuriant wilderness of fern and flowers, where the golden gorse, foxglove, and honeysuckle disputed the palm of beauty with the fuschia, hydrangea, and rhododendron.

At length we emerged, and found ourselves beside New Grimsby Sound, opposite Bryher Island, before a scene of surpassing loveliness—a study of form and colour. On the right stood an ancient tower and battery, commonly known as Cromwell's Castle, not because it was ever visited by the Protector, but because it was garrisoned and strengthened under his orders. On the height above it there was formerly another castle, which appears to have been of much greater extent. The ruins of it are now insignificant, but in Borlase's time a large pile remained, with windows, doorcases, and embrasures. It was found to be placed in a disadvantageous position, and very shortly after its erection was dismantled to provide materials for the lower fortress. Both these structures were raised in the time of Henry VIII. for the purpose of defending the islands, and especially the priory, from piratical invasion, which had so desolated Tresco that Leland mentions it as

"inculta cum cuniculis et avibus vocatis *pophyns*."

This lovely sound was afterwards the scene of a fierce and sanguinary engagement between the Royalists and the Parliamentary forces. Vessels passing at the time bore intelligence to the mainland that the expedition under Blake and Ascue had landed, and that "the ordnance had been heard thundering for many hours together." Two thousand men disembarked on the western islets, and proceeded to attack the fortifications of the King's troops, which, after a severe contest, in which they were repulsed three times, they succeeded in carrying. The forces of the Parliament then advanced into the island, and erected a battery—the remains of which are still visible on the eastern coast—to command Crow Sound. The Royalists, to the number of six hundred, made good their retreat to St Mary's under cover of the night.

Proceeding along the sound, we arrived at the village named Dolphin, a group of about a dozen houses, where we saw some magnificent hedges of *Escalonia*, and many fine aloes growing in the gardens of even the smallest cottages. A group of these still retain the name of "the Palace," there having been formerly here a house of entertainment for seamen, probably established by the priory. Continuing our route, we passed over a down, the slopes of which were purple with heather and furze, and so along old Grimsby Sound, opposite Northwithial, till we arrived at a region of

rocks. Here was situated the celebrated Piper's Hole, but as in order to visit it we had to descend into a chasm, from the bottom of which the sea was heard resounding, some of our party preferred trusting to imagination and firm footing. On clambering down the rocks, we found ourselves before a very low opening, and the guide was obliged to light some candles to enable us to grope our way. The floor of the cavern was formed of large boulders, which rendered progress very difficult, particularly at first in the lowest part, where we were obliged to crawl along upon our hands. After advancing slowly in this manner, we came to a narrow but lofty vault, the height of which was lost in darkness. I had never before been on an expedition to the nether world, and wished that I had with me the golden branch of Æneas to be my talisman by the way. The undertaking required an especial amount of courage, as this cavern is said to communicate under the sea with St Mary's, and there are strange stories of men having descended into it and never returned, and of dogs emerging denuded of their hair. Such subterranean passages may have led Procopius to observe that "the West of England is a fearful locality—the abode of departed spirits." Halting some little distance farther on to accustom my eyes to the pitchy darkness with which we were surrounded, I became gradually aware that I was standing at the head of a ladder, and on looking steadily down,

could distinguish two lights reflected on some black water beneath. This was a somewhat chilling prospect, but by degrees I was able to trace the outline of a boat, and perceived that the light came from two candles set in the rowlocks. We had evidently arrived at the Styx, and I believe the resemblance was not altogether fanciful, for the Styx was a river in Arcadia which ran underground in a somewhat similar manner. The grim ferryman soon informed us that all was ready, and descending, we seated ourselves on the broad tressel like so many condemned spirits, and totally unable to discern our course. Charon now grasped the pole, and propelled us from the shore. The plash of the boat in the subterranean waters resounded through the vaults and chambers of the cavern, and in the dim glimmer, which only made the darkness more visible, had a most appalling effect. The lake was perfectly calm, but had a very black and ominous appearance, and we seemed, as far as the darkness would allow us to judge, to be passing under a lofty and extensive dome. On landing, we found on the opposite shore a strand of clean gravel, and walked on for a considerable distance through a succession of caverns in the rock, the last of which resembled a small circular chamber. The height of the roof, and the length of the enclosed lake, which, although close to the sea, is of fresh water, rendered this the most remarkable cavern I had ever visited.

Retracing our steps, we returned to the village

inn, and after such slight refreshment as the place afforded, for meat was out of the question, prepared to cross to St Helen's Island. The landlord's daughter complained much of the dulness of the neighbourhood, and said that her only pleasure was in looking forward to the winter, when the place was enlivened by vessels forced to put in by stress of weather. The cottages, though neat, were small, and luxury was represented by two shops of "notions," whose narrow windows were brave with large bottles of scented oil. Few parties are given in Scilly, and even the intercourse between the islands is very limited, so that no maiden would select them as affording a field for conquest or a scene of less cruel distraction. The people are in general very simple in their habits, and even some belonging to the better classes confessed to me they had never visited the mainland.

Having crossed Old Grimsby Sound, we landed at St Helen's. The island appears as if it had been once inhabited, for there are many lines of demarcation about it, and also the foundations of a small chapel, which in Troutbeck's time had still two arches and windows remaining. It is said to have been the most ancient Christian edifice on the islands, and the oratory of St Lyda, the son of a king who lived here "in great devoutness of spirit," and from whom the island was named St Elidius. He is said to have been Bishop of Cornwall before the time of Edward the Elder, but it

must be remembered that before his reign the western district was not formed into a regular diocese. St Lyda was evidently a man of eminent piety, and may possibly have been permitted, like the apostles in the early Church, to perform episcopal functions. He appears to have been buried here, for Leland mentions "Saynct Lide's isle wher at her (his?) sepulchre was gret superstitioun." The only present inhabitants of this once favoured spot consist of black sheep with white tails, which have a wild and weird appearance, and would in some places be looked upon as objects of ill omen. We made a complete circuit of the island, enjoying the soft springy heather, and obtaining views of the magnificent Menavawr Rocks, and of Round Island, which rises precipitously from the sea, and resounds with a ceaseless clamour of sea-fowl. Ascending higher, the prospect opened over the eastern islands, and as we descended by the opposite side, the extreme west was also visible, and the Bishop lighthouse rising on the horizon like a pillar planted in the ocean. Farther on we found a well of fresh water, and a building formerly used, but now happily no longer, for quarantine purposes.

It was probably here that Olaf Tryggvesson was converted by the hermit, when, on returning from ravaging the coasts of England and Ireland, he anchored in the "Syllingerne" islands in 993. "He had heard," says the Saga, "that there was a seer or fortune-teller on these islands who could

foretell events not yet accomplished. Olaf became curious to test this man's gift of prophecy, so he clothed the tallest and handsomest of his men in magnificent apparel, and bade him say that he was the King. But when he came to the fortune-teller and gave himself out for the King, he received the answer, 'Thou art not the King, but I advise thee to be faithful to thy King.' The man reported the salutation he had received to Olaf, who had now no doubt that the man was really a fortune-teller. He forthwith repaired to him in person, and asked how it would go with him with regard to his kingdom. The hermit replied, 'Thou wilt become a renowned king, and do celebrated deeds. Many men wilt thou bring to faith and baptism, both to thy own, and others' good.' He then informed him that a mutiny would soon take place in his fleet, in which he would be wounded and carried to his ship on a shield. The event coincided with the prediction, and Olaf perceived that the hermit had spoken the truth; so he returned and asked him how he came to have such wisdom. The hermit replied that the Christian's God let him know all that he desired, and he brought before him many proofs of the power of the Almighty. In consequence of this encouragement Olaf and his followers were baptized. He remained in Scilly a long time, adopted the true faith, and consorted with priests and other learned men.

The evening was just beginning to crimson the

west when we left the island, and launched on St Helen's pool. It was calm as thought, and so transparent, that we could read every shell and pebble beneath, and it seemed as if we could wander among the grottos and depths, and gather up the gleaming treasures. The oars dipped silently into the water, and not a murmur could be heard save at times the cry of the sea-pie, or when a heron, rising from the shore, winged its way heavily across the still air.

On landing, we observed an old fort above us on the left, and were informed that it was the "Blockhouse," built for the protection of Old Grimsby harbour. The sun was down when we arrived at St Mary's Sound, but a roseate glow still dyed the waters, while opposite, in the deep blue vault, stood the moon like a silver shield, raining her bright arrows on the sea. The breeze had fallen asleep, and the vessels at anchor around cast the reflections of their tapering masts many fathoms deep. Friday—the next day—we had fixed upon for a morning excursion to the land of birds; and I ordered the boats to be alongside at five A. M., as the feathered tribes were at home early in the morning, but as the day advanced became dispersed in various directions in pursuit of prey. The morning was sunny, and embarking in the light river boat, we pulled swiftly across the sound in the direction of Tresco. Passing to the east of that island, we opened the northern isles, and

started four or five herons from a rock, in the vicinity of Tean, an island named after St Theona. We marked their flight, and saw them range themselves like gaunt sentinels on the lowest extremity of land near the sea, but on our attempt to approach them, they took wing in a body, and disappeared in the direction of some of the distant islets. As we coasted along, we observed several white rabbits on Tean, which the proprietor originally introduced; but as we heard that they were much prized by him, we forbore committing any depredations. We now came in sight of Round Island, the great resort and city of the sea-birds. It rises in the open sea at the northern extremity of the islands, and consists of a lofty table land, surrounded by a precipitous coast. The turf on the summit is honeycombed with holes and lairs made by the birds, and in some parts thick with feathers, —the sad remains of former generations. On our approaching this sanctuary, the gulls rose in masses which seemed to darken the air, while regiments of black cormorants appeared perched up on the rocks, in detachments of twenty or thirty, stretching out their long necks to observe the operations of the intruder. The sea for miles on either side was speckled with white, by the silvery breasts of innumerable puffins; a random shot brought down three of these remarkable birds, and the specimens were so fine that I reserved them for stuffing. The rest did not appear to be

alarmed at the report, for they continued to surround the boat, and the sea in which we were floating seemed to be alive with them. The cormorants meanwhile continued to peer about in parties from the heights, but generally took to flight before we came within range; some few, however, mistook their distance, and in one instance I brought down two with one shot. We had also some animated chases on the water, where we saw them swimming like black swans, but on our approach, they would dive down and remain so long under water, that we generally failed in the pursuit. Cormorants are so swift and active in submarine pursuits, that they were formerly made use of at sea as hawks were on land, and they are similarly employed at the present day in China, a thong being fastened round their throat to prevent their swallowing the fish. Those we obtained were splendid birds; their plumage was of an invisible green, and their eyes of the brightest emerald. The eyes of sea-birds are particularly fine, and few gems can compare with the brilliant red of those of the sea-pie. This bird is also remarkable for its bright red legs and beak, and its beautiful pied feathers; although it swims well, it is not a thoroughbred sea-bird, as it is not webfooted. As we passed round the island we descried several young gulls and a young sea-pie among the rocks, and it was impossible to restrain the men from making captures. The gulls came down flapping their wings and

biting most maliciously, but the poor little pie did nothing but walk up and down the boat in the quaintest manner imaginable, and endeavour to get over the side into the water. It is well known that sea-gulls can be tamed, and are very useful in a garden. One of our men told me that his sister once kept one as a pet; he used to inhabit the sitting-room, and was a very formidable fellow,—even the cat was forced to own his prowess, and he disputed the hearth-rug with her so successfully that he became its sole proprietor. One day the bird was lost, and nothing was seen of it for a year, but on the girl hearing that a sea-gull was to be sold, she went to see it, and she had scarcely entered the room when the bird recognized his former mistress, and flying up to her, perched upon her shoulder. Before leaving the island, we succeeded in obtaining two sea-gull's eggs. They were of a fine chocolate colour, but smaller than those of the guillemot, which is remarkable as the bird is much larger.

We were now at a considerable distance from St Mary's, and did not reach our floating home until the afternoon. The sun acquired great power as the day advanced, and as we were tired with our morning's expedition, we remained on board, and occupied ourselves with our various feathered acquisitions. The men asserted that a cormorant was very good eating, and although I was somewhat prejudiced against it, having heard that it would "turn the stomach of an Esqui-

maux," I found next day, when it had been soaked and baked, that it was very tender and palatable; the meat was of a dark colour, and in flavour resembled that of a hare. Some hours later the rest of our party returned from Port Hellick, bringing back with them some magnificent sprays of geranium covered with immense blossoms of the deepest dyes.

The evening was lovely as a dream, and the sleeping waters girdled in by islets, reminded us of the lagoons of Venice. Just as we were about to retire, sounds of music stole across the expanse; a bark, dimly visible, which might have been one of Cleopatra's galleys, floated slowly by; and the voices of the passing choir filled the still air with a soft Italian melody. It was sung in parts, and spoke well for the musical proficiency of the islanders.

Next day we determined upon finishing the week with a row to the Bishop lighthouse. We had often seen it from a distance; but had never been in its vicinity, as it lies at the extreme west of the islands, and is about seven miles from St Mary's. Having passed the St Agnes' lighthouse, we soon reached the beautiful "hay-cocks," some rising like cathedrals surrounded with pinnacles, others like gigantic organs with innumerable pipes. Here the water became unusually calm, and it was evident that there was some unctuous substance floating upon it. We have often heard of "pour-

ing oil upon the waves," and it is a remarkable fact that oil will prevent a wave from breaking, and thus deprive it of the greater part of its terrors, which arise from the explosion of the air confined in its crest of foam. At length we reached the object of our voyage. It looked very strange as we approached it, like a monumental pillar standing in the ocean; for all around was a waste of waters, the lighthouse being erected on a very small rock, invisible at high water. The previous lighthouse, formed of iron, was swept away before its completion, and this, which was ten years in building, is perhaps the most wonderful structure on the coast of England. Its form is most elegant, a perfection of symmetry and strength, and it rises into the air to the height of a hundred and thirty feet. In a heavy storm, five years ago, the sea rose to such an extent, that it carried away the great fog-bell, suspended from its summit, and drove in the solid plate-glass of the lantern. The building rocked so fearfully, that it sometimes appeared to be poised on a single point, and none of the inmates had any hope of surviving till the morning. It was an anxious night for those on shore, where the wives and families of the men were collected, and every point commanding a view was crowded, as time after time the light was buried in the waves, and all was supposed to be over, when again the cheering star would appear to apprize them that they were still safe. There

are four men employed in this, as in the other lighthouses, but there are never more than three on duty, as each man is allowed to be absent three months in the course of the year. They each receive about seventy pounds annually, which some of them augment by occupying their leisure time during their seclusion with tailoring, bootmaking, and other handicrafts. They have also very comfortable houses, with large gardens, provided for their families at St Mary's.

We had scarcely left this solitary beacon and emerged again on the open sea, when an immense gray head and two lustrous eyes rose above the waves close beside the boat. It was that of a huge seal, who seemed to have taken a great fancy to us, for he kept following the boat for a considerable distance, although our pace must have been considerable, as our oars were strong and our boat light. He would at times disappear beneath the water, and when we thought we had lost him, his head and breast would rise close beside us like an apparition.

Such occurrences are not uncommon, for seals are animals of considerable observation; they frequently follow boats, and if any on board are conversing in a loud tone, pay great attention, exhibiting surprise and curiosity. They are capable of being tamed, and will in time come when called, and follow their master like a dog. Not being blessed with legs, they flap along on shore in a very

ludicrous manner, and Menelaus must have been practising a long time before he arrived at so great a proficiency as to deceive the slippery Proteus. After rowing about two miles, we reached Annette (little Agnes) Island, which being one of the outlying islands, is a favourite resort of sea-birds. As we approached the shore, and while we were looking for a landing-place, the news of our arrival spread among the feathered tribes, who rose like a dense cloud, and commenced wheeling in eccentric circles above us, filling the air with wild clamour. After clambering over the rocks which skirt the shore, we found a green table-land, thickly covered with ant-hills, and overgrown with sea-pink or thrift, very soft and springy to walk upon. This elasticity arose from its having been undermined not only by the ants, but also by the rabbits; the reversion of whose warrens had fallen to the birds, and had been made use of by them for the accommodation of their families. We found a variety of unfledged young, and lifted out a little shearwater—a ball of down resembling a powder puff, who seemed to protest against the liberty, and kept bobbing his little judge's wig up and down in a most absurd manner to signify his disapprobation. Wherever we found a sheltered little nook, we were sure to find tufts of gray down growing, as it were, into it, and this invariably proved to be a young bird. The parents were evidently much disconcerted with our operations, and very jealous

of our attentions to their progeny, and often in their own anxiety betrayed the spot in which their brood was nestled. We did not, however, take advantage of their imprudence, but contented ourselves with making prizes of a few eggs. These islands are sometimes visited by large flights of woodcocks in winter, especially when the wind is in the north or east. A correspondent of White of Selbourne informed him that on one day there fell such a number of them within the walls of the garrison at St Mary's that he shot twenty-six couple. Some, he adds, settled in the streets of the town, and ran into the houses and outbuildings.

On our return we found that another yacht had arrived in the roads—a fine vessel bearing the Victoria flag. Up to this time we had been the only yacht at Scilly, but we heard that one had left just before our arrival. As our time of sojourn was now drawing to a close, we called next week to bid adieu to our kind guide, to thank her for her information. We were fortunate in finding her at home, and she insisted on our partaking of some "Scilly pie," made principally of black currants, and which we pronounced most excellent. She then proposed that we should take a final stroll through the island, as there were still many objects of interest which we had not visited. We first directed our steps in the direction of the old church, near what is called the Old Town. Here is a small chapel which once formed the wing of a considerable

edifice. Our guide now burst into a fit of enthusiasm. "Yes, sir, that was a fine place, such buildings, and six entrances. It was built long ago by those Roman ladies who lived up there in Cromwell's Castle. Why, I was christened there, sir,—yes, sir,—christened and married, and much better than at the parish church. Law, sir! there is nothing to see in the parish church, except what King William gave Mr Smith towards it. It is a poor place, and has only one entrance." Thence we visited the "old Castle," which stood on a small eminence, but very few stones of it were left. Before Star Castle was built it was the seat of government, and in Edward III.'s time the constable of the islands lived in it. It is said to have been built by the Earls of Cornwall, but this statement is probably incorrect, as the Scilly Isles appear to have always belonged to the Crown. When Leland wrote it was a "meately" (moderately) strong pile, and we were told that some time past rings and spoons were found beneath the ruins. Its principal beauty now is derived from immense masses of flowering "ice plants" which hang over and almost conceal it.

As we were now near the sea, our guide strongly recommended us to carry away some of the fine samphire which abounds here, and was so kind as to afford very efficient assistance in collecting it. It was formerly in much request as a pickle, and has been rendered poetical, by having been men-

tioned by Shakespeare as a native of dangerous declivities. It always grows on cliffs just above high-water mark, and never within reach of the waves. I have heard an interesting story in connection with this plant. Some seamen had the misfortune to be wrecked on the inhospitable rocks which rise with awful grandeur outside of the Isle of Wight. They reached the shore with difficulty; but even there they found no safety, for the tide was rising, and in their exhausted state they found it nearly impossible to climb up the precipitous cliffs. At last the foremost was heard joyfully to exclaim, "We are saved, here we may rest securely, for here is samphire." After gathering a considerable quantity, we proceeded to the Druid's stone—a monolith about twelve feet in height, connected probably with past superstitions, standing alone on a considerable eminence, and commanding a splendid view over the eastern and northern islands. As we continued to gaze upon the prospect, the sun stooped from a gold-fringed canopy, and cast a pillar of fire across the waters, throwing the rocky islands into dark relief, and then slowly dipped his chariot in the western wave, as though bidding us, ere our departure, a last lingering farewell.

As we turned to depart, the revolving light of St Agnes was beginning to exhibit its brilliant glow, and far beyond the steady ray of the distant Bishop appeared like a bright speck on the misty horizon. A strange incident occurred in the

last century in the sound beneath this point. Some fishermen were out rowing in their boat, when they encountered a large fish playing and leaping about them with such force as to place their boat in jeopardy. They succeeded, however, in arresting the gambols of the offender, by passing a noose over its head, and on hauling it up they found it to be an immense black shark. But the most remarkable discovery was that he had a wooden hoop round his body, which must have been the result of some youthful frolic, for he had since become so portly, that the hoop was almost embedded in his flesh.

The Scillonians, as might be expected, express different but mostly favourable opinions of Mr Smith's government. Our friend, the pilot, admitted that he had benefited the farmers, and had encouraged the taste for flowers, but thought that he was not equally considerate to the sea-faring interest. He does not appear to desire an increase of the inhabitants, probably because the means of livelihood are limited; and whereas under the Duke of Leeds when a tenant died he was allowed to divide his land among all his children, Mr Smith renders it obligatory upon him to bestow it upon his eldest son, while the rest have to find their living either at sea or in trade. This and perhaps some other causes have tended of late years to diminish the population, which at present amounts to only 2300. The principal source of profit is derived from the early vegetables, especially pease

and potatos, which come into perfection here sooner than in any other part of England. Owing to the smallness of the demand, articles of food are scarce, but they are also cheap. We found it difficult to obtain any meat, but on our offering to take a quarter of mutton, they said they would kill a sheep for us. Poultry is very scarce, and beef is almost the only meat of consumption. Much of the bread is brought from Penzance, and immense hampers of buns and pastry, for which the Scillonians seem to have an especial predilection.

The next morning proving fine, and the wind having shifted a few points to the north, we could not resist the temptation of a calm sea and favouring breeze, and orders were given to sail. Scarcely had the commotion on board become visible, when several other vessels prepared to follow suit, and we formed almost a little fleet as we proceeded through the sound. As we neared the coast, a bottle floating on the water passed us, which might have contained some interesting information; but as its contents might have been disappointing and we were at the time in full sail, it was thought better to continue on our course. We also descried beneath us a variety of beautiful jelly-fish of large size, and streaked with lines of pink or mauve. Some of them seemed to throw out long feelers, almost resembling nets, and I am told that they will sometimes by these means entrap and devour even as large a fish as a pilchard.

CHAPTER IX.

The Lizard—Gooseberry Fair—Kynance Cave—Devil's Bellows—Heath—A Porcine Friend—Limpets—Lion Rock—Serpentine—Shepherd's Dog—Caves—Pistol Meadow—Amphitheatre—St Ruan's Well—Hospitality—Dolor Hugo—Neck-cutting—Serpentine Works—Helford.

As we approached Penzance the wind veered to the balmy west. Nothing could have been better; and we set all our balloon canvas, and flew gaily through the calm water. Onward we sped on our noiseless and motionless course, and presently passed Mullion Cove, whose glassy roads were enlivened with the red and white sails of numerous mackerel boats just starting on an expedition. In some places the shore sloped in sunny downs to the water edge, in others it rose in fantastic rocks of light serpentine. Onward still, until we descry the soft moulding and colour of the Lizard ("High Promontory"), where the dark blue rocks support, like pillars, a curtain of purple heather. After being detained by the tide in the Lizard Race, and passing in succession Beast Point and Hot Point, so called from the roughness of the water and force of the current, which near shore runs nine miles an hour, we rounded the promontory

and came in sight of Black Head and the Deadman. We now began to look for a landing-place, as we intended staying at the Lizard Hotel, but the coast appeared everywhere precipitous. At length, however, the quick eye of one of the seamen detected a boat lying in a little cove, and there it was decided we should land. This was Landewednack Cove, a strange name, but one which must have formerly been in estimation, as it was imported with the emigrants into Brittany. The rocks around were precipitous and covered with a pale lilac flower, which proved upon inspection to be the Michaelmas daisy. Leaving the rest of the party to guard the luggage, I ascended the ravine, above which was a small village, and after several unsuccessful inquiries, for the men were away at sea, procured a young man and boy to assist in transporting our effects. We soon came in sight of a church, and were much amused at its patchwork tower, which presented a kind of chess-board pattern from the alternation of blocks of light granite with others of dark serpentine. This is the southern most church in England, and it was here, according to Borlase, that the last sermon was preached in the old Cornish language. It was fortunate that we had something interesting to muse upon, for we had to trudge more than a mile, under a burning sun, before we came in sight of Skewe's hotel; which is situated in the village, and not in so romantic a position as we had expected.

There appeared to be a considerable commotion in the street, and we saw many buxom lasses packing themselves, amid considerable merriment, into all sorts of cars and traps at Tregutha's hotel next door. It was the 20th of July, and had been Gooseberry Fair at Helston, a great festival in this part of the country, at which all kinds of fruit are sold. The hotel was clean and neat, and, in addition to other excellent fare, we were regaled with an abundance of clotted cream, which is quite a staple commodity in this part of the country.

It will perhaps be scarcely believed that the discords of the civil war reached even to this remote corner of the civilized world, but such was the case. The celebrated antiquarian, Charles Littleton, Dean of Exeter, and afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, made a tour through Cornwall with Borlase, the historian, and in the course of his narrative observes—"On my return to Trelowarren I called at the Lizard village upon an old man, who was reported to be one hundred and eleven years of age, but on talking with him I think he is not so old by six years; however, he is old enough to remember very well a dispute between a blacksmith and a tanner in his own parish, the one a Royalist, the other a Parliamentarian, concerning Charles II.'s right to the crown, just before the Restoration, which did not end till they had thrashed each other stoutly; but the honest cavalier

had the better of his antagonist, who was at last willing (as the old man told me) to let the King come quietly home and enjoy his own."

Early next morning we started for Kynance Cove, about a mile and a half distant. It consists of a kind of channel between Asparagus Island and the mainland, which is left dry at low water. In winter the beach is composed of stones, but at this season of the year it was covered with fine sand, and as the wind had been long blowing from the east, it was collected to a depth of ten feet. The remarkable points in the cove are the fine red and green colours, and the contorted forms, of the rocks. At the point of entrance a natural arch of serpentine rock stands, completely isolated, like a triumphal arch of Neptune; opposite, Asparagus Island rises to a considerable height, and adjoining it a lofty rock, which has received the title of the Bishop, on account of its summit bearing, from one point of view, a resemblance to a head and wig. In the centre rises a gigantic monolith, called the Steeple Rock, and in the level of the sands around are several caves in the cliffs, named respectively, the Kitchen, Pantry, Parlour, and Drawing-room of his Satanic Majesty. The Parlour is by far the most extensive cavern, having three entrances, and forming a vast circular hall with a concave roof. The Drawing-room is much smaller, but surpasses the rest in the beauty of its red and green tracery. From this point a good

view is obtained of the Lion Rock and Yellow-Cairn, but the Gull Rock, although of great altitude, can only be seen from the summit of Asparagus Island, which intervenes between it and the land. In the side of this island next the cave are two orifices of a cavern, one of which is called the Post-office and the other the Devil's Bellows. The sea rushes into this cavern at a certain height of tide from the outside of the island, and compressing the air within, drives out a column of foam and water with great force and noise through the larger opening. The Post-office is so called because the aperture resembles that of a letter box, and a piece of paper held near it is immediately drawn in with a loud report. A gentleman, just before our arrival, lost his hat (a good one, I believe) in this peculiar manner.

As yesterday had been Gooseberry Fair, a great many lads were helping the lasses over the rocks with great cordiality and appreciation; but human happiness is short — the sky began to darken, and we were soon discomforted by thick driving rain, which also put to flight a party of sketchers, whose praiseworthy industry deserved a better fate. We prepared at once to make the best of our way back to the Lizard, as we had enjoyed a long continuance of fine weather and expected much wet; but our guide, an old fisherman and a quaint fellow, recommended us to wait under shelter of the caves, adding that it was an old

Cornish proverb on the subject, and that the oldest man at the Lizard impressed upon all the young women that you "should never be in a hurry in anything, except catching ——, and then you could not be too quick."

Our guide's advice was fortunate. The sky cleared, and we re-commenced our examination of these remarkable rocks. They were almost entirely formed of serpentine; but in some parts, especially over the largest cave, was a mass of yellow elvan, containing veins of soap stone. The serpentine extends from Covilly to Mullion on the west coast, and from Coverack to Cairn Boase on the east, forming a belt across the peninsula.

We were awakened from our geological reverie by a loud scream outside the cave, and on looking out perceived two ladies running towards us in the greatest alarm, hotly pursued by a pig at full gallop. On coming to a parley with him, we found that the roguish little fellow had no hostile but very amiable intentions; he sniffed round about the whole party like a dog, and on our rubbing his poll, expressed unmistakeable satisfaction by several approving grunts, and finally stretched himself at full length at our feet. He seemed quite determined not to leave us, explored all the caves with us with the air of a connoisseur, and when we sat down would dig a trench in the sand and lie down beside us.

We had heard of the celebrated sapient pig of former days, who used to answer questions and tell fortunes, but we had never ourselves witnessed such an instance as that before us of porcine sagacity. Let us do justice to a species—the people of Luneberg appreciate its worth, and in the Hotel de Ville of that town is a mausoleum erected in honour of a member of the porcine family, and in letters of gold, on a slab of black marble, may be read the following inscription in Latin:—"Passer-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneberg."

I observed that many portions of the rocks between high and low water mark appeared to be of a peculiar colour, and upon inspection I found that they were covered with a calcareous incrustation, resembling a honey-comb, in each cell of which was the germ of a limpet. These molluscs are found of large size around these coasts, and adhere with great tenacity to the rocks by means, as some have supposed, of atmospheric pressure, which is known to equal fifteen pounds to the square inch; but in reality owing to a strong natural glue with which their bodies are provided. This force of adhesion, together with their conical forms, renders it almost impossible to remove them from the rock or wood on which they are settled, and in which they often

imbed themselves to a considerable depth. At low water it is interesting to watch them feeding in the crystal pools left by the retiring tide. Their food is the fine green weed brought up by the sea. Rising on their fleshy foot, or rather pedestal, they lift up their shell roof till it stands upon them like a nightcap. Next, two tentacula are observed feeling about, and finally a long proboscis is protruded, in which is their mouth, and which they keep moving up and down through the water. Although of a somewhat tough consistency, some people consider them a delicacy, especially when made into limpet pies, without which the Cornish festival of Saint Constantine cannot be duly celebrated.

As we were bidding adieu to Kynance and ascending the rocks, our attention was attracted by a very remarkable flower, which looked, at a distance, like a crimson periwinkle. We found that it was a local species (*Geranium Sanguineum*), of the same genus as our old friend the wild geranium, with a decidedly new face and in gorgeous array, the blossom being a full inch in diameter, perfectly circular, and deep red. There seemed to be no more affinity between this plant and the Herb Robert, which opens its piteous eyes along our highways like Beauty in distress, than between the gay courtier in his silk and gold, and the poor mendicant who trudges through the dust.

We quitted Kynance by the path along the

cliffs, and found ourselves in a pleasant slope covered with the *Erica vagans*, the rarest of British heaths. This plant can be readily distinguished from the common species by its elongated stamens, long spike, and white blossoms. It is co-extensive with the serpentine region, and the only other district in which it grows is on the west coast of Portugal. Invisible in winter, it afterwards springs up most luxuriantly, and conceals the moors in the autumn with its flowers and verdure. We also, in passing along the rocks, obtained some specimens of wild asparagus. Asparagus Island derived its name from this plant; but it has been almost eradicated from that locality, and we obtained a small spray of it from thence with great difficulty and hazard.

We continued to advance along the cliffs by several romantic caves—which the flowing waves filled with a sheet of foam—and gradually leaving the serpentine region, entered that of the hornblende slate. On our way we passed the Lion Rock, in form resembling a sphinx, and covered with yellow turf as with a tawny hide. The likeness was most complete, and is no doubt as perfect a resemblance to the monarch of the forest as that of the celebrated "Lion" at Chantaboun in Siam. We soon reached the Lizard Point — the southernmost in England, and the nearest approach we can make by land to the tropics. The Lizard is said to have three heads—it appeared so to us,—and it is doubt-

ful which is actually the southernmost. The point on which we stood was more lofty than any around, and commanded a splendid prospect. On the way towards the hotel we passed the serpentine repository, and inspected several very beautiful specimens. We had observed some fine pieces lying on the beach at Kynance, and I had myself carried a large stone for a considerable distance, believing it to be a treasure of great value, but finding that I was overballasted for climbing along the coast, had fortunately deposited my burden, for I now heard that the serpentine of Kynance could not be used for manufacturing purposes, as it was of a friable nature, and would not take a polish.

Several varieties of serpentine—so called from its resemblance to a serpent's skin—are found in this neighbourhood; the most common is veined with black and red, the green is comparatively scarce. But scarcer still is that of a purple colour, not in general estimation, but which appeared to me to be the most beautiful; it is found at low water, about half a mile this side of Kynance. There is also a rare variety, called the Silver Shower, in which the red is spangled with bright shining spots. Steatite, so called from its being unctuous to the touch, is often found mixed with serpentine; it has a gray silvery appearance and seems to reflect prismatic hues, but it is not so much prized as serpentine, as it has not the same depth of colour. Some serpentine is per-

meated by veins of golden diallage, which is very scarce, and of a bright golden scarlet. The soap stone is somewhat rare, but is found in some localities; it is of a delicate pink colour, and is much used in the manufacture of ornaments.

As we walked on the top of a hedge towards the village—for the "hedges" here consist of walls so wide that two people can pass abreast upon them—our attention was attracted by a herd of cows approaching over the hill, which a fine shepherd's dog was marshalling with great assiduity. One of them proved very refractory, and wanted to turn back to her pasture, but the dog would not be baffled, and after a little skirmishing brought her up triumphantly to her companions. His master, who was reclining on a bank, having counted over the cattle—the dog waiting with anxious eye—turned and called to him, "Ship, go ahead." In an instant he hied back to the hill, and in about ten minutes we heard great barking, and Ship was seen bringing up in full speed a missing quadruped, who in vain tried to double and elude her sagacious pursuer. Ship might be called a practical dog; we were told that he was one of the finest of his kind in the country, and we all agreed that he would be worthy of honourable notice in the entertaining history of "Rab and his Friends."

Next day we re-commenced our pilgrimage at the point at which we had left off on the day previous, for leaving the Lizard a little on the right,

we proceeded to Polpeer. Fortunately it was low water, for that is the only state of tide at which the caverns, with which the rocks are here undermined, can be visited.

I should here premise that in this locality the word cave is not used, but "hugo," which is a cognate word to the Welsh "ogof." The first we entered, after a somewhat troublesome descent, was Basset Hugo, which was of a very regular form, with a vaulted roof of yellow elvan. The next was called Skringles Hugo, and was of great extent; inside it was a kind of second archway leading to another chamber, while around the roof depended the graceful fronds of the *Asplenium Marinum*. Leaving this and advancing farther along the shore, we came to the celebrated cavern of Lee Semple Hugo, of great extent and height, and having two entrances leading in different directions. A very remarkable effect is here visible; the walls appear to be hung with crimson velvet, for the rain-water filtering down gradually over the rock has produced a crimson fur or moss upon them, resembling in softness and colour the richness of a Genoese fabric. The entrance to the cave is over huge uneven boulders, but the floor itself is covered with bright pebbles of white, green, and red. From this point we obtained a view of the Stags—sharp pointed rocks lying off the Lizard, and the Man-of-War, which derived its name from the *Royal Anne*, a galliot conveying seven hun-

dred soldiers, having been there totally wrecked. So great was the quantity of arms washed on shore on this occasion that a neighbouring field has ever since enjoyed the strange designation of Pistol Meadow. It is said that only two out of the whole number escaped to shore, and that they were men who had warned the captain of his danger, and had been put in irons for insubordination. This story, however, must be received with some reservation, as gossips have in many cases enlivened the darkness of a shipwreck with some touching instance of rewarded virtue.

Emerging upon the higher ground, we proceeded in the direction of Pen Olva, and passed the Eagle Rock, so named from its likeness to the head and pinions of that royal bird. From one side of Pen Olva we looked down upon the Bumble, a very remarkable tower of rock; and on the other, upon cliffs so black in colour that they seemed to be formed of coal. Close to us was the Lion's Den, the result of a landslip, and resembling a vast pit with an opening at its base into the sea. This orifice appears small from the great depth of the pit, but when below, you find it is an archway of about twenty feet in height. We passed on by Housekole Cave to the so-called Amphitheatre of Belidden, but I cannot say that I entirely concurred with Mr Johns in considering it Druidical. There are certainly low semicircular ridges in the sloping grass, but this might have originated from

the land having been formerly in tillage, or from the rock beneath lying in symmetrical strata. If this had really ever been a Druidical theatre, I should think the performances must have been very indifferent, as the actors would have stood on the edge of a dangerous precipice. Passing the extremity of Beast Point, the view of the gigantic blocks piled up beneath was magnificent and appalling, and we were glad to turn our eyes from the dizzy steep to the lower eminence of Hot Point. Passing through a tract of prickly furze, red with trailing dodder, and over brooks green with succulent water-cresses, we entered the fields leading to the hotel. Here we had to pass over several stiles, which, had they been of the usual form, would have given us considerable inconvenience; but those in Cornwall consist merely of pits about two feet deep, across which at intervals of a foot are laid long stepping-stones. This arrangement enables ladies to pass without discomposure or inconvenience, while it effectually excludes the cattle, who will not venture over what appears to them to be a dangerous pitfall or snare. In many cases their intervals have become luxuriant with the iris, hemp agrimony, and other wild plants, which produce a most pleasing effect. The "dew," as they here call it, now began to fall thickly, and we made good speed to avail ourselves of that warm welcome which is ever to be found at an inn.

The following morning we proceeded on foot to

St Ruan's well. St Ruan or Rumon was an Irish saint, who left his native land to spend a life of meditation and prayer among the woods and wilds of Cornwall. It appears from this and other testimonies, that in ancient times a considerable portion of Cornwall was covered with forests and abounded with wild animals. Here, near the church of St Grade, lived St Rumon in a cell, with a small chapel for his devotions, surrounded by wild beasts, but as safe in his piety as Daniel in the den of lions. He was afterwards raised to the episcopate, but left his palace at St Germans for his secluded cell, where he died and was buried. His relics were preserved at the Hermitage chapel, but when Ordulph, Duke of Cornwall under the Saxons, erected, in 961, his monastery at Tavistock, he was so much impressed with the reverence in which St Rumon's relics were held, that he transferred them to his own monastery. Whitaker considers him to have been one of the earliest prelates in Cornwall. St Ruan's well was one of those formerly held sacred, but its ancient virtues are now represented only by its being used in baptisms at the churches of Grade and Ruan Minor. It is inclosed in a cell, inside which on the further wall a bracket remains, which doubtless supported an image of the patron saint. The roof was formerly enriched with sculpture, but it became overgrown with furze, and so much decayed by the disintegration of the granite, that a new roof has been sub-

stituted, so that little remains of the original structure but the arch at the entrance and the coping on the summit. The pieces of sculptured stone have, however, been preserved, and we were glad to hear that there was some hope of their being replaced, as the building suffers much in appearance and interest from its present unsightly roof.

On the road to Cadgewith we observed another well, festooned with ferns and very picturesque. We were halting to admire its beauty, when I caught sight of a blue silk dress, and a toilet of greater elegance than is usual among tourists. These anomalies were explained, when we observed the lady entering a neighbouring plantation. Our guide recognized her as the lady of the place, and she kindly invited us into her pretty garden, which had previously attracted our attention. She told us that she envied our powers of locomotion, and said that her husband (the rector) and herself, for she led the choir, performed three services every Sunday, and that they could never leave the parish, as it was almost impossible to procure a substitute. I knew from experience that this was a sad trial in clerical life, and that whereas curates can never be absent more than one month in the year, many incumbents have no vacation whatever. The lady added, however, with a good-humoured smile, that she was quite happy, and had plenty of employment among the poor, that they had built the house themselves, and consequently took additional

interest in it. I had thought, at first sight, that the building was very different from the miserable habitations which usually fall to the lot of country pastors, where the narrow accommodation is made more remarkable by the large families they contain, and we assured her that we envied her her comfortable dwelling and her paradise of blooming flowers.

Making our adieux we proceeded on our way laden with odorous and luscious gifts of fruit and flowers, until we reached the picturesque village of Cadgewith, which lies in a ravine leading to a small cave. This is a great depôt for the pilchard fishery, which is here carried on by a company. They have formed large excavations for the purpose of extending their premises, and in the course of them a vein of pink asbestos was found—an unusual variety of that fossil-stone. It is of a very fibrous character, and much resembling wood; formerly it was mixed with cotton, and when woven passed through the fire; the whole texture, thus rendered as incombustible as the asbestos itself, was used for the protection of the fire brigade.

At this point we procured a boat and started for Dolor Hugo, which is situate about a quarter of a mile distant. On our way we passed the Devil's Frying Pan, a landslip which has taken the form of an immense pit opening at the base into the sea. In rough weather the water rushes in, and, rising high, fills the circular pit with boiling

waves, from which circumstance it has derived its name. These strange formations are said to have been occasioned by the sea having undermined the rock to such an extent that the upper ground has given way and fallen into the cavity beneath. Passing the next point, we found ourselves before Dolor Hugo, an immense cavern, the sides of which are formed of faces of yellow elvan and green serpentine. The colours softened the gloom of the vast dim expanse above, the dark shadow of which caused the natural blue of the sea to contract an inky hue, while the plashing of the waves against the rock rendered the effect more awful. Looking inwards the cavern appeared to be divided into two parts by a gigantic natural pillar of a crimson colour, on either side of which stood a lofty archway. Through one of these the view extended onwards through an interminable corridor spanned with immense arches, but there were too many rocks in the water to permit of its being explored except by swimming. This dangerous feat had, I understood, been performed for the first time by a clergyman only a few months before our visit. He was absent in the water more than twenty minutes, and explored the cave to the distance of a quarter of a mile. There is a very fine echo through the vaults, and we occasionally heard the sea booming within with a sound like that of distant thunder.

As we were returning home, we fell into con-

versation with a farmer on the state of the weather,—which had been unusually dry. This led to other topics, and he told us that the land in the Lizard was valuable, and worth three pounds an acre, with the exception of the serpentine district, which was not quite so profitable. Harvesting he called "neck-cutting," because it was an old custom on the last day for a reaper to take a small handful from one of the sheaves and hold it up, crying "A neck, a neck," whereupon the others approached and likewise took a portion of it. They have also a pleasing observance of decorating the first "mow" of corn with a branch of golden ragwort, which grows here luxuriantly, as a thank-offering for the crop.

On approaching our hotel, we found that a battalion of empty bottles had been ranged outside the door since our departure, either to tantalize pedestrians in such sultry weather, or to teach visitors how jovial was the rule of the house. They must have been the collection of the last month at least, and among them we recognized several of our own victims; but our old guide formed quite a different conclusion. "Lord! bless my soul," he exclaimed, "look at all they have drunk since we have been out."

Our attention had frequently been attracted, while in this house, by a strange croaking or quawking somewhere outside, and one morning

I espied the culprit—a bird somewhat resembling a blackbird. It was evidently very tame, and was trying to resist some children, who were endeavouring to compress it into a hole in a neighbouring wall. We had sent a man to search for the *Asplenium lanceoletum*, a rare fern, and which grew upon some of these rocks, and when he returned we questioned him about the bird. On his calling it, it immediately flew down from the roof on which it was sitting, and he told us that it was one of the old Cornish choughs, now very scarce and only to be found in the caves about Gue-graze —that this was the last of a nest of three which he had taken in the spring, and that it was a great pet in the village.

We observed during our stay at the Lizard that the complexions of the people were unusually dark, and this seems to confirm the traditions about Spanish emigrants having in ancient times settled in these parts of the country. There has always been a considerable intercourse between Spain and the ports in this direction, as vessels coming from thence can make them on one wind instead of tacking up channel. I have previously observed that the term "fair maids" is derived from "fumados," and it is a significant circumstance that the children at the Lizard keep up an old custom of visiting about the villages on Shrove Tuesday to solicit gratuities and gifts, which they

call Colperra. There are several accounts of companies of Spaniards having landed on different parts of this coast.

Having spent many pleasant days in exploring the recesses of this romantic coast, we bid farewell, and alighted on our way to Helford, at the head of a luxuriant ravine, at the mouth of which the serpentine works were situated. On descending we found one of the little clusters of cottages generally nestled in these inlets. Before us a mountain stream, foaming among broken rocks, and overshadowed by light foliage, passed beneath a picturesque wooden village. Below lay the serpentine works, with their wheels and engines. Large blocks were piled or strewn around lately brought from the quarries and waiting to be sawn up into slabs or turned into pillars. Here were immense sawing mills, worked by water power, and cutting the stone by means of smooth blades and wet sand. There were also numerous lathes, turning pillars and ornaments, while in a second department the works were submitted to the friction of Derbyshire stone to prepare them for polishing. Among other undertakings in progress were some beautiful clusters of pillars designed for a church, and an entire shop-front, containing some choice specimens of colour and workmanship, some day destined to enliven the gloom of Cornhill. The locality is particularly favourable for the enterprise, as serpentine of the finest quality is found in the neigh-

bouring quarries, and the stream which flows down the ravine provides water power for the machinery.

Leaving this busy scene we pattered away for some miles under a heavy shower, but the rain ceased as we arrived at the pretty village of Helford, lying along a creek, and embosomed in woods and bright with blooming gardens and neat white cottages. Our old friend, the *Selene*, had arrived and was lying very contentedly in the river, but we stopped at the inn in search of refreshment before going on board; meat we could not obtain, but we were treated to some Cornish cake made with cream, and a few fresh eggs, which seemed in our then famished condition to form an excellent repast.

CHAPTER X.

Helford River—Helston Races—Loo Pool—Tregeagle—Monaccan—Inscribed Stone—Manacles—Falmouth—Pendennis—Regatta.

It was now a considerable time since we had been anchored in a river, and although the Helford river is mainly an arm of the sea, still the being free from the anxieties of the ocean, and lying in the lap of woods and groves, lulled us into a feeling of luxurious repose. But the attractions of the surrounding country would not allow us long to enjoy the pleasures of inglorious ease, and it was determined that our first expedition should be to Helston. We accordingly started up the river for Gweek, and the soft scenery which surrounded us, after the roughness of rock and sea, appeared to belong to a happier and better world. The broad river slept between dense oak copses sloping to its brim, and in places diverged into shady creeks, overhung with luxuriant foliage. At times we espied the long neck and soon after the broad wings of a heron, while shoals of mullet shot towards the bank startled by our approach. Having passed Trelowarren, the seat of Sir R. Vyvyan, hidden among dense woods, and on the opposite

side a picturesque ivy-mantled ruin, we arrived and disembarked at the small village of Gweek. From this point we had a walk before us of four miles to Helston, which we had been looking forward to with pleasure, but as the sun was powerful and we were laden with packages, we soon began to regard it very differently. In short, we soon came to a dead stop, and began to inquire whether any conveyance could be obtained. We were informed that it was out of the question, and sat down hopelessly on the road-side. Several conveyances passed, but all quite full; saddle-horses carried double, and even donkeys' backs were bespoken. We began to think that it must be market-day at Helston, and our hopes of conveyance rose accordingly. At last a cart appeared, occupied by the driver alone. There were four sacks of flour in it; but weary mortals like us could not afford to be particular, and in we tumbled for better for worse. We now learned the secret why the vehicles along the road were so crowded — Helston was that day about to inaugurate a racing era, and the travellers were sporting characters and votaries of pleasure. When we had proceeded two miles, our miller told us that he must set us down, and that our way to Helston lay across the race-course. Upon reaching it, our curiosity induced us to linger awhile, to see in what manner this part of the country observed such festivities. All imaginable kinds of conveyances were drawn up around, from

the dashing four-in-hand phaeton to the safe and unpretending donkey-cart; but the favourite equipage was a sort of dray, having a seat down the centre and drawn by a tandem of be-ribboned cart-horses. Grotesque equestrians were scattered over the plain, and rustic belles, with radiant smiles and stout whips, mounted on steeds of heavy mould and melancholy aspect. A pony race was just coming off. There were four starters—a chestnut ridden by a jockey in his shirt-sleeves, a bay so small that the rider might have touched the ground with his feet, and two grays, one of which was mounted by a boy with a decidedly "agricultural" expression. Off! and away—all well together till they reached the turn in the course; here the gray mare espied a gate open leading into a neighbouring field, and not having much taste for racing, made her way through it in spite of the struggles of her ungainly rider. Only three were now on the course, and the other gray was soon left far behind, so that the contest lay between the darker colours. The short legs of the bay, however, though apparently assisted by those of his rider, proved unequal to the long stride of the chestnut, so that the homely individual in the undress costume was hailed winner by the enthusiastic crowd. This momentary excitement over, all eyes were directed to the tents and the various attractions spread around. Here a theatrical company invited the crowd by sounding a cracked gong, while a

voluble performer in pink silk made an oration preluded by several cracks of a formidable whip, and gave a tantalizing account of the wonders to be seen within, among which were views of Manchester and Birmingham. But as even these failed to arouse the interest of the public, who seemed about to disperse, a proclamation was made that "two little uns" were about to "set to." Then indeed there was a commotion and a rush, not however to the door, but to the back of the apparatus, where an idea prevailed that there were sundry chinks through which a sight of the performance could be obtained, without the disagreeable alternative of expending money. Much amusement was caused by an aged man, who had partaken of the general enthusiasm, and was crouching down behind a small opening, being suddenly startled from his position by a wag laying a cane across his back. This kind of audience did not exactly suit the views of the company, who being old hands, now resolved to try another expedient for filling their empty theatre and pockets. The pink hero advanced bodily to the front, and manfully challenged any of the bystanders to single combat. The challenge was accepted (by an accomplice), and now the doors were besieged with struggling applicants, so that it became difficult to receive the payments, and there was no occasion for the black assistant (a libel on the negro) to continue vociferating his "Be in time!" All this

while our attention had been partly diverted by a very fine gentleman in a white hat, mounted upon a stool, protesting that he required attention, and not money, and promising to make all that would listen to him a handsome present. He continued by requesting a shilling for a purse which he produced, but finding no purchasers, purses not being much in demand among his audience, he began to offer gold chains for sixpence. Finding a ready sale for these showy and inexpensive appendages, he produced an infinite number of them, and only stopped when the market was surfeited. He then turned round and proclaimed in a loud voice that he would be as good as his word, and make every one who had bought his chains a present of fourpence; which he forthwith did. This brought him into great favour, and before we left we saw that he was besieged with applications and doing a flourishing trade. A short distance from these performances stood a large tent, containing a party of the "right sort," who seemed to be never tired of their pipes and glasses, and of demanding in loud choruses,

"Who so wise as I?
I bear my burdens lightly,
All troubles I defy:"

while the song-vendor pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of all interruptions, repeating an endless jumble of, "I'm afloat, Nancy in the Strand, I wish I were a Daisy, The Young Man

from the Country,—now then, all for one half-penny!"

Such simple impositions were sufficient to afford attraction and amusement to "the gaping rustics ranged around"—especially to the juvenile portion of them, who evidently regarded these noisy performers as beings somewhat above the standard of ordinary mortality.

Leaving this scene of boisterous merriment, we pursued our pilgrimage to Helston, a town which is said to have derived its name from an encounter which took place between St Michael and the arch-fiend, in which the latter being worsted, here dropped a stone which he had brought with him from the mouth of hell. A stream of red water from some mines in the vicinity runs through the High Street, and as it passes on to Loo Pool greatly injures the pastures through which it flows. This pool is the largest lake in Cornwall, being seven miles in circumference. It is about a mile from the town, and is evidently a favourite resort of the fashionable fair of Helston. We lingered some time on its margin, for the water naturally rose-coloured, and the soft richly-wooded slopes, rendered the scene before us one of surpassing loveliness. At the further extremity is the Loo bar, by which the lake is separated from the sea. When the water becomes too high, the corporation of Helston present, by an ancient custom, a leathern purse containing three halfpence to the Lord of the

Manor and request permission to open the bar. Having obtained this, they proceed to cut a channel between the lake and the sea until the fresh water flows into the salt. This communication having been effected, the water itself enlarges the opening, and in a few hours a mighty torrent is bursting forth, creating a terrific uproar, and tinging the water of the sea with a yellow hue to such an extent, as even to have been noticed at the Scilly Isles! The creation of this bar has been attributed by legendary lore to Tregeagle, who is represented to have been doomed for his crimes to labours as fruitless as those of the Danaids. Among these was the clearing away the sand from Poljew cove, which the returning tide always replaced. On one occasion, tired, I suppose, of the monotonous employment, he attempted to carry away too large a quantity, and let a sackful of his load drop at the mouth of the river, which caused the formation of this bar. Another of his labours was draining with a perforated shell a lake in the mountains known as Dozmery Pool. These stories have led some to consider him the purely fanciful creation of a superstition which once involved the whole Celtic race, and imagine that here, as in Sweden and the Pyrenees, there was a legend and spirit of the lake. But the family of Tregeagle is not long extinct in Cornwall, and the person to whom these stories refer was in reality a steward of Lord Robartes', who became detested for his inhumanity and

oppression of the poor. In after-times the accounts in circulation concerning his evil deeds caused him to be viewed as a kind of wicked giant who had sold his soul to Satan for unlawful gain. The details of the bargain were not long wanting: he lived in a splendid palace surrounded by crowds of retainers; scoured the country with hound and horn; imbrued his hands even in kindred blood; and became the scourge and terror of the neighbourhood. One night the wind howled bleakly across the moor, a loud strange blast was heard amid the storm,—it was the Evil One calling for his prey. Tregeagle's palace crumbled into dust, his retinue vanished in a moment, and soon his wild cries were heard mingling with the voices of the tempest as he fled across the moor, haunted by his unearthly pursuer. And to this day, when the storm is at its height, the peasant halts upon the rocky waste, as he hears Tregeagle shrieking before the fiend, and flying from the yelling dogs of hell. There is a similar legend in the eastern part of the county of one Dando—a lawless hunter who is supposed to have invaded the domain of the church, and, a conflict ensuing, to have been drowned in the Lynher, along the banks of which he is still pursued by his hounds. Lonely wastes and solitudes are generally fabled to be haunted by some such spirit, as we may see in the stories of Actæon at Gargaphia, of the Wild Huntsman of the Alps, and of Herne the spectral hunter in Windsor forest.

Helston is remarkable as being the scene of a festival called the Furry, which has been annually celebrated here from time immemorial. Early in the morning of the 8th of May the men and boys "fade" (an old word signifying "to go") away into the country, and return some hours after, waving green branches and singing in chorus a song, of which the following is a specimen,—

"Robin Hood and Little John, they both are gone to fair O,
And we will to the merry green wood to see what they do there O,
And for to chase the buck and doe with Halan to sing merry O.

"And we were up as soon as any day O,
For to fetch the summer home—the summer and the May O,
For summer is a-come O, and winter is ago O."

At noon a large party of ladies and gentlemen begin to arrive from the surrounding country decked in summer attire and profusely adorned with flowers. They assemble opposite the Town Hall, and preceded by a band, perform a peculiar dance, known as the "furry"—first advancing in a double rank and then setting in couples. These evolutions are continued down the streets, and in some places through the houses, and up and down the gardens —which in this town are very beautiful, and in the spring are rich with the glories of lilac and laburnum. In the evening a grand ball is given, and the festivities are prolonged until the following morning. The origin of the observance or of its name is not known. It has by some been considered to

be a continuation of the old Roman Floralia, but it is more probable that it is of British origin, as the "furry tune" is a traditional air in Wales and Brittany, and there is an old Cornish word "forrior," signifying "spoils," which might refer to the green tresses stripped from the trees by the troops of blithesome revellers.

The shades of evening were falling as we re-embarked—the river was smooth as glass, and notwithstanding the waning light, reflected the banks with wonderful fidelity. At times we heard the trill of the curlew, but nothing else disturbed the silence. Once, by a singular optical delusion, we thought that we were running ashore, so near did one of the projecting points of land appear to us, but on changing our course and looking more carefully, we found that we had mistaken a reflection for the land, from which we were a considerable distance. As night came on our oars threw showers of green phosphorescent fire, and soon the blue vault above became spangled, as with golden sand, with a maze of innumerable worlds.

Our next expedition was to *Monàccan*. Landing at Helford we pursued a path through a copse abounding in oak apples and hazel nuts, and overshadowed with pleasant trees. Here in dark recesses rose the fairy form of the enchanter's nightshade (*Circœa Lutetiana*), named from its selecting, like the magician, shadowy places of abode. On emerging, we espied a small farm-house,

and immediately directed our steps towards it, for our supplies on board were miserably low, and we cast an evil eye on a party of ducks, and a long-legged fowl, who was unconsciously marching about the straw-yard. Further on, we came to the village of Monaccan, or "the monks," which is situated in a little dell, and rises up the adjacent slopes; the differences of its elevation giving rise to many picturesque points of view. The church is a history in itself, for the remains of many eras can be traced in its building. As we enter we are reminded of the Norman conqueror by the zig-zag ornaments of the archway; and as we look to the east, of the rude Early English times in the fine lancet windows, which, although six hundred years old, are in perfect preservation; in the piscina, loft and hagioscope we trace the impress of the Roman Church, and in the muzzled head over the porch of the unchristian enmities of its priesthood against heretics and one another, which so largely contributed to its downfall; finally, in the north aisle we have good examples of the style of the Decorative period, and memorials of the civil war in the replacement of the ornamental mullions by others of ruder workmanship. Much damage was done even to sacred edifices in the fierce civil contest which raged in these parts, and churches were often occupied as places of defence; much fine architecture and ornamentation was destroyed, and replaced by unskilful masons in less opulent times.

The churches in Cornwall, with very few exceptions, were rebuilt contemporaneously by travelling bands of masons, from whom the order of Free-Masons is derived. They were designed in the form of a Latin Cross, with two hagioscopes; and in after-times, when greater accommodation was required, one of the transepts was turned into an aisle, and one hagioscope removed, and it is remarkable that the north transept was invariably altered in the eastern district and the south in the western.

We were so fortunate as to meet the vicar, who was particularly kind in affording us information. He lamented justly the amount of dissent in Cornwall, the growth of former days of clerical indifference. He gave us an instance in his own parish, in which all the farmers had left the church simultaneously, owing to innovations introduced by the late rector. This worthy filled up all the free seats with an immense Eolophon and with a gallery for singers, and on the poor of the parish requesting places told them to occupy those allotted to the farmers and their families. This latter class immediately left the congregation, and there has never been one of them in it since. At last even the old women were driven away by the wonderful musical performances, and said that the light and noise quite "dazed" them. The rector of this church can enjoy one of the privileges of the chosen people, and can sit under his own fig-tree,

for one characteristic of the place is an immense fig-tree, the trunk of which is nearly a foot in diameter and entirely overshadows the porch. Some time since it was proposed to remove it, as it was injuring the edifice, but the parishioners had such an affection for the old tree that they protested that sooner than destroy it they would, if necessary, rebuild the wall.

In the afternoon we rowed up the river to visit Mawgan, leaving the boat and men a little below Gweek. Our walk lay along a richly-wooded inlet by paths overshadowed with luxuriant trees. Many were the studies in colour of the contrasting foliage of the beech, ash, and oak, and in form, of sylvan arches, which opened into branching avenues. At length the fine tower of Mawgan was seen rising among the tufted trees, and we found that we had arrived at our destination. Here the hagioscope, or opening by which those in the transept obtained a sight of the altar, is very remarkable and highly ornamental. On the north side is a slab surrounded by a railing and dedicated to the memory of Sir Richard Vyvyan; on one of the rails is the handle of his good sword, and on another his helmet covered with honest dints received in the cause of the king, during the civil war. On the opposite side of the church are two gigantic monumental effigies to the Carminowes, who claimed descent from King Arthur, and were once the most important family in the

country. The man is in his crusader's coat of mail, his wife in an old-fashioned costume. It is very probable that the male effigy represents Oliver Carminow, a person of great note in the time of Richard II., for C. S. Gilbert observes, "He died, apparently very aged, in 1393, and was buried, together with Elizabeth his lady, sister of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, in the church of the Gray Friars at Bodmin, where they were for some time represented in effigy, she with a coronet and he with his legs across." Hals mentions a tradition that one Robert de Carmyow accompanied King Edward in the holy war in Palestine. The Carminowes were one of the most ancient and powerful Cornish families, and are even said to have fought at the landing of Julius Cæsar! In the celebrated Scrope and Grosvenor controversy the disputed arms were claimed for and granted to the Carminowes, as having belonged to them when Cornwall was a distinct kingdom. On leaving this church we visited an ancient cross which stands in the village, said to be fifteen hundred years old and to bear an inscription, "Cnegumi fil Enans." It consists of an upright stone of granite, but both the cross and engraving have been worn away by time. The inscriptions on these stones are vertical, and the letters used are Roman mixed with Celtic. They have generally been supposed to form Latin words, but seem to mark a transition period, and Mr Pedler gave his opinion at a meet-

ing of the Royal Institution of Cornwall that although Roman capitals were used, the sentences were in reality Celtic. He reads the inscription on this stone,

CNETH UME VYLY ENANS—

"A knight of the upper people Enans." This monolith, whether sepulchral or simply commemorative, stands in a remarkable position at the junction of several roads. Borlase observes,—"The common people in Cornwall will not be persuaded to this day that there is not something more than ordinary in such places."

It was evening before we returned, and we found that our men had not been idle, but had succeeded in capturing some fine gray mullet, flounders, and a variety of crabs. These last were not of the best kind, being mostly green. There are several species of crabs, and the best is that which has a crown stamped upon its back as if bearing the government brand. The spider crab, so called from his likeness to that artist, is not much used as food, but makes an excellent bait for other fish.

We could have spent with pleasure many days on the Helford river, so various were its beauties, and we felt regret in leaving it even for the celebrated Fal. All the waters in this neighbourhood are admirably adapted for yachting, and there was lying beside us a small craft, rigged something like

a schooner, in which I saw an old gentleman sunning himself, and pacing up and down. It was half decked, and there was a booby hatch forward to improve the cabin. He lived in it quite alone all the year round, and never went beyond the Helford and Fal rivers. How many scenes and effects of unimagined loveliness he must have witnessed in these localities! I trust that he is a poet or an artist, and has perpetuated them for his less enterprising fellows.

Our passage to Falmouth was most delightful, for we had a fine day and a north-west breeze, and we soon opened the lovely bay, bounded on the south by the Manacles. These rocks have acquired a sad celebrity from the many wrecks of which they have been the occasion. One of peculiar interest took place upon them fourteen years ago. The *John*, bound from Plymouth with nearly two hundred emigrants, was seen from the heights one fine, calm afternoon making for the rocks, apparently with the intention of passing between them and the shore. It was evident that the captain was ignorant of the locality and of the danger of the navigation, and the spectators continued to watch with great anxiety. It was evening, and before dark the ill-fated vessel struck, and with such force that she almost immediately went to pieces. There was no time to lower the boats, and the valuable moments were wasted in futile attempts to right the vessel. Some few passengers

were saved, but the majority perished from the rapid breaking up of the ship.

About nine days afterwards, some fishermen in their boat under the Lizard observed something floating on the water, and upon approaching it, found it to be the body of a woman; they immediately brought it to land and laying it on the shore sent to apprize the coast-guard authorities. Although the waves had pitilessly deprived her of life, they seemed to have dealt gently with her, and to have tenderly guarded their fair victim; she had floated about like a flower of the ocean, and her form had not been wounded by the rugged rocks or beaten by the surf of the shore. Her countenance was as placid as if in sleep, and her black hair as neatly braided as when her now lifeless hands had last arrayed it; her earrings remained, and the ring on her finger; her black silk dress was untorn; in short, her whole apparel unimpaired. In her pockets were found the little implements of work so carefully provided by emigrants, and in her little pocket-book was inscribed her name, by which she was recognized to have been the wife of one of the survivors of the fatal wreck.

The distance we had to sail was only eight miles, and we soon passed between the twin castles of Pendennis and St Mawes, which guard the entrance of the Fal, and steered through a multitude of vessels of all nations, which were at anchor

around. What would have been the feelings of Raleigh, who first pointed out the advantages of Falmouth, could he have witnessed this imposing spectacle? It was towards evening, and as we passed the vessels began to strike eight bells, and the varied tones chiming from one to another had a most musical effect. On board some singing was heard, and the crew of a quaint old Dutchman were particularly brave in an instrumental performance. As we cast anchor, the lights were lit in the town, tracing out a lofty crescent around the harbour. Beside us lay a very strange-looking steamer, which at first we supposed was used for dredging, or some harbour purpose, but we afterwards learnt that she was a gun-boat on her way to the Egyptian government. We thought her destination somewhat doubtful, considering the present maritime enterprises of the Confederate States. As we gazed at the starry lights which beaded the slopes above us, marking out streets and terraces, we could not but reflect that only two hundred and fifty years ago they were only honoured by a single house erected by an old servant of the family of Pendarves. The old woman promised to brew some neat brown ale to regale her master with when he visited the place. Meanwhile, however, a Dutch vessel came up the river, and the crew drank all the ale, so that when good old Pendarves came in hot and dusty for a quencher, there was no home-brewed to set before him.

"Truly," replied the dame, "the penny come so quick that I could not refuse it," whence the town is said to have derived its first name of Penny-come-quick. So runs the story, and it cannot be denied that when Raleigh visited the place he only found there one house beside the mansion; but some are inclined to derive the name from three Cornish words, "Pen Coomb Ick,"—signifying "the valley on the creek." The intercourse which formerly subsisted between this port and Holland is proved by a little Dutch-looking village on the other side of the river, which has received the name of Flushing.

On landing next morning we were somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the town, the houses being small, and neither new nor old. It must have been much altered since the time of Byron, when it contained nothing but "quakers and salt fish," for the streets were crowded with seamen of every nation—Italians, Norwegians, Spaniards—some of whom of very cadaverous appearance, and wearing knives in their belts, might have been suitable actors in the tragedy on board the "Flowery Land." We thence paid a visit to Pendennis Castle, which was built in the reign of Henry VIII., and celebrated as having been the last refuge in England of Queen Henrietta Maria, and afterwards of Prince Charles. It consists of a curtain and bastions, and of a large circular tower ornamented with very threatening gargoyls,

representing heads of monsters and dragons devouring snakes. It appears that on news arriving that the army was retiring from Bodmin, and the enemy marching furiously after; the Prince determined to depart the same night for Scilly, which was thought to be a more defensible position. The room is still shown which he occupied during his stay, and whence he is said to have finally made his escape by a rope-ladder through a sewer to the shore, where a vessel was awaiting him; but although he appears to have left secretly and at night, the course of events scarcely warrant the supposition that he found it necessary to adopt such an undignified mode of escape. Pendennis had the honour of standing the longest siege and of being the last place on the British shore which held out for the Royal cause. Some garrisons, seeing no expectation of relief, yielded on the summons of Parliament, but Pendennis refused all summons, admitting no treaty till all their provisions were so far consumed that they had not victual left for twenty-four hours; and then they treated and carried themselves in the treaty with such resolution and unconcernedness, that the enemy concluded they were in no straits, and so gave them the conditions they proposed, which were as good as any garrison in England had accepted. This castle was defended by the governor John Arundel of Trerice in Cornwall, an old gentleman of near four-score years of age, and of one of the best estates and

interest in that county; who, with the assistance of his son Richard Arundel (afterwards made Lord Arundel of Trerice) maintained and defended the same to the last extremity. The history of their family might have caused such a resistance to be anticipated. They belonged to an ancient (now extinct) Cornish line, who had been zealous supporters of the Roman Catholic religion. Sir Humphrey Arundel raised a rebellion for that cause in the reign of Edward VI., and was executed at Tyburn in 1549. Sir John Arundel was imprisoned on account of his tenets by Queen Elizabeth; and his successor's estates were sequestrated in 1542.

Next day we rowed up the Fal river, so celebrated for its beauty. Its wooded slopes occasionally assume bold features, and between the residences of the Hon. Mrs Gilbert and Lord Falmouth there is an unusual combination of rich and romantic scenery. Truro is a remarkably prosperous town —the metropolis of Cornwall—and the Red Lion is an ancient hostelrie kept up in its original state. Lady Fanshawe does not seem to have formed a high opinion of this part of the country—her predilections were evidently for London; but we must allow that her experiences of this neighbourhood were most unfortunate. She observes that the Cornish gentlemen she met were generally loyal to the crown and hospitable to their neighbours, but were of a "crafty, censorious nature, as most are so

far from London." "The country," she continues, "hath great plenty, especially of fish and fowl, but nothing near so fat and sweet as within forty miles of London. We were quartered at Truro, twenty miles beyond Launceston, in which place I had liked to have been robbed. One night having with me but seven or eight persons, my husband being at Launceston with his master, somebody had discovered that my husband had a little trunk of the Prince's in keeping, in which were some jewels that tempted them to us essay; but, praised be God, I defended, with the few servants I had, the house so long that help came from the town, which was not above a flight shot from the place where I dwelt; and the next day, upon my notice, my husband sent me a guard by his Highness' command."

Owing to the direction of our course this year we had not been present at any regatta, but shortly after our arrival at Falmouth the men brought the joyful intelligence that we were now about to witness, and they hoped to take part in, some of these friendly contests. We resolved to stay until the appointed day, but as the yacht was in cruising trim, I did not feel inclined to submit to the alterations necessary for racing.

The 2nd of August was to be the auspicious day, and early in the morning the *Sylvia* was dressed out with long lines of flags, and the other vessels hoisted every morsel of bunting they had at command, to do honour to the occasion. I

rowed after breakfast to the revenue cutter to inquire when the races would commence, but was only answered by questions as to my tonnage and whether I intended to start. It was whispered mysteriously that the *Thought* had put in an appearance, but as there would not (even so) have been a sufficient number of yachts for a R.Y.C. race, the questions were superfluous. A large number of pilot boats, however, were brought to the mark, all sure of rewards if not of victory, and all belonging to Falmouth, except one, the *Gorilla*, which had come from Penzance. This unfortunate stranger was not only fouled and had her bobstay and main earing cut, but was attacked whenever within reach with the most abusive and scurrilous epithets, so great was the jealousy of a rival port. The favourite in this race came in third, and the *Arrow* carried off the prize. A cannon was fired at every start, and also at the return, and as the successful vessel neared the goal, the band struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," while the tail of the race were appropriately greeted with "Cheer up, Sambo, don't let your spirits go down." There was an interesting and amusing contest between three small yachts, one of which, in her anxiety for victory, had taken in so much ballast that she had sprung a leak. Her crew, lost to all but glory, resolved not to be deterred, and started boldly with all hands to the pump, so that as she sailed out from the river we could mark a continu-

ous jet shooting from her side. The three came in well together, but the *Ida* (since better known) was the first, and "Pump away," as we christened her, was, notwithstanding her exertions, obliged to content herself with the second place. After this there seemed to be an endless number of startings of small yachts, sprit-sail boats, and lug-sail punts, some with very suggestive names, such as "One and All" (the motto of Cornwall), "The Wings of the Wind," "The Maid of the Mill," &c.; and soon the startings and arrivals became so numerous that all was lost in a deafening cannonade and ceaseless storm of music. Towards the end of the day there was a very exciting race between two four-oared boats, one of which was manned by the coast-guard and the other by the watermen. The first round was in favour of the revenue boat, but in the second their opponents were hailed victors, winning by half a boat's length. The final attraction was a duck hunt: a man in summer costume essayed to overtake a duck in its own element. The man was allowed a small boat to pursue his game, but in general by the time he had rowed alongside of the duck, shipped his paddles, and mounted his seat to prepare for a plunge, the duck was far away out of reach. How the pursuit ended it is impossible for me to state, as crowds of boats obstructed the view, but I was informed that the most successful way of coming up to a duck was to dive

under water, and rising suddenly from underneath take the elusive lady off her guard.

Evening now approached, warning excursionists to repair to their steamers, and we could bear witness that Falmouth regatta was closed with due honours,—

"For all the night
The sounds of the fight
Were borne upon the breeze."

CHAPTER XI.

A Slippery Fish — Show Fair — China Clay — Bodmin — Devil's Jump — Rowtor—Lanhydrock—Legend of St Neot—King Charles I.'s Letter—St Bennet's.

We left next morning with a light breeze, passing round the dark form of an American man-of-war, *Sacramento*, who seemed waiting to pounce upon her prey with her head turned towards the sea and her steam constantly up. The wind failed us as we opened the Deadman Point, and we lay for a long time gazing dreamily on the long and beautiful line of downs stretching round towards the Blackhead. The men sought to beguile time by spinning yarns, and the skipper told us that he had once been a fortnight becalmed on a passage from the West Indies; that the water was smoother than that around us (which I could scarcely have believed possible); and that during the whole time they never made more than one knot an hour. They were surrounded, he said, by sea-weed and fish, and he could always with a harpoon catch his dinner of sea turbot. This he preferred to the old salt junk, which engendered an insatiable thirst, and led to disease through

causing an immoderate use of water. In many vessels preserved meat was now substituted, but some still kept to the old "saw-dust;" "because," as he observed, "they found it an economical provision for the men, *and it kept them always full.*"

The easy motion,—the subdued sunlight,—all seemed to invite repose and "dewy feathered sleep." A hamper of fruit was brought up from below, and we were soon strewn over the deck, forgetful of the cares of life. On awaking, I found that we were in sight of the pretty little village of Gorran, and soon after of Mevagissey, lying nestled in clefts along the coast, from which a fleet of little whiting boats was setting out, studding the calm bosom of the sea with their dark sails.

A curious incident occurred as we neared the shore, illustrative of the vitality and perhaps of the sagacity of fish. Seeing so large a number of boats in search of whiting, we thought we ought to put in our claim among the rest, and let down a line from the stern baited with a slip of pilchard. There remained upon it one of the wonderful hemp flies which we had found so destructive at Scilly, and in a few moments I felt a sharp tug, indicative of the presence of a visitor. I soon found that I had caught a fine mackerel, and hauling it in threw it on the deck, where we stood for some little time admiring its brilliant colours. It

appeared to be quite dead, and one of the men took it up and removed the hook from its mouth. He was in the act of carrying it to the forecastle, when he accidentally had to pass another of the crew, and was obliged to approach near the side of the vessel, whereupon the fish gave a sudden spring, and although held tightly in both hands, leaped over the deck into the sea. This was most remarkable, considering the time it had lain in a dormant state.

Charlestown is a small port with a dock, and is used principally for shipping China clay. The village is small, and the houses of no great pretension, as may be imagined, the largest edifice belonging to a tailor. Here we disembarked and tramped on, followed by the men with our luggage, for two miles into St Austell. The road was gay with carts and carriages and rustics in holiday costume, and upon entering the pretty town, which has a most fantastic appearance, we found the streets so crowded that our cumbersome procession had great difficulty in continuing its route. We soon learned that it was "show fair"—a great day for the exhibition of flowers and fruit, chiefly grown by the cottagers in the neighbourhood. This must afford a considerable stimulus to rural horticulture, and encourage habits of neatness and care, which cannot but extend to other undertakings. The show is held in the Town Hall, the walls of which are concealed by boughs of

evergreens, while a fountain sending up its sparkling waters in the centre, produces a cool and luxurious effect. The fair is carried on around the old church, and lines of flags radiate from its fine tower to the roofs of houses on the opposite side of the street. The street itself is formed into an avenue by fir and larch trees being planted on either side, underneath which are lines of booths for popping, gaming, and selling sweetmeats and fairings. The designs in flowers were most graceful and gorgeous; the small fruits were unusually fine, and they appeared the more so to us, as the season for them was over in the more western districts from which we had just arrived.

The church is one of the few in Cornwall which are richly ornamented. The tower is covered with sculpture, and in front has a very curious bas-relief of the Almighty Father supporting the crucified Saviour; below are Joseph and Mary, and also three bishops. The sides of the tower contain representations of the twelve apostles; the gargoyls are ornamented with the usual grinning heads of men and dragons.

The China clay works, to which the town owes its existence, are scattered over the surrounding country; and we visited the most ancient of them —Carclaze. This mine is said to have been worked for tin for upwards of a thousand years, but for

clay only about twelve. The pit is upwards of a mile in diameter, and of great depth, and as we stood below and gazed around, we might have imagined that we were in a snowy Alpine waste, so various are the forms of the white rocks. The manner of working it is as follows:—a stream of water is directed over the brow of the cliff, and the rock is loosened along its course, so that the finer particles are separated from the metalliferous, and carried into the pits beneath. Here the mixture stands till it has precipitated the mica, which is used for manure, and then it streams over levels, in which it deposits other refuse, until it reaches a second range of pits, where it is allowed to dry, and is then cut into blocks, or "knubs." The amount exported is over fifty thousand tons annually; a great quantity is sent to France and Germany, and a considerable portion to London, where it passes under the name of French chalk. It is used in many trades—a man employed in its sale informed us that one boot-maker in London consumed twenty tons a year in easing on the tight boots of his unfortunate customers! We proceeded from hence by rail to Bodmin, a very ancient town, and perhaps the most beautifully-situated in Cornwall, for it is surrounded with most picturesque valleys and richly-wooded heights. It derived the designation of Bodmin, or "monk's house," from its Priory, and is one of many notable instances in which the lot of the regulars fell in

"pleasant places." The original name of the town was Petrockstow, because the monks conveyed hither from Padstow the body of St Petrock. Edward the Elder settled an episcopal see here in 905, and appointed one Athelstan to it; but after his time the bishop resided indifferently at Bodmin or St Germans. In 981 the establishment was burnt by the Danes, and St Germans became the centre of episcopal jurisdiction. A great misfortune befell this brotherhood towards the end of the twelfth century. Martin, canon regular of this house, stole the body of St Petrock! He absconded with it into France, and lodged it in the Abbey of St Mein in Brittany. The theft being discovered, Roger the Prior and the honester part of the chapter laid their complaint before Henry II., then King of England, who, without delay, ordered the French Abbot and his convent to restore the body to the Prior of Bodmin, and in case of refusal, Rolland de Dinant, Chief Justice of Brittany, had orders to take it away by force, and restore it to its disconsolate owners. The Abbot, fearing the King's displeasure, returned the body, at the same time swearing upon the Evangelists and the Relics of the Saints, that it was in nowise altered or diminished since it came into his custody.

This church is the largest in Cornwall; the choir and Lady chapel are said to have been formerly appropriated to the priory and convent; the nave to the parishioners. Attached to it were

three mortuary chapels, and the shrine of St Petrock, before which manumissions of slaves were accustomed to be made. There is preserved in the British Museum a copy of the Gospels written in the ninth century, which contains entries of forty of these, all granted about the time of the Conquest. On the north of the choir, the tomb and effigy of Prior Vivian, the last prior but one, still remains, representing him as arrayed in his pontificals as Bishop of Megara. There are several relics of the ancient friary in the churchyard; and of the priory in the grounds of the adjacent mansion. Here are several fluted columns, and at one of the entrances to the garden, two of them, standing opposite each other support figures of angels. There are also fragments of other pieces of sculpture, and of a small font, ornamented with the head of an animal. We were here again reminded of the holy springs, for lately during the removal of some stones in a field belonging to this mansion, an ancient cell was discovered overarching a well and containing an image of the Virgin.

At the eastern extremity of the churchyard stands a very picturesque ivy-covered chantry; it is that of St Thomas, and was built in the time of Henry VI. It contains a piscina and sedilia, and a very ornamental east window with a trefoil light. Beneath is a crypt containing another holy well, whence the water is taken for baptisms. The stream from this source runs to a cell in front of

the western end of the church, and afterwards passes into the street, where it is disgorged through the mouths of lions, and forms an imposing fountain.

Very few remains are now visible of the chapels, hospitals, and other religious establishments which once clustered round this priory. The assize hall is said to occupy the site of the ancient refectory, and the butter-market, that of the Franciscan convent of St Nicholas. There are two pillars at the entrance of the Town Hall, and some carved oak on the adjoining doorway, which evidently once belonged to the same building, and appears not to be later than the sixteenth century.

There are many objects of interest in the surrounding country; we selected Hanter Gantick, "aged opening," and the Devil's Jump for our first expedition. Although we expected in these scenes something different from one another, we found the two very similar, both consisting of valleys tinted with the bloom of furze and heather, and resounding with torrents which leap from ledge to ledge along the rock-strewn bottoms. Precipitous faces of granite rise here and there upon the slopes, but at Hanter Gantick the grandeur of nature has been marred by the hand of the quarryman, who has slaughtered several of the finest rock giants, and covered the ground with their bones. The Devil's Jump, which is to be seen in a narrow valley two miles beyond, derives its name from

two immense cairns, which look at each other like rival castles from either side of the gulf. Below, the vocal stream makes its way to Wenford bridge, and you may stroll for miles along its flowery banks, among hemp agrimony, and purple and yellow loose-strife, as tall as yourself, and beneath sylvan shades as beautiful as any in Cornwall. This river is no other than the celebrated Camlan or Cambula, which winds its way to Padstow, and beside which the great battle was fought in which King Arthur was mortally wounded.

On our return we found ourselves before the gray bleak summit of Rowtor—the highest point in the country with the exception of Brown Willy, which rises in softer majesty beside it. Rowtor is 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and Brown Willy is seventy feet higher, but the summit of the former has by far the boldest outline. Putting up the horses at the farm of Stannon, we entered the moorland—a most interesting district, and one where Borlase would have seen a perfect system of Druidical antiquities. We first met with a circle of upright stones, smaller, but similar to that of the Merry Maidens; next a large flat logan-stone, mounted on a granite pedestal and standing in a most conspicuous position; while on the left were five hut-circles similar to those already described, and the remains of a two-roomed house, similar to that at Bosphrennis. Rowtor is remarkably placed in a kind of basin surrounded by hills, and although

its elevation above the sea is considerable, its height above the downs immediately around it is comparatively small. I mounted on the north-west side, and found the climbing somewhat fatiguing, this side presenting the most difficult ascent. Immense boulders, mostly of a flattened form, lay strewn around, some in the position of lintels, others like the foundations of houses. Sometimes I could see down into a dark square chamber festooned with ferns, all the forms assumed being strangely artificial, and such as, but for the size of the masses, we should attribute to human agency. On reaching the summit, I seemed to be standing on the ruins of some vast castle, or temple, such as the Druids or ancient Egyptians might have reared. Two huge pillars of unhewn stone rose on either side formed of symmetrical masses piled one upon another. It appeared as if some great wall had once existed there, and that the immense blocks, which were lying around or had been showered down the steep of the mountain, had once been erected together upon its summit to form a stupendous whole. On the upper faces of the rock were many large rock basins, which are generally most numerous in exposed positions. Some of them were of very remarkable forms, becoming larger as they increased in depth. Many contained water, although it had not rained for some days, which seemed to favour the old idea that they were formed for purposes of ablution or divination.

Such cavities have been found at Deo Dhoora in Upper India, where they appear to have been used for sacred purposes. They are now generally attributed to the disintegration of the granite by the dropping of water, but there must at any rate be something worthy of attention in them, for they lie in the bare rock under the open sky, where no dripping water can affect them. I could from this point mark the Bristol Channel shining in the sun with its lofty headlands and sea-girt rocks; the peaceful Camel; and on the other side, the graceful undulations of the distant hills of Devon and Somerset. I should here mention that the master of the hotel at Bodmin informed us, I suppose ignorantly, that it would be necessary for us to devote a second day to Rowtor and to visit it from the Jamaica Inn. We should thus have had an eight-miles' walk, and have missed seeing the interesting remains above noticed.

The drive back to Bodmin was most delightful; the sun set beneath a canopy of golden air, and cast a rosy glow over the lofty summits that receded from our view, brightening at the same time the peaceful cottages along the road-side, before which groups of peasants were clustering, and reposing after the toils of the day.

Our next visit was to St Neot's, and it was arranged that we should take Lanhydrock, the seat of Mr Agar Robartes, on our way. This mansion was occupied by the Parliamentary troops in

the civil war, but they were driven out by the Royalists under Sir Richard Grenville, to whom the place was given by the King, but the Parliament afterwards restored it to its former owners. The park with its fine old trees is remarkably beautiful, and the house is an almost perfect example of the architecture in the time of James I. It forms three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth and south side having been some years since removed. The centre of the court is laid out in an ornamental parterre, and the barbican or gateway which stands before it on the south is a curious specimen of debased Gothic. The hall is panelled with oak, and hung with armour and the antlers of stags. One of these trophies of the forest is said to have been won by Lord Radnor, the present proprietor's grandfather, after a chase continuing over three days, and extending into the county of Dorset. The gallery of paintings which occupies the whole first floor of the left wing, was built about 1656, some years after the opposite wing; the ceiling is covered with old stucco work, recording scenes in the Bible history, commencing from the Creation; and over the mantel-pieces are two elaborate designs in the same style, representing incidents in the early life of David. Along the walls are many old family portraits in fine preservation, and book-cases containing a valuable library. I observed, among other works, a copy of the works of Gregory Ariminensis, in black letter, dated 1380, and an Old Testament

printed at Antwerp, and a New Testament at Rheims, both in the sixteenth century. A great many curiosities have at different times been found in the neighbourhood, among which have been some curious old spoons, and a leaden figure resembling a Hindoo idol.

Our road to St Neot's wound along the course of the Fowey river, by Lord Vivian's plantations, and richly-wooded dells, to which the scarlet clusters of the mountain-ash and the bunches of brown hazel-nuts imparted a mellow tinge, and were the first tokens of the approach of autumn.

Passing the East Cornwall slate quarries, which have cut deep chasms into the rock, we arrived at the little village of St Neot's, with its fine church tower (1300 A.D.) rising above the tufted trees, and still bearing on its summit a branch of loyal oak. The site of this fine edifice is said to have been originally that of the hermitage of St Guerir, a holy man who performed wonderful cures, and by whose instrumentality King Alfred was enabled on one occasion to mount his horse and be present at an important battle. It is supposed that Alfred often visited this place, and that it was while praying here that a change came over his life.

St Neot is said to have been the king's uncle, and to have recommended the foundation of Oxford. Owing to ravages of the Danes, he was compelled to leave his favourite institution and betook himself to Eynesbury in Huntingdonshire, hence called

St Needs. He was driven from another establishment founded by Alfred by the same people, and finally settled in this monastery at Guerrier-stoke, which afterwards took the name of the new saint. There are in the church some verses in Latin and English, giving a quaint account of the life of St Neot,

> "Whose father was a Saxon King,
> St Dunstan was his teacher,
> In famous Oxford he was eke
> The first professed preacher."

His wonderful performances were not even terminated by his death, for he is said to have afterwards appeared to King Alfred, and even to have led his armies to victory.

The body of St Neot was carried away by the founders of Eynesbury Abbey, but an arm was said to have been left behind and preserved in a stone casket, the end of which is seen protruding from the wall on the north side of the altar. This tradition having excited the curiosity of some workmen, principally owing to a visit of Mr Whitaker, they opened the reliquary and found that the casket was shallow and empty, but behind it was a stone closing an aperture in the wall, and in the bottom of this was some fine mould, adhering in clots and of a dark colour. This was probably all that remained of the relic.

There have been discovered on the wall over this cenotaph the remains of a very curious fresco,

the colours of which are still bright. Two heads and figures under one large crown can be distinctly traced, but the rest of the design is lost and the inscription unintelligible. The objects most worthy of attention in this church are the windows, all of which are of stained glass. Some of these have been considered as early as 1200, while the latest is not more recent than 1533. They had gradually fallen to decay, until 1825, when the Rev. Gerveys Grylls undertook their restoration at a considerable expense. Only two were found tolerably perfect, the others had to be renewed from tradition or inspection. The most perfect, as well as the most ancient, was the Creation window. It contains a series of very fanciful designs, some of them recording details not mentioned in Scripture, but derived from Jewish traditions. The upper part of it is filled with the angelic orders according to the monkish legends; 1st, thrones; 2nd, seraphim; 3rd, cherubim; 4th, angels; 5th, dominions (bearing sceptres); 6th, virtues (carrying lamps); 7th, powers (clad in mail and girt with swords); 8th, principalities; 9th, archangels. Their several ranks are inscribed under them in Latin, and the whole, being executed in amber and clear glass, produces a very fine effect. In the compartments below, which commence the Creation series, is our Lord, in the first place, represented as planning the world with a pair of compasses. Next comes the temptation; the serpent, with a green body and the

head of a virgin, is entwined round a tree between Adam and Eve, the latter of whom is presenting the former with fruit. An angel having driven them out of Paradise, we next find Adam working with a spade, and Eve with a spindle, dressed in their new red clothes. The evil passions engendered by the Fall are soon developed, and we see Cain murdering his brother Abel, which act, according to this representation, he performed with a jaw-bone. A strange event is next depicted—Lamech killing Cain with an arrow, mistaking him for a wild beast. A servant boy is standing by his side, who, according to the Jewish legend, persuaded Lamech, whose sight was dim with age, to shoot Cain, who is here seen wandering among the trees. (See Genesis iv. 23, 24.) The death of Adam, which follows, is also represented according to Jewish tradition—Adam is in bed, and Seth, attired like a monk, is putting something into his mouth, namely, three apple-pips, which Seth, who was sent to Paradise to seek the oil of mercy, obtained from the Tree of Life. Upon the right is a tree with a child lying in it, and Seth is informing Adam that from these seeds shall spring a tree, which shall yield the oil of mercy in five thousand five hundred years. The last subject in this window is Christ commanding Noah to build the ark, which introduces the next, or Noahical, window. In these succeeding representations we are introduced to a much more advanced state of civilization. The ark is an old-

fashioned vessel, such as those built soon after the Conquest, with a high sheer, shrouds, platforms, and a house on board. Into this unwieldy craft one of Noah's sons, perhaps by his father's direction, is rolling a cask. We next find the patriarch, with his triangular sail up and his anchor ready to be let go; but he is just sending forth the raven and the dove. His death closes the series, with the inscription, *Hic Noy mortuus est.* It is fortunate that all the compartments of the windows have beneath them Latin inscriptions explaining their subjects.

The St George window is evidently of very ancient date, and has been removed from another part of the church. Its colours are much faded, and the glass was found to be in a very mutilated state. It contains a history of the saint's life, of his slaying the dragon in the presence of the King and Queen of Egypt, and of the various tortures to which he was subjected, having been torn with rakes, thrown into molten lead, dragged by a wild horse, and twice beheaded. He appears to have been endowed with an unusual and unfortunate capacity for bearing injuries and insults; in one part we find him on all-fours, bridled and saddled, and ridden by the king's son, who is flourishing a knotted whip over him, while one attendant is goading him on with a spear, and another belabouring him with a club. St Neot's window, although not so ancient as those just described,

having been erected by the young men of the parish in 1528, is interesting as recording some curious incidents in the life of this saint. Here we find him resigning his crown to his younger brother and assuming the habit of a monk. Proceeding with his austerities, he is next seen immersed in his well, going through his daily exercise of repeating the Psalter. While thus piously engaged he rescues a doe from the hounds, and the hunter, converted by the miracle, delivers up his horn to the saint, and enters a monastic order. The next episode in St Neot's life refers again to his well (which is still shown in a neighbouring meadow), about which an angel is giving him instructions. Three fishes are seen in this well, and he is promised one of them every day, but he is never to take out more. Unfortunately the saint is not exempt from disease, as we find in the next compartment; and his servant Barius (a little man in green), with misdirected zeal for his welfare, takes two fishes out of the well, one of which he is seen cooking in a pot and another on a gridiron, in hope of tempting his master's appetite by the variety. The devout horror of St Neot may be imagined; the servant is ordered immediately to replace them in the well, where on the prayer of the saint they are restored to life. His next miracle is his yoking stags to his plough, in place of his oxen, which had been stolen from the monastery. The thieves, terrified by the prodigy, bring back the oxen and

enter the convent as monks. All these wonderful performances attract general attention, and are not allowed to pass unrewarded, for we finally see St Neot on his knees receiving the benediction of Pope Martin.

There are twelve other less remarkable windows, named after their donors, some of them containing figures of celebrated saints: among others, we observed one of St John, represented as an aged man, but with the usual accompaniment of the lamb; and another of St Neot, when old, clad in a pilgrim's gown, with staff and beads, and crowned with the scallop-shell, to denote his having visited the Holy Sepulchre. There are also representations of St Breachan, who was the happy father of twenty-four saints; and of St Constantine, who is supposed to have succeeded King Arthur on the throne, to have died a martyr, and been buried at Stonehenge.

There is here a copy of the letter which Charles I. sent to all the churches in Cornwall. As few perfect copies of it remain, I have considered it worth transcribing.

"C. R.

"To the Inhabitants of Cornwall a letter of thanks from King Charles the First of ever blessed memory. We are highly sensible of the extraordinary merit of our County of Cornwall of their Zeal for the defence of our person, and the Just right

of our Crown, in a time when we could contribute so little to our own defence, or to their assistance in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable Dangers were threatened, obedience and loyalty of their great and eminent Courage & patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work against so potent an Enemy, backt with so Strong, Rich, and populous cities; and so plentifully furnished with Men, Arms, Money, Ammunition, and provisions of all kinds; and of the wonderfull success which it hath pleased Almighty God to give, though with the loss of some most eminent Persons, who shall never be forgotten by Us, to reward their loyalty & patience by many strange victories over their & our Enemies, in despight of all humane probabilitie and all imaginable disadvantages; that as we cannot be forgetfull of so great deserts, so We cannot but desire to publish to all the world, and perpetuate to all time the memory of their merits, and of our acceptance of the same, And to that end we do hereby render our Royall thanks to that our County in the most publick and most lasting manner we can devise, commanding Copies hereof to be printed and published And one of them to be read in every Church and Chapell therein, And to be kept for ever as a record in the same; that as long as the History of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that County hath merited from Us

and our Crown may be derived with it to posterity.

"Given at our Camp at Sudely Castle the tenth of September; 1643."

On our road from Bodmin to the Roche rocks we stopped before the ancient monastery of St Bennet. The history of this institution is unfortunately lost, but it is supposed to have been a cell to some foreign convent, and there is a tradition of its having stood a siege in the civil war. The present buildings appear to have been of different dates. The church tower is Early English, and stands alone by an ancient road, known as St Bennet's Walk. The conventual buildings are now used as a dwelling-house, and the carved ceilings, which were richly gilded and coloured, are consequently concealed. At one extremity stands the house-chapel, which has a very picturesque turret and oriel window. We found that the owner of this interesting place was desirous of keeping up its ancient reputation for hospitality; for he would not permit us to pass on without drinking the health of the old monastery in an excellent bottle of champagne. The walls of the house are seven feet in thickness—a sure proof of age,—the windows retain their original forms, and the chapel is in good preservation, with two niches beside the altar, and a confessional doorway. Our host was most kind in showing us every-

thing, from the ancient font in the garden to the golden-crested owls in the tower. We felt the more indebted to him as his time was valuable, for he was engaged in an important undertaking, that of bringing out a patent for a noiseless railway, which is to revolutionize the locomotive world. The secret will not, of course, be prematurely divulged, but we elicited from the inventor two features in the new system, which the public will be interested to hear,—firstly, that there will be no deaths from splinters; and, secondly, that there will be no cushions in the carriages, which are to be japanned throughout. Railway shareholders will be glad to hear that by the saving thus effected they will at least double their profits. Our host was not only a man of science but also of taste, and among other objects worthy of notice, showed us a fine painting of the Witch of Endor, by Tintoretto, and a Circassian dagger, from which Sherwood received his death-blow.

After returning our best thanks for the kindness and hospitality with which we had been received, we departed for the Roche rocks, which, rising alone from the centre of an extensive moor, produce a very grand effect. On the summit of the highest of them are the remains of a chapel of St Michael, said to have been afterwards successively tenanted by a hermit and a leper. It is supposed to be one of the most ancient hermitages in Cornwall, owing its origin, no doubt, to the vicinity

of the Holy Well; and its romantic situation has led to its being assigned as the asylum of Tregeagle, to which he flies for refuge when pursued by the goblin train.

The ascent to the chapel is by a broken and difficult staircase, partly formed of cut stone and partly hewn out of the rock. Entering through a fine archway you find yourself in a square chamber, two sides of which are faces of rock, and the others walls of stone. There is a small decorated window; and a recess by the entrance, which may have been a "squint," or a receptacle for holy water. Opposite, a flight of stairs, cut in the rock, ascends to another archway which leads out upon the top of the rock. From this a path winds to an upper door, which forms the entrance to the ancient chapel of St Michael,—a fine east window remaining, a piscina, and a niche adorned with a moulding and surmounted by a cross elaborately sculptured in the stone; within this formerly stood a representation of the archangel.

The well of St Roche is situated about half a mile from the rocks. Descending a steep between high banks, we emerged beside a purling stream; which has cut a deep channel for itself through the heathery ravine. Beside this stream stands the Holy Well—a ruined arch spanning a reservoir of stone, in which the water stands so clear as to be invisible before it flows down to join the neighbouring rill. "Hither maids and swains repair each

year on Holy Thursday to divine their fates by the trembling bubbles; hither anxious mothers bring their children to be cured; and hence benevolent persons seek salubrious waters for the sick.

To judge from the surrounding ruins, it would appear to have formerly occupied a large basin, and to have been covered by a chamber to which this arch was only the entrance. There are beside it some foundations of walls still remaining, which probably belonged to a chapel or baptistery.

Returning to Par, we re-embarked, and shaping our course towards the S.E., soon rounded Greber Head and sailed into the Fowey river. Passing between the dark towers of Edward IV., which commanded its entrance and were formerly connected by a chain, we entered a wide expanse of water, on the left of which rose the village of Fowey, with its fine church tower, and its ancient (but modernized) Place House. Some parts of this structure are of as early a date as the time of Henry VII., and some curious suits of armour were discovered while the foundations of the new structure were being laid. On the right, the village of St Ruan (named from the Pool of St Rumon) was built up the land side of the hill, and was crested with the ruins of St Saviour's chapel. Fowey was formerly one of the most important sea-ports in England, and many vessels fitted out here for the Crusades. An old windmill on a height above the town is mentioned as a well-

known seamark as early as 1296; which, as windmills were introduced from Palestine, was probably erected by returning knights. Fowey contributed forty-seven ships to the blockade of Calais, and the seamen of this port were of old celebrated for their daring, but unfortunately not always for the lawfulness of their enterprises. Here the army of Essex, 5000 strong, was forced to surrender to the King; the Earl himself effected his escape to Plymouth.

The Fowey river is for a considerable distance little more than an estuary, and at low water is not navigable; we were therefore obliged to wait for high water, and to take to our oars, but we were amply repaid by the beauty of the wooded steeps, which rise from either margin of the flood. As we ascended the river, we passed several lovely tributaries, but that which charmed us most was the Lerrin, which mingles with the Fowey beneath the woodland residence of Col. Pearce. Here that gallant officer now enjoys "pleasure after pain;" and here, but four months since, he had the happiness of again grasping the honest hand of his commander and comrade, Garibaldi, beside whom he had drawn his sword in the cause of Italian freedom. True to his old friendship, the General quitted the applause of multitudes to visit him in his secluded abode; so that in bidding adieu to England from this point, our country might always be associated in his mind with this last and hap-

piest scene. The Duke's yacht, *Undine*, was awaiting him in the waters we were now threading, and bore him away from this shore, to his rocky island home. Passing a vista on the right, which disclosed Castle Dore, celebrated as the scene of a sanguinary engagement, we disembarked under the church of St Winnow on the opposite bank. The old tower rising amid rich foliage appeared very grand from the river, and we hoped to have found some memorials of past magnificence, but were disappointed; no objects of interest remaining, except a stained 15th-century window, once a fine work, but now in a sad state of decay. Hence we pursued our silent course towards Lostwithiel, and presently came in sight of that ancient town lying at the foot of one of the hills which surround this valley. It appears from a charter of Richard I. that Lostwithiel was of some importance at an early date, but it owed its chief prosperity to Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, who made it, in fact, the county town. Upon landing, the curious 14th-century bridge attracted our attention, and the church, the spire of which seems to have been built by architects from Normandy. There is a carving on the old font representing a hunting scene; on one side of it is a man riding on a donkey, holding a hawk in his hand and attended by his dog. Such subjects seem inappropriate, but are not uncommon in these churches. Over the northern entrance is an alto-relievo in alabaster representing the flaying

of the patron Saint, Bartholomew. In the vicinity of the church we observed an oblong massive building, ornamented with the Ducal arms. The windows appeared to be modern, but the substantial graduated buttresses bespoke age. It was the Duchy house or Shire Hall of Edmund, and attached to it is a prison, which belonged to the Stannary Parliament, for the Earl gave a charter in virtue of which that assembly exercised a certain jurisdiction in all causes connected with the tin-mines.

Next day we proceeded by a picturesque and shady path to Restormel Castle; the name of which is supposed to signify "Court of Assembly," or "King's tower-hill." It is a large circular structure of imposing appearance, situated upon a height, and occupying the summit of an extensive mound. The ruin, principally owing to the excellence of the mortar, was in such a good state of preservation that we could walk up the stair-case, and trace the corridors and the general plan of the building. It consists of an outer and inner wall, the intermediate space being divided into six compartments. It would appear from the remains of plaster and paint as if the state apartments had been situated on the first floor. The entrance archway leading into the circular court is in an almost perfect state, and the luxuriant ivy in which it is embosomed adds greatly to the majesty of its effect. The walls are embattled and pierced with holes; on the east rises a projecting

tower, in which the window and piscina of the chapel still remain. The castle is supposed to have been built between the reigns of William I. and Stephen. Thomas de Tracy, who obtained it by his marriage with Isolda, heiress of the Dinans, surrendered it to Ralph Arundel to be held for Simon de Montfort. It was afterwards given by Isolda to Richard, king of the Romans, who is believed to have enlarged it. His son Edmund resided here. It has since belonged to the Earls and Dukes of Cornwall, but has not been used as a residence. In 1664 the castle was occupied by a part of the army of the Earl of Essex, but Sir R. Grenville surprised and dislodged the garrison on the 21st of August in the same year.

We quitted Fowey with a favouring breeze, and soon the hills along the coast began to assume a more lofty and rocky appearance. About noon we reached Polperro and entered its harbour, the mouth of which is guarded by lofty and grotesque rocks. The village lies in a basin surrounded by heights, and is watered by a stream overshadowed by large trees. The houses are picturesque objects from their age and dilapidations, and the streets are so narrow that you can touch both walls at the same time. The whole vicinity is redolent with fish, which seem here to form the staple article of food, for while we stood to take a view of the main street, nearly all of the inhabitants seemed to pass us, each one dangling a fish. The jetty was

covered with drift-nets, and a kind of oil had collected on the surface of the harbour, which shone in the sun with bright prismatic colours. A great variety of fish is taken about this coast, and we visited a very interesting collection, belonging to a Mr Lachran. We particularly noticed the beautifully spotted skin of the tiger dog-fish, and the wings of the monk or angel-fish. Here was also the butterfly ray; the rare blenny with its long dorsal fin; the horned blenny, so called from two small horns over its eyes; the old wife—a portly-looking creature, content with sober colours; and the weavil, armed in front with sharp stinging spines to protect it from molestation. We observed in one of the cases a very curious lady's muff, which appeared to be made of sable, but was in reality formed of the beard of the Pinna Marina—a kind of cable by which the mussel moors itself to the rock. The labour in collecting this material must have been considerable—it was obtained in sixty-fathom water. There were also many specimens of sharks, each accompanied by his little pilot fish, and some fine hammer-headed sharks, resembling in form the letter T, and reminding us of some propositions in Euclid about perpendiculars and right angles. The eyes of these fish project so far from their heads that they ought to possess telescopic power.

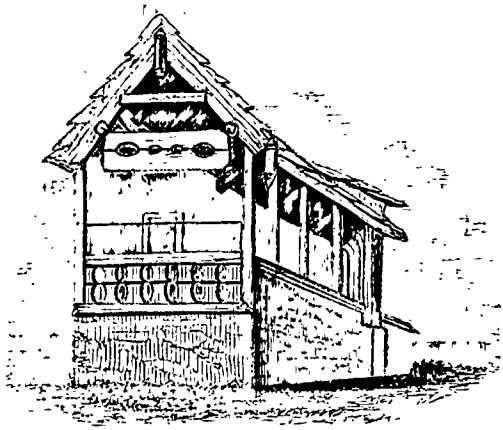
The Octopus is one of that unfortunate class of Cephalopods, which have legs on their heads instead of hair. This marine acrobat is provided

with eight limbs for the accomplishment of his feats. He lives the life of a hermit, or rather of an ogre, frequenting solitary rocks along the coast, whence he creeps forth after nightfall to seize and devour any defenceless mollusc who has been stranded by the receding tide. His habits are as hateful as his form is repulsive, and he continues to destroy and mutilate even when unable to swallow. These creatures were all remarkable for their wondrous conformation, but the specimen which principally attracted our attention was that of the Angler, or fishing frog—a ferocious and hideous monster, with a flattened head of enormous size, and a mouth of vast width and capacity. The eyes are placed with an upward aspect on the top of the huge, broad head, and the jaws, palate, and tongue are armed with long sharp teeth. But the most wonderful provision is yet to be mentioned, for Nature here seems to have descended to artifice. On the top of the head is a long supple filament, supported by bone, and tapering like the finest fishing-rod, at the extremity of which hangs a flat silvery point, the glitter of which attracts other fish; and I am told that it has sometimes even been found baited. The Angler locates itself in light soft mud or sand, and lies concealed by stirring a cloud around him, beyond which lies extended his shining bait, and the moment any unwary fish darts towards it, he springs forward and engulfs his victim. Fish are often found alive in its stomach, and even

when netted it continues to devour its fellow-prisoners. Birds are occasionally deceived by the Angler's bait, and we were shown the skeleton of a sea gull, which, being too large for the fish, had stuck in its throat and caused its death. The strange means by which this creature obtains its food was noticed even by the ancients. Aristotle observes,—"The Batrachus has appendages above its eyes of the length of a hair with a round extremity to each like a bait. It buries itself in the sand or mud, and raises these appendages above the surface, and when the small fish strike them, it draws them down until it brings the fish within reach of its mouth."

On re-embarking, we set sail for Looe. It was necessary to make a circuit to enter the inlet, before which rises a lofty mass of rock, St George's Island, so designated from an ancient chapel which crowned its summit. We now found ourselves in a narrow between East and West Looe; on either side the town spread up the declivity, among hanging gardens ever balmy with the myrtle and bright with the hydrangea. Close beside us was the ancient chapel of St Nicholas, once a guildhall, and even a theatre, but now restored to its original sacred uses. A gentleman told me that he had extracted bullets from its walls, proofs of the fierceness of the civil struggle which once raged in this neighbourhood, when even churches were converted into places of defence. Here also the con-

venience of the river suggested the institution of a ducking-stool for scolding wives—a means of correction much resorted to in the 16th and 17th centuries. M. Misson, a Frenchman who travelled in England, gives the following account of it. "This method of punishing scolding women is funny enough. They fasten an arm-chair to the end of two strong beams twelve or fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other. The chair hangs upon a sort of axle, on which it plays freely, so as always to remain in an horizontal position. The scold being well fastened in her chair, the two beams are then placed, as near to the centre as possible, across a post on the water-side; and being lifted up behind, the chair, of course, drops into the cold element. The ducking is repeated according to the degree of shrewishness possessed by the patient, and generally has the effect of cooling her immoderate heat, at least for a time." The good people of Looe seem to have been very particular on the subject of propriety of conduct, for they possessed another means of correction—the pillory. This instrument, with its beams and holes, is still visible above the old Town-hall, and is one of the very few now remaining in England. This kind of punishment was not confined to derelicts of a low class: even Leighton, the father of the celebrated Archbishop, was condemned to it; and Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, were companions in misfortune in 1637. The offence of the latter consisted



in his having published a pamphlet against the Bishops of Rome, concluding with the words, "From plague, pestilence, and famine, from bishops, priests, and deacons, good Lord, deliver us!" A letter from Garrard to Lord Stafford gives the following account of the proceedings upon this occasion. "In the palace yard two pillories were erected, and there the sentence of the Star Chamber against Burton, Bastwick, and Prynne was executed. They stood two hours in the pillory. The place was full of people, who cried and howled terribly, especially when Burton was cropped. Dr Bastwick was very merry; his wife, Dr Poe's daughter, got on a stool and kissed him. His ears being cut off she called for them, put them in a clean handkerchief, and carried them away with her. Bastwick told the people the lords had collar-days at court; this was his collar-day, rejoicing much in it." The amount of the suffering appears to have depended very much

upon the popularity and position of the criminal. In some cases the infliction proved fatal, at others it was little more than a form. We read of a sheriff of Middlesex being fined fifty pounds for allowing the servant of Dr Shebbeare to supply his master with refreshments and shelter him with an umbrella while he was confined in the pillory. Daniel Defoe, when standing exposed in the Temple for publishing an able pamphlet, entitled "The shortest way with the Dissenters," had garlands showered upon him instead of garbage, and the crowd sang the stinging lines,—

> "Tell them, the men that placed him here
> Are scandals to the times;
> Are at a loss to find his guilt,
> And can't commit his crimes!"

Looe, with its conglomeration of gables and antique carved work, presents a decidedly foreign appearance. Its inhabitants appear to lead an easy life, for our arrival alongside the quay attracted a crowd of idlers, whose remarks upon the capabilities and cost of the vessel were very amusing.

Next morning we rowed up the inlet between Trelawne and Trenant, which is very shallow at low water. The stream winds among deep valleys covered with luxuriant woods. Trelawne House, the seat of Sir John Trelawny, has been much modernized; but the tower, two of the doorways, and the chapel, belong to the fifteenth century. There is here a portrait of Queen Elizabeth when young,

in which she looks very stiff and overpowered with ruffles, but I suppose it was considered a good likeness, as she presented it herself to Sir Jonathan. There is also one of the celebrated Bishop Trelawny, who was, with the other six bishops, imprisoned by James II. So popular was this prelate in Cornwall that on the intelligence of his incarceration, and reports being spread that his life was in danger, the country rose in a body, singing, as they advanced, the burden of the following song—

"A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And shall they scorn Tre Pol and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men.
Will know the reason why.

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay;
All side by side and hand to hand,
And who shall bid us nay?
And shall they scorn Tre Pol and Pen
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

"And when we come to London wall
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
To better men than you!
And shall they scorn Tre Pol and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

"Trelawny, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny, he may die,
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why.
And shall they scorn Tre Pol and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

On their arrival at Exeter they fortunately heard of the acquittal of the bishops, which rendered their expedition unnecessary.

CHAPTER XII.

Eddystone Lighthouse—Well of St Cleer—Cure for Madness—Cheese-wring—St Germans—Conclusion.

LOOSENING our sheet to a light northerly breeze, we steered for Rame Head; and were almost rounding the point, when I descried something on the horizon, which I at first conceived to be a vessel standing towards us, but presently observed to be motionless. Upon inquiry I found that it was the Eddystone lighthouse, and we at once determined not to lose so rare an opportunity of paying it a visit, as owing to the calmness of the sea a landing could be effected. The wind freshened as we advanced, and we soon discerned the red bands, by which it can be distinguished from the Bishop. The water was low when we arrived, and the lighthouse did not, as we at first supposed, rise alone from the depths, but was surrounded by a crescent of rocks, so formidable, that we were afraid to venture too near them. A little "cockle" had already risen on the sea, and we experienced some difficulty in reaching the boat, but when we had once passed under the lee of the rocks we found the water comparatively smooth. The garrison,

three in number, of this lonely outpost (fourteen miles from Plymouth) were awaiting us with ropes and ladders, attired in their Trinity House uniform. They were very obliging, and appeared to be active seamen, but the hue of health no longer brightened their countenances. This is accounted for by the sedentary lives they are compelled to lead, there being no space for exercise; and perhaps in their solitary hours, amid the strife of the elements, some reflections on the fate of the previous structures erected on this rock, may throw a gloom over their spirits.

Ascending the ladder I stood upon the rock, but the means of ingress to the lighthouse did not seem to be very inviting, as they consisted of a ladder running perpendicularly up the outside. I was glad to find that this mode of ascent was only continued for twelve feet, up to which height the building is solid. The progress for the next fifteen feet was by a spiral staircase through a tubular passage five feet in diameter. This led to the first chamber, called the water room, because here large supplies of water are kept, no communication being sometimes for weeks possible with the mainland. Around this wall is inscribed the appropriate text, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." Above our heads was a circular opening in the ceiling, bound with brass, through which a ladder led to the oil room, surrounded with portentous-looking cans, containing

oil for the use of the lamps. Ascending through the next circle we came to the first living-apartment, which answers the double purpose of kitchen and sitting-room, and contains a good cooking range and a select library. On the next floor is the dormitory, where the three men sleep in covered cots much resembling the berths in a ship. All these chambers are circular, and twelve feet in diameter—and although the walls of the lower stages are massive, those of the upper are not above ten inches in thickness. We now arrived at the lantern, which is formed of thick plates of glass set in metal. In the central parts are large lenses round the lamps, which throw the light twelve miles to the horizon, the height of the lighthouse being ninety-seven feet, but from a ship's top-mast it can be distinguished at double that distance. Outside the lantern a balcony runs round the building, commanding a magnificent view of the distant coast; and over the door leading out to it is the inscription, in which Smeaton records the conclusion of this great and perilous undertaking: "Finished 1759, Laus Deo." How great significance must these few words have possessed to those who had before them the fate of the two previous structures, and who knew the amount of labour and skill which had been expended upon this third attempt, and the hopes and fears with regard to its success. These fears have now subsided; this offspring of humanity and genius has defied the

besieging waves for upwards of a century; they scale its sides and curl in mad fury around its topmost parapet, but they cannot extinguish that solitary star, guarded by the decree of eternal benefice! Even our foreign enemies have respected these edifices. During the construction of the second fabric a French privateer carried away and imprisoned the workmen employed upon it, but Louis XV. released them with remuneration, and confined their captors in their stead. "For," said he, "though I am at war with England, I am not so with mankind." Long may the storm-beaten mariner bless its useful light, which points out his position and warns him of his danger! Long may the returning voyager hail its cheerful beam, betokening his approach to his native land, and bringing sweet thoughts of home!

I was much amused, on descending, at the gyrations of a little model yacht, beautifully rigged, and such as would have greatly excited my admiration in my boyish days. It was sailing merrily round the rock, and the keepers told me that it was their workmanship, and that they sent it out every fine day, equipped with hooks and lines, to catch fish for their dinners.

The breeze continued during our return towards the shore, and as there was enough westing in it to make it favourable, we soon passed the wooded heights of Mt Edgcumbe, and entering the Catwater, anchored under an old fort—Patten

Castle. We were much astonished, as we entered the Sound, to see the water suddenly boil up around us with a loud noise. The fact was we were in the centre of a shoal or "schull" of mackerel, which were leaping out of the water in wild commotion after some invisible prey. In about two minutes all was again calm and silent.

To judge from the number of anglers about the landing-place at Plymouth, the water must be wonderfully prolific in fish, but I confess I never saw anything caught with the exception of a passenger attempting to reach the steps. There appeared to be only one point at which the shore could be gained, and here I invariably found twenty or thirty eager amateurs with long rods and formidable hooks, which being thrown into confusion by the arrival of a boat, were likely to make a prize of the hat or person of the new arrival.

There are many objects of interest in this neighbourhood, but we confined our investigations to those which were the most characteristic, and of the earliest date. Among these ranks the well of St Cleer, with its chapel or baptistery. The ground about it is strewn with broken shafts and arches, but little remains of the building itself. The east wall is however entire, and, with the help of half an arch, supports a remnant of the roof. The chapel was evidently square, and formed on three sides of five pillars, supporting six arches. The mensa of the altar projects from the east wall over

the well, which passes through an archway underneath, so that the village maiden might fill her pitchers outside. The patron, St Cleer or Claire, is said to have been born of noble lineage at Assisum in Italy, in the year 1193. She was the first female disciple of St Francis the Mendicant, and became the founder of an order governed by his ascetic principles. The sisterhoods of the Poor Clares are well known at the present day in countries professing the Romish faith.

Some of these holy wells, of which this and the neighbouring St Nun's are especial instances, were used as *bowssening*, or ducking-pools for the cure of madness. The following account is given of the system adopted on such occasions. "The water of the well fell into a square inclosed plot, which could be filled to any depth. The lunatic was set to stand with his back towards the pool, and from thence, from a sudden blow in the breast, tumbled headlong into the pond, where a strong fellow, provided for the nonce, took him and tossed him up and down alongst and athwart the water. He was then conveyed to church, and certain masses were sung over him, and if he professed himself cured he had to make an offering to the saint; if not, the operation was repeated until he was." This practice must have tended greatly to fill the treasuries of the saints, and to have sharpened the wits of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

After leaving this interesting relic, we drove about two miles over a moor, gradually rising to a great elevation, to visit the Cheesewring. This pile of rocks derives its remarkable title from its similarity to a succession of cheeses placed upon one another, and at a distance is not unlike an immense mushroom. Two very large boulders of flattened form rest on a ludicrously small stalk or basis, and this peculiarity has led to the supposition that the arrangement is artificial. The Cheesewring certainly stands in a very remarkable position, being on a height whence it is visible to all the surrounding country; and if we were to consider it to be of Druidical origin, we should connect it with the three rings of stones known as the Hurlers, which lie below it on the moor. On the other hand, Nature has played strange freaks in Cornwall, and there stands upon this summit another very fantastic pile of rocks. The ruthless quarryman is busy in the neighbourhood, and I was informed upon good authority, although I scarcely believe it, that the Prince of Wales has disposed of the entire granite ridge to a company; so that this wonderful mass, which has been the admiration of ages, will be speedily cut to pieces and turned to vulgar uses.

Between the Hurlers (fabled to be the petrified bodies of men who profaned the sabbath) and Liskeard, stands a very large cromlech, known generally as the Trevethy stone, or giant's grave, but called in the vicinity Davy's stone. It is one of

the largest in Cornwall, and the table slab lies upon nine supporting stones. It stands on a great elevation, and is remarkable for being situated in the immediate vicinity of houses, as these remains have seldom escaped demolition under such circumstances.

There was little to detain us at Liskeard, and we posted on to St Germans — a village which derives its celebrity from its ancient church, or rather Cathedral, as it was the episcopal residence for the see of Cornwall, from the time of Athelstan until it was united with that of Exeter by the Confessor. The names of these ancient prelates, eleven in number, have survived, and are interesting as having been those of the only bishops of Cornwall, with the exception of one, Athelstan, appointed by Edward the Elder. They are as follows :—Conon, Ruydocke, Aldred, Britwin, Athelstan, Wolfi, Woronus, Wolocke, Stidio, Aldred II., and Burwold. St Germanus, from whom its name was derived, was a Bishop of Auxerre in France, who, on account of his learning, was delegated to oppose the doctrines of Pelagius, a Welsh heretic who had asserted the possibility of living without sin. He was also the hero of the Halleluiah victory, one of the finest episodes in the struggle between the British Christians and the worshippers of Odin, in which a company of newly-baptized converts marched forth on Easter-day, and overwhelmed their enemies with rocks and trees.

Having alighted we descended a long flight of stairs, beneath lofty trees, to the secluded precinct in which rises the fine old church, and beside which stands the residence of Lord St Germans, formerly a part of the priory. Time has loved this sacred place, for, gently folding his arms around it, he has embowered its crumbling walls in the evergreen emblem of immortality. There are two towers, the lower stories of which are Norman; the upper part of the south tower is Perpendicular, of the north, Early English. This latter is octagonal in form, and most picturesque. Between the two is a very fine Norman doorway, with seven rows of zigzag ornamentation. Within the church some massive Norman piers remain, supporting Early English arches. There is at the eastern end a niche, called the Bishop's Throne, and beside it are sedilia, a piscina, and a curious stoup, or stone cup for holy water. An old oaken miserere stall is also preserved here; the seat turns up, and exhibits a carving of a man accompanied by dogs,—no doubt the notorious Dando. It was not uncommon in ancient times for criminals and their offences to be portrayed in churches, to warn the congregation of the power of temptation and the punishment attendant upon sin. This fine cathedral has been until lately sadly neglected and mutilated; both the chancel and north aisle have disappeared, and the font, and oaken stall—one of many — were accidentally discovered concealed among heaps of rubbish.

From this point we returned to Plymouth, and here terminated our expedition along the Cornish coast. We had great reason to feel thankful to Divine Providence for the fine weather which had attended us during the season—the driest which had been known for seventeen years. We had almost invariably a fair breeze to fill our sails, and bright sunshine to cheer our hearts; no casualty or disagreement had marred our enjoyment; and our recollection of the glorious summer was like that of a lovely dream.

My captain had well maintained his previous reputation of being a bold and skilful mariner, and although his favourite maxim is, "Fortune favours the brave," he never alarmed my friends by running unnecessary risks. The crew consisted of rough wild sons of North Devon, caring little for creature comforts, and holding the amenities of life in the most profound contempt. They were, however, faithful, steady men, and regularly transmitted their wages to their families, which caused me to form a good opinion of their class.

From Plymouth the *Selene* spread her white wings to the breeze and left the western wave, to join her sisters on the tranquil Solent. Here then, Reader, I bid you farewell. I close this volume with the hope that it may give you as much amusement in its perusal as it has afforded me in its composition; and if it does, perhaps, at some future time, I may have the pleasure of your company on a voyage to more distant shores.

APPENDIX.

ANCIENT BRITISH PRINCES.

ACCORDING to some accounts King Arthur and Queen Guinever were buried at Glastonbury, and when Henry II. visited that monastery the bones were exhumed and an inscription found on a leaden cross, "Hic Jacet Sepultus Inclytus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia." These relics were preserved in a marble tomb in the treasury of Glastonbury, and more than a century afterwards were visited by Edward I. and Queen Eleanor.

It is very difficult at this distance of time to separate history from fable, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Whitaker for his valuable labours in collecting the "fragments of gold." This learned antiquary draws some information from Nennius, and considers the date of a portion of his history to be as early as 560 A.D. Arthur, according to his account, was the sovereign of the proper Silures, and therefore denominated King of Gwent, the Venta Silurium of the Romans, and British metropolis of the nation. At the request of the Pendragon, or head of the confederacy, he brought up his troops to the assistance of the southern army. In

this campaign he greatly distinguished himself, and was consequently despatched to carry on the contest in the North. Here in five great battles he destroyed the Saxon power, pushed his conquests into Scotland, and came off victorious in six other engagements in various parts of the country against divisions and reinforcements of the Saxons.

These great achievements caused him, on the death of Ambrosius, to be elected Pendragon, and we now find him gaining a great victory in Sussex and another in Wiltshire. The Saxons were so weakened by these successive defeats, that they desisted from their encroachments on the Britons, and a peace ensued of considerable duration. Arthur's exploits were viewed not only as wonderful, but as providential; and the rumour was soon circulated that he possessed super-human powers. He now devoted himself to restoring the castles which had been destroyed in the wars, and so kindling a military spirit among his apathetic countrymen. He celebrated a grand tournament on a tilting-ground, afterwards known as the Round Table, and established a military order to call forth all the worth of the nation and collect it around the Pendragon. While he was thus engaged in consolidating his power, a civil war broke out and dashed his hopes to the ground. "Thus died King Arthur, 542 A.D., and with him ended the happiness of Britain. He left, indeed, a race of heroes behind him, bred up in his long command

of more than thirty years, and fitted to be the ornament and protection of any nation. And they greatly shone,—but they shone only in the ill successes of their country and in a train of public misfortunes and national calamities."

There can be no doubt that King Arthur is an historical character, and that the main outlines of his career are faithfully given in the foregoing sketch. It must, however, be observed that it is very doubtful whether an earlier date than 800 A.D. can be assigned to any portion of Nennius' work, and although military orders are as old as the time of David, we have no good authority with reference to the establishment of the Round Table, and the laws of this partly religious order possess too great a similarity to those of the Templars and Hospitalers to be merely accidental. There is no passage in Geoffrey referring to any such institution, unless it be those I have already quoted in the preceding work.

It has been suggested by a late writer that King Arthur is a purely mythological character, and was the divinity of a revived system of Druidism. This statement cannot be admitted, as our authorities on the subject are sufficiently reliable with regard to main facts, and he is there always represented as a most zealous Christian and an enemy to all pagans. There may, however, be a germ of truth in the assertion, for it is not improbable that Arthur owes the permanence of his

renown to the prominent position he held in the religious conflict of the times. He was the representative of that Christianity which was planted mysteriously in Britain immediately after our Lord's time. This early British Church possessed not only vitality but organization; and we have evidence that three British bishops attended the Council of Arles as early as 314. It grew up imperceptibly, like the seed mentioned in St Mark; for as the Gallic Churches do not claim an Apostle as their founder, we can no more believe that St Paul preached in this island than that Joseph of Arimathea grounded his staff at Glastonbury. It grew up unnoticed; it may have been introduced by Roman soldiers, such as Cornelius, but it was most probably of Greek origin. We find that in the time of St Augustine the British Church differed from the Roman on two very significant points—the tonsure, and the celebration of Easter,—two marks of difference between the Eastern and Western Churches. The very word "church" by which we designate our sanctuaries is of Greek derivation, and it is remarkable that by far the greater number of the ancient crosses in Cornwall are of the Greek and not of the Latin form. This would make it appear either that the Christian religion was introduced by the Romans at an early period, before the separation of the Churches, or that—which appears more probable—some of the early Greek converts,

having intercourse with Britain for commercial or philosophical purposes, brought with them the tidings of salvation. Camden is of opinion that the Greeks traded with this island at as early a date as 160 B.C.; and it is a remarkable coincidence that in the time of Cæsar, the Helvetii and the Druids made use of Greek characters.

The times of the early Dukes of Cornwall and Kings of Britain are involved in great obscurity, and we cannot define with accuracy the limits of their dominions, nor the periods at which they successively flourished. Although some writers, such as Nennius and Geoffrey, have traced them back in a line as far as Brutus, the great grandson of Æneas, our information before the Roman Conquest is entirely devoid of contemporaneous authority. In the time of Cæsar the country was governed by numerous petty princes; he does not appear to have come into contact with any chiefs of the West, and the sway of Cassibelanus, the principal monarch in his day, was probably not very extensive. The succeeding accounts represent the princes as constantly invading each other's territories, and altering their boundaries, so that kings of other parts of Britain occasionally also held the dukedom of Cornwall. Ponticus Virunnius improves upon Cæsar by making Cassibelanus appoint one of his sons to be Duke of Cornwall, but he probably had no better authority for his assertions than the other soaring chroniclers, who

have been so liberal in their enumerations. The first of these shadowy kings who assumes any appearance of life is Arivagus, whose name is mentioned by Juvenal, and who is supposed to have also borne the name of Caractacus. The date of his reign is uncertain, and it seems not improbable that there were more than one of the name. Arivagus is represented by the chronicles of Exeter cathedral to have defeated Vespasian, who took the command of the western counties after the departure of Claudius from Britain; but it is most probable that the result of the contest was different, as we find that he made peace with Claudius, and was appointed by him to reduce the adjacent islands to subjection. There is an observation of Tacitus, however, which seems to oppose the idea of Arivagus accepting this invidious office, for he states that Agricola was the first who (83 A.D.) sailed round and subdued the Orcades and other islands hitherto unknown. So that perhaps we may consider that our accounts of the British prowess and victory are not altogether incorrect. After a dark interval of nearly one hundred years, another hero stands before us in the shining armour of Christianity. This is Lucius—the first king who became a soldier of the cross. He is said to have appointed archbishops of York, London, and Wales; but whatever his aspirations on the subject of episcopacy may have been, it is not probable that his power enabled him to gratify it

on so large a scale. The name which next attracts our attention is that of Asclepiodotus, Duke of Cornwall, who became King of Britain, and was killed and succeeded by Cælius, Duke of Colchester. The celebrated Helena was the daughter of this prince, who having married Constantius Chlorus Cæsar, at that time commanding in Britain, became mother of Constantine the Great.

On the departure of the Romans, Octavius, King of North Wales and Duke of Cornwall, rebelled, and murdered Trahern, uncle to Helena, who was sent against him. Solomon, father of St Kebius, succeeded him as Duke of Cornwall. His successor Caradocus, who is given the title of King of Cornwall, appears to have exercised considerable influence over the affairs of the nation. He advised Octavius, King of Britain, who had an only child, a daughter, to send to Rome for the purpose of inviting one of the noble Romans to enter into a matrimonial alliance with her. This was naturally opposed by Conan Meriadoc, King of South Wales, who was nephew to Octavius, and hoped to succeed him. But Caradocus was not to be trifled with; he sent off his son Mauritius to Rome to arrange a marriage (a summary proceeding with regard to poor Helen), and found Maximus, son of Trahern, was willing to accept the conditions. A strange story is told about this Conan; he is said in old Welsh and Gaelic literature to have descended into hell, and conquered the infernal spirits, (as

King Arthur is fabled to have pursued the demons into Iceland), the simple people of those days believing countries beyond the sea were inhabited by imps and devils. The origin of this was, that he was supposed to have colonized Armonica; and Dionotus, who succeeded Caradocus as Duke of Cornwall, is said to have sent eleven thousand noble virgins and sixty thousand of inferior rank to the new colony, who were all drowned or made prisoners by the barbarians. This story, we feel bound to add, is a libel on Dionotus, for Armonica did not receive the name of Brittany, nor was this country distinguished as Great Britain until a hundred years after this period, when the pressure of the Saxons drove the Britons across the sea. It was not until some years later that this people, being invited by Vortigern, gained a permanent footing in this island. In the year 464 Theodoric, King of Cornwall, is said to have put to death a company of saints on their arrival from Ireland, whence it has been conjectured that he was a vile heathen, but it does not appear certain that this massacre took place under his directions. There certainly does not appear to have been a lack of saints in Britain, as the Glastonbury calendar contained the modest number of twenty-four thousand, one hundred for every hour of the day and night! Ambrosius, whom we now meet with, and who is said to have gained many battles against the Saxons, appears to have been the leader of

the Romanized Britons, who after the departure of the Romans formed a powerful party in opposition to the native Britons. Ambrosius is said to have been related to King Arthur, but the story of King Arthur's parentage and of the famous Uther is probably fabulous. Guest conceives that this name, which we assign to Arthur's father, originated in a mistranslation, and think that Arthur acquired his sovereignty or Pendragonship by his successes against the Saxons, and not by hereditary descent. After his death the Saxons became gradually too powerful for the dukes or kings of Cornwall, who were unable to defend their rights, and Alfred, although the country was not entirely conquered in his time, thought that it was so far reduced beneath his sway as to warrant the appointment of the first Earl of Cornwall. On the Norman conquest William made the Earl of Moreton, his half-brother, Earl of Cornwall, but the old title of Duke of Cornwall was revived by Edward III. It was then granted to the King's eldest son, but the office was merely nominal except with regard to the emolument and patronage.

THE END.

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